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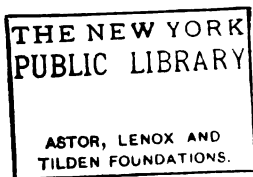


Nash's Pall Mall Magazine

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THE
PALL MALL
MAGAZINE



EDITED BY
LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON

VOL. XII. ✓
MAY TO AUGUST 1897 ✓

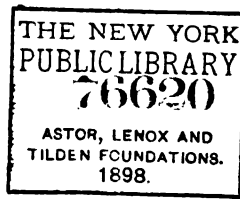
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Sally in our Alley.



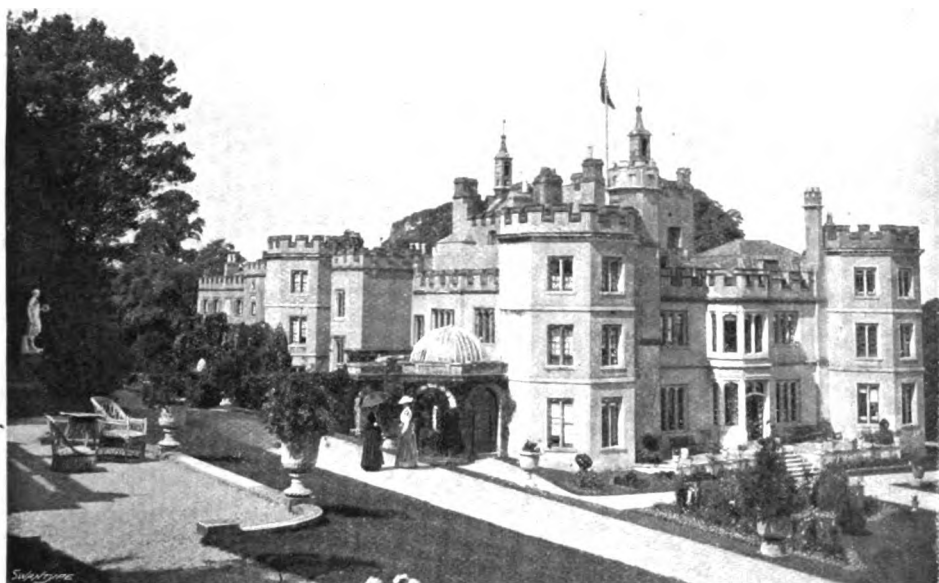
And the lights of the town adown the hill
 Smoulder'd and sank in the ashen blue ;
 The smoke of our breath grew still, so still—
 I with a warm thought blessing you,
 Sweet ! until . . .

Rich from their deep insurgency—
 Tears for thy face ! for my passion, peace !
 O the ripe touch of our liberty !
 Lips that clung to a slow release
 Were of thee !

FRED. G. BOWLES.



In the Italian Garden.



East Front of Mount Edgcumbe House.

MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

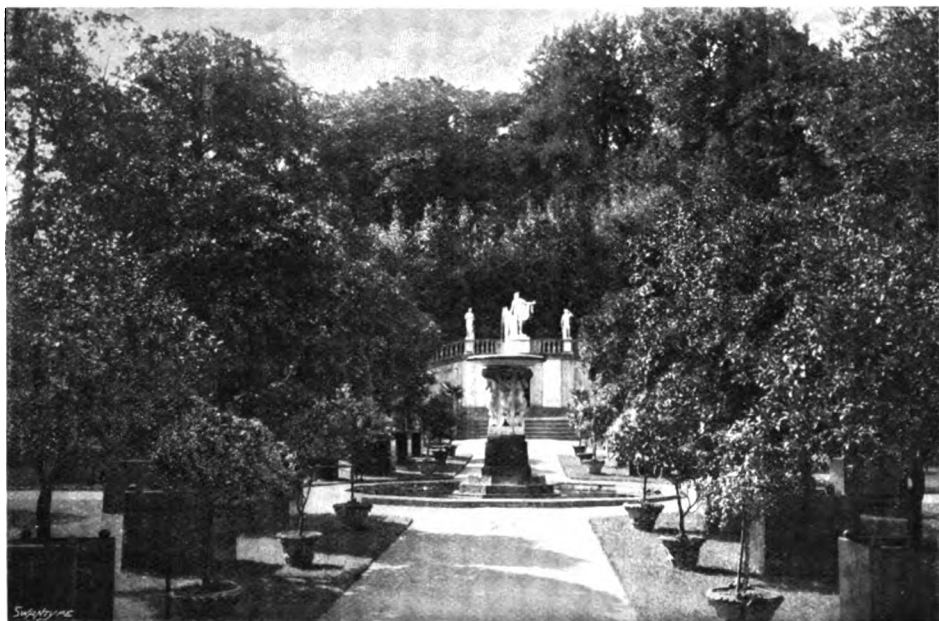
*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY COLONEL THE
HON. C. EDGCUMBE.*



PERHAPS there are few among the "stately homes" of England more widely known than that of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe. This arises, not only from its own beauty, but from the fact that it is situated close to one of the chief naval ports of the kingdom. The wooded peninsula called Mount Edgcumbe forms the western side of far-famed Plymouth Sound, and the largest man-of-war when entering Hamoaze (the inner harbour where are the Royal Dockyards) must pass within a stone's throw of the gardens.

The first sight that greets the sailor returning from a three years' commission spent, perhaps, on the "West Coast," or of the soldier returning from India, is this peninsula, woods crowning its steep red cliffs, the trees growing down so close to the water's edge that they almost dip their boughs into the blue waves (for they *are* blue), and the deer-park with its hills and valleys diversified by clumps of pinasters and Scotch firs, and old thorn trees in blossom, or, if the season be autumn, the bracken glowing red and gold in the sunshine.

Of late years, too, when many great ocean steamers call at Plymouth, Mount Edgcumbe must have dwelt in the recollections of many as their last vision of the Old England they have left "it may be for years and it may be for ever,"—or gladdened the returning emigrant or Cornish miner whom fortune has favoured or who has come to the conclusion that a struggle at home is preferable to speculative wealth in exile.



The Italian Garden.

From a ship's deck the fallow deer can be seen, dotted over the short turf, and, with a good glass, even the multitudinous rabbits can be discerned—a sight which must have aroused the sporting instincts of generations of middies. And, talking of middies, it is to be hoped that they have forgiven the notice which a former Lord Mount Edgcumbe is said to have had placed at the lodge in retaliation for some youthful escapade: “No admission for dogs or midshipmen”!

The deer-park existed long before the house, and dates from the reign of Henry VIII., when Sir Piers Edgcumbe obtained a royal licence to empark it. There is an old map of that date, reproduced by Lysons, showing an empty space inclosed by a gigantic fence, but containing no building. Lord Mount Edgcumbe traces his descent and derives his second title from the Valletorts of Trematon Castle, who were lords of the manor at the time of the Domesday Survey, and from whom the district round Mount Edgcumbe still retains the general name of the Tithing of Valtershome. From them it passed, by marriage or inheritance, successively to families named Stonehouse, Bigbury, and Durnford. West Stonehouse was the name of an adjoining village which was destroyed by the French in the fourteenth century, while East Stonehouse still flourishes on the opposite side of the estuary as one of the “Three Towns,” being situated between Plymouth and Devonport.

Sir Piers Edgcumbe, made Knight of the Bath by Henry VII. in 1489, and Knight Banneret at the battle of the Spurs in 1513, by his marriage with Joan, daughter and heir of James Durnford of East Stonehouse, acquired the estates of his wife's family on both sides of the Tamar; and his son, Sir Richard, knighted in 1537, began to build Mount Edgcumbe House in the first year of Queen Mary (1553), exactly two hundred years after the older residence, Cotehele,* came into the family on the marriage of William Edgcumbe with Hilaria, the heiress.

* See PALL MALL MAGAZINE, June 1894.



Barn Pool, from the entrance to the "Lower Gardens."

Travellers visiting the place must cross the water by ferry from Stonehouse to Cremyll Beach, close to the lodge, from which a broad grassy slope leads straight up to the house. Not many years ago a fine double avenue of elms flanked the approach, but successive storms have nearly demolished it, and not many veterans survive. Their youthful successors, however, chiefly Spanish chestnuts, have grown with surprising quickness, and are beginning to replace them.

The "Lower Gardens," on the left of the entrance lodge, appear to have existed from very early times. A collection of water-colour drawings, by Badeslade (1737), shows the "wilderness" planted with clipped hedges of laurel and ilex, displaying vistas and inclosing smooth lawns on which gaily-dressed lords and ladies disport themselves with music, dancing, flirting, and fencing, or enjoy open-air refectations attended by negro servants. In one is represented the still existing centre part of a Garden House, to which the second Earl added wings with sitting-rooms, where he and his daughter Emma, afterwards Countess Brownlow, spent much of their time, entertained visitors and transacted business.

This is in the "English" garden,—scarcely well named, as almost all the vegetation is foreign or even tropical. Here are palms (*Chamæropes*) thirty feet high, great trees of *Magnolia grandiflora*, which flower abundantly, cork trees, bamboos, and a splendid cedar of Lebanon; while camellias, Mediterranean heath and other flowering shrubs ornament the wide spaces of turf.

Close to this is the "French" garden, more primly laid out with flower-beds, gravel paths, arbours, and trellis-work surrounding a fountain; the old hedges inclosing it having now grown into huge ilex trees, one of which is of remarkable circumference and height.

The "Italian" garden is celebrated for its numerous and splendid orange trees, said to be—and probably with truth—the finest in England, and even superior to those in the gardens of the Tuileries. Be this as it may, they are certainly magnificent specimens, and some of the trees must be more than a hundred and

fifty years old, having been brought from Constantinople by Richard, second Lord Edgumbe, when, as a very young man, he was sent on his travels to keep him out of mischief. They are remarkably healthy, and, in due season, are white with blossom or golden with fruit. In the winter they find refuge in the orangery, a fine building erected in the last century from the designs of Lord Camelford of Bocconnoc. The handsome marble fountain in the middle of this garden was a present from Lord Bessborough to Richard, second Earl, to whom, as well as to his daughter Emma, he had stood godfather. Spacious as was the orangery, it had to be considerably enlarged some years ago, and the trees continue to outgrow it.

At a point facing the entrance of the harbour is a battery and a small blockhouse, which, with a similar one on the opposite side of the Narrows, was built in anticipation of the Spanish Armada. Doubtless they would have given Medina Sidonia a warm reception had he tried to carry out his proposal to annex Mount Edgumbe. Should there be any truth in this oft-repeated story, it is probable that the Spanish commander (whose view of the place must have been both distant and hasty during his hurried passage up Channel) was Sir Richard's guest when, after the arrival of Philip II. in 1554, the good knight entertained the admirals of France, Spain, and Flanders, and that then and there Sidonia resolved that his host's fair domain should be his perquisite when England was conquered. Richard Carew, writing in 1602, describes the Blockhouse as "planted with ordnance," which "with their base voices" greeted "such guests as visited the house"; but if it ever fired a round-shot it must have been directed at its twin over the way, when Plymouth fought for the Parliament and Mount Edgumbe for King Charles.

The present Battery was renovated by the first Earl when Port Admiral, and remounted with twenty-one guns, taken out of a French frigate. On these guns may still be seen an anchor, surmounted by the cap of liberty, and R. F. "An II^{me} Ruelle." Their "base voices" have constantly been called into requisition, as appears from a curious manuscript book containing a register of salutes fired. Every guest received salutes on "landing" and "going off," and the number of guns was regulated by his rank. A prince received twenty-one guns, a duke or archbishop nineteen, a bishop or earl fifteen, while a foreign nobleman is credited with fifteen, and an esquire with eleven. Fifteen guns regularly commemorated the anniversary of the "Popish Conspiracy," and forty-two that of the King's accession. The entries for one year (1767) record the discharge of no less than 345 rounds!

This noisy hospitality has ceased, but the old guns still testify to their owner's loyalty on Her Majesty's birthday or the landing of any royal personage.

Some thirty years ago a casemated fort was built here, and the private battery was mounted on its terraced roof, the old Blockhouse thereby losing sight of the sea for ever. No more charming spot on which to spend an hour on a summer's evening could be found. On the right some yacht or warship sleeps at her moorings on the deep waters of the small bay called Barn Pool, which reflect the rocks of Raven's Nest and the hanging woods, crowned by "the Ruin," which, though constructed at a time when ruins were fashionable, from the remains of a fallen obelisk and some old granite-work, is now of respectable antiquity, and forms a conspicuous and picturesque object in the landscape. On the left is the busy harbour, the massive walls and green copper roofs of the Victualling Yard, Mount Wise and Devonport; while in front is the whole expanse of Plymouth Sound, the Breakwater, with a squadron of Queen's ships at anchor inside it, and countless merchantmen and steamers at rest or in motion; Staddon Heights, crested by a great fortification, and dotted with the white tents of some camp of instruction; and Drake's Island, between which and the mainland lies a fleet of yachts, while beyond



The Saloon.



The "Gallery."

it the grey mass of the old Citadel and the Hoe recall ancient glories. The whole scene is enlivened by constant movement: if you are fortunate, a great battleship—perhaps the *Magnificent*—may pass majestically in or out, within easy hailing distance, or a torpedo boat flash past at lightning speed; excursion steamers, gay with bunting and crowded with "trippers," hurry by, the sound of their noisy bands mellowed by the intervening water; the boys' training brigs, with all sail set, creep across the Sound, endeavouring to reach their anchorage for the night before the breeze has completely died away, and envying the racing yachts, down to the little half-raters, whose great sails seem to waft them along over the tide without a breath of air.

Then there are red-sailed Plymouth trawlers or Mount's Bay luggers drifting on as best they can, and boats—boats without end! Racing cutters from the training ships, practising for the Regatta, their eager coxswains bending themselves double to each stroke of the oars; officers of the garrison in canoes or four-oared gigs; men and boys, women and girls, sailing, rowing, splashing, laughing, and talking as only West-country folk *can* talk,—the whole population seems to have taken to the water!

And young Tommy Atkins, freshly recruited from some Midland village, even he must be aquatic; and certainly a special Providence watches over him. In his red jacket, which contrasts brilliantly with his green boat (for he generally hires a green boat), he stands up, jumps about, playfully rocks from side to side, hoists a sail, makes the sheet fast and sits on the lee gunwale—in short, does everything in the world to drown himself; but, happily, accidents are rare, and he adds greatly to the gaiety of the scene.

But we have lingered too long in the gardens, and must now walk up the hill to the house. The oldest part consists of the central hall and four flanking towers. To this successive generations have made additions, always increasing it in length rather than in width, as it stands on a somewhat narrow platform, at the back of



Plymouth and Drake's Island.

which the hill rises abruptly ; and this length makes the house appear larger than it is. None of the rooms are of great size ; but the old Hall, or Saloon, is very lofty, and an admirable music-room. The Drawing-room or "Gallery" occupies the whole ground floor of the east front, has a lovely view over part of the Sound, and is a very bright and charming room. The Library, separated from the Saloon by the Billiard-room, is large and well proportioned : it was built by George, first Earl ; and his son added the Dining-room, ingeniously fitting it into a limited space, which obliged him to make it oval. The effect is unusual and good. On the walls hang family portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Peter Lely and Mascal, going back in unbroken succession to Colonel Piers Edgcumbe of the Civil Wars.

The house has no pretensions to magnificence, nor has it any great beauty or regularity of design ; yet it is a dignified and very "liveable" home, not unworthy of its situation and surroundings. The old arched granite entrance doorway, however, deserves special mention, being a fine specimen of sixteenth-century architecture.

Among the portraits mentioned, three generations are by Reynolds, who was often a guest at the house. As a boy of twelve he and the artistic young "Dick," afterwards second Lord Edgcumbe, painted a clever portrait of Parson Smart, Vicar of Maker, in Cremyll Boathouse on a piece of sailcloth. In 1749 Lord Edgcumbe introduced him to Commodore Keppel, who gave him a passage to Italy in the *Centurion*, thus enabling him to study in Rome, where he purchased the fine marble busts of Roman Emperors now in the Saloon. Sir Joshua's receipt for the payment of the expenses he incurred is preserved.

The family being staunch adherents of the Stuarts suffered much for their loyalty. The Parliamentarians, during the siege of Plymouth, unsuccessfully assaulted the house, May 1st, 1644, and two summonses for its surrender are extant, one signed by Lord Warwick ; but it held out until May 1645, after which comes a long record of sequestrations and imprisonments inflicted on Colonel Edgcumbe by Cromwell.

The "Upper Garden" above the house contains many beautiful flowering trees and

shrubs, and is charming, though shorn by the blizzard of its chief glory—a grand group of cedars—while the parterres on the east front (formerly the bowling green), embellished with statues and two picturesque stone pines, make a bright foreground to the view over the Sound.

From the house a terraced drive, two miles long, is carried round the side of the hill. Passing through a wood, called the Amphitheatre from its shape, it emerges into the park above the “Ruin,” and enters what was the “Beech Wood” until the blizzard destroyed it. The “Blizzard in the West,” that celebrated storm of March 1891, an easterly hurricane combined with a snowfall of unexampled severity, is a kind of era in Devon and Cornwall, and events are dated from it as having occurred previously or subsequently. The spectacle afforded by this particular wood was extraordinary: hundreds of great beeches lay prostrate, *up* the hill, their enormous roots upreared, with earth and stones adhering to them; and weeks elapsed before the roads could be made passable.

Leaving the deer-park by another gate, the drive now takes the name of “South Terrace,” and, in wintry weather, transports one into Italy. No cold blasts touch this favoured spot, which for nearly a mile is planted with evergreen trees and shrubs from the crown of the hill to the verge of the cliff.

Here the road winds past *walls* of laurel, laurestinus and arbutus, the sea sparkles through the pine branches, and the sunlight gleams on polished camellia leaves and brightens the duller-hued foliage of the cork, ilex, or Benthamia. Then, by a sudden transition, it passes into a grove of giant pinasters, and, re-entering the deer-park, ascends the hill to Maker Church.

Space forbids a description of the delightful “zigzag” paths above and beneath the “Terrace,” but Picklecombe Fort, on the cliff below it, must be mentioned: strengthened and modernised since its erection in 1848, it defends the entrance to Plymouth Sound with its forty large guns in casemates. Indeed, both park and outlying woods bristle with fortifications, and the ode written last century by the parish clerk,—

“Mount Edgumbe is a pleasant place,
It looketh on Hamoaze,
And on it are some batteries
To guard us from our foes,”

is truer than ever.

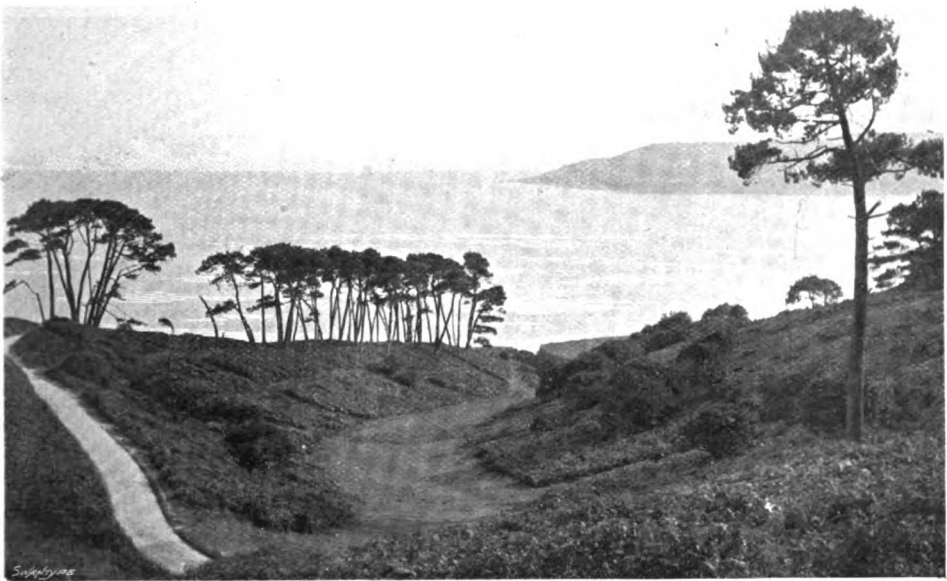
The church of Maker (the name of the parish) is chiefly *temp.* Henry VII., and is distinguished for its fine tower, which can be seen for miles round, formerly a signalling station, and still a noted sailing mark. It is outside the upper lodge gate, beyond which are drives through the fishing villages of Kingsand and Cawsand, round Penlee Point, Rame Head, and the grand sweep of Whitsand Bay.

Among the traditions connected with the church is that of the Lady Mount Edgumbe who was interred when in a trance, and being roused by the sexton trying to steal her ring, rose up, walked home, and survived many years.

The time when wrestling matches used to attract country people from far and near to Maker Church Green is long past; but those now living can remember an episode of the old smuggling days, when the vicar, having taken the rural dean to the top of the tower, espied twenty-three kegs safely lodged in the gutter between the church roofs! Of course they looked the other way, and it is said that next morning there was a keg at the vicarage door! From the church there is a grass drive round the top of the park,—a tempting place for a gallop, and equally pleasant for the rabbit shooter, or the admirer of English park scenery backed by the wide ocean.

At the south-eastern point, overlooking the "Terrace," is the "Kiosk," a summer-house commanding a splendid view, and always resorted to when any movements of the fleet are anticipated, or friends arrive and depart by "Orient" or "P. & O." Many a greeting and farewell have been waved from its windows. Visitors are generally shown this first, as the unexpected sight of such a view, and the position of the kiosk on the verge of the evergreen-clothed hill descending precipitously to the sea is striking.

The panorama from the top of the park embraces, on the south and east, Cawsand Bay, where the fleet lay before the Breakwater was built, sheltered by Penlee Point; the Eddystone, like a needle's point on the horizon; the "Mewstone" rock-islet, and the receding headlands of Devon; the Breakwater and Sound, with the forts and cliffs of Staddon. On the north and west Plymouth and Devonport are fair to see, with their numerous monuments and towers (though perhaps, as in



Looking Seaward from the Deer Park.

other cases, "distance lends enchantment to the view"), backed by the blue Dartmoor tors, the dockyard and the harbour, extending to the double arch of the Royal Albert railway bridge where it spans the broad Tamar; and then more blue hills show where the Cornish moors join with Dartmoor and continue the wild range of highland westward, forming the backbone of Cornwall.

As we look at the crowded Hamoaze it is with a feeling of pride, not unmixed with sentimental regret, that we now see it filled with mighty ironclads, twenty-knot cruisers, and lines of torpedo-destroyers, replacing the brave old wooden walls, most of which have now passed away, together with their prizes—such as the *San Josef*, *Foudroyant*, and others well remembered by those who have only attained to middle age. The training-ship and the gunnery-ship are about the only old line-of-battle ships left, and the *Implacable* and *Conquistador* the sole remaining trophies of the glorious old wars.



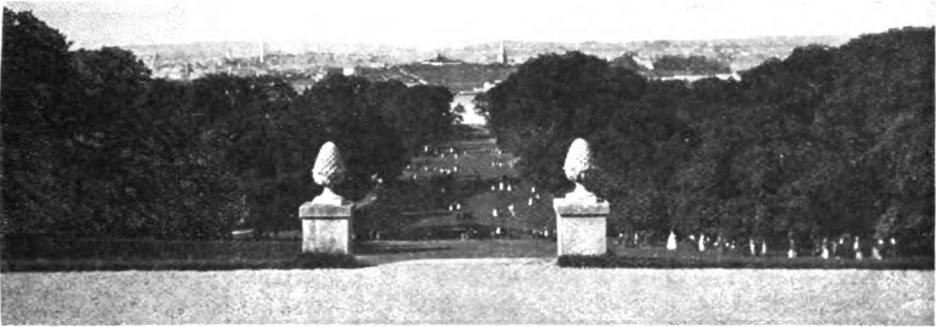
The Hamoaze, from the Park.

Many thrilling yarns could doubtless be spun of these old warriors; and, in describing the view over the Sound, attention should have been called to a small black speck under the opposite heights, now a mastless hospital hulk, but once a smart frigate, the *Pique*, navigated home from North America by the late Admiral Rous without a rudder, and with a rock jammed into the hole it had made in her hull, which fell out into the dry dock when it lost the support of the surrounding water.

If the sights we have attempted to describe are exceptional in a country retreat, the sounds are not less so; but they serve to enliven, not to disturb its inmates, who scarcely notice the boom of the morning gun, the bugles sounding the reveille, or even that the foreign man-of-war, arrived overnight, has exchanged salutes at 8 a.m. with the Citadel and Port Admiral. Nor is the sound other than pleasing of the bands on board ship and in barracks playing a quickstep at morning parade. Later in the day a distant roar may proclaim that the guns at Picklecombe, or on board a gunboat out at sea, are firing at a target; a ship coming through the Narrows gives unearthly shrieks with her syren, or a mail boat sounds her whistle to summon the tender which is to take off her passengers.

And close by, in the harbour, the throb, rattle and thumping of the steam dredgers remind one of how actively the accommodation for ships is being increased; and in a neighbouring field the sweet voices of the quartermasters are heard, a mile off, drilling the sailor boys.

But now, this long digression ended, the house must be returned to by a road above the Amphitheatre, and this account of a place often mentioned and praised by abler pens must be brought to a close. But first it may be interesting to allude to the number of persons of historic interest who have, in different generations, been guests at Mount Edgumbe.



From the Front Door on a "Public" Day.

One of the earliest records of a royal visit is that of Cosmo de' Medici, Prince of Modena, whom Sir Richard entertained on his way to the Court of Charles II. The Saluting Book (which only refers to two or three years) mentions—among many others—the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland, Princess Amelia, the "Marquess Caraccioli," General Paoli, and Mr. and Mrs. Garrick.

In 1781 George III. and Queen Charlotte (attended by Miss Burney) came from Saltram, which had been lent them by Lord Boringdon, and dined in the Saloon, the largest room then existing, the decorations of which date from the first Lord Edgcumbe, who also planted the "Terrace," and has justly earned the gratitude of his descendants.

William IV. and Queen Adelaide stayed at Mount Edgcumbe before their accession; and our gracious Queen has more than once honoured it by her presence, as have the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg during the three years when his Royal Highness was Commander-in-chief in the West, and other members of the Royal Family.

Amélie, Queen of the French, when residing at Kitley used to visit the place with the Duchesse d'Orléans and the young Comte de Paris and Duc de Chartres; and the lamented Emperor Frederick when Crown Prince, the Crown Princess and their sons have more than once done so. The last occasion on which they came together was after the close of the Franco-German War; and, by a singular coincidence, the deposed Emperor Napoleon III., with the Prince Imperial, had come from Torquay to luncheon two days before.

The Empress of Austria, the King of Sweden, many other royal personages, and a host of distinguished visitors might be named—such as the Walpoles, Pitt, Nelson, and others—but they would take too long to enumerate. Had a "guest book" been kept it would be a history in itself; but, until latterly, this has unfortunately not been done. When, further, we think of the many naval and military officers who have passed through the doors of the house since the days of Sir Francis Drake, and of the fact that the grounds have always been thrown open

to the public on one day in the week, we may certainly say that Mount Edgumbe must be among the best known country places in England.

Cremyll Passage, to which we must now return, can be very rough indeed, and many of the illustrious visitors of former days must have thought their enjoyment dearly bought by their sufferings in an open boat in wet and stormy weather. Perhaps now the departing guest may consider that the comfortable steam launch which conveys him across compensates him for the obsolete honour of a salute from the Mount Edgumbe Garden Battery "on going off."

ERNESTINE EDGCUMBE.

THOSE LITTLE SHOES.

O H little shoes! if only you could speak,
And tell us whose you were—whose dainty feet
Once trod in you—whose lovely head was bent
For eyes to see how sweet you looked—ah me!
Near seventy years ago!

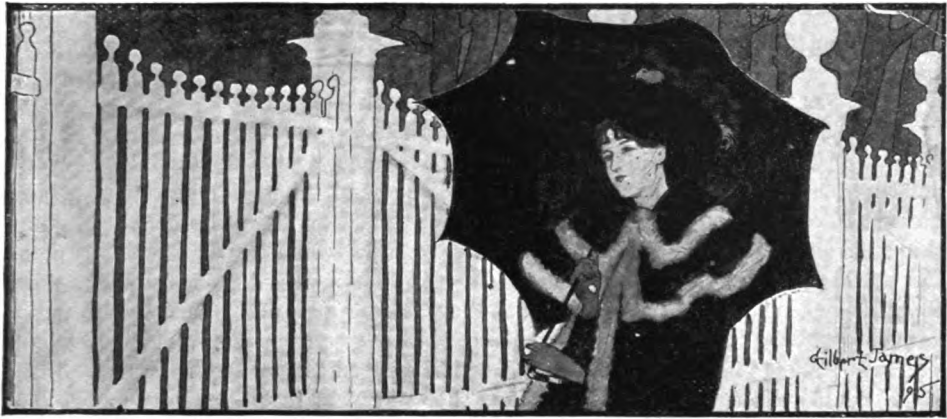
So long ago, and yet—not long ago!
The date, in faded ink, recalls the time
When "Grandmamma" was young, and slim, and gay:
Perhaps her wedding shoes,—ah, happy day!
Near seventy years ago!

Did you belong, perchance, to her first ball?
You little golden shoes so bright and small!
Where, while the hours slipped by, in bright array,
She danced *her* heart, as well as his, away,
Till ribbon sandals broke, and off she flew
To coax old Nurse. Who was she? Tell us, who?

Old Dower chest! what secrets must be hid,
Past all recall, beneath your heavy lid!
In your old drawer repose some treasures yet,
Relics of those forgot—as we forget.
Bring now together for our curious ears
Present and past: the lost romance of years;
And tell the tale of Cap and Veil and Shoe!
Who was the pretty maiden?—tell us, who?

Long years ago, the learned Greeks of old
Declared that speech was silver—silence gold!
Golden these shoes and silent too—and well
They keep their secret. Would that they could tell
Her name, and so fond memories recall!
But "January, 1829," is all.

CICELY McDONELL.



DOLORES.

PART II.

VII.



JULY was treading on the heels of August. Everybody was leaving London; all the other people pretended they were leaving. The city lay stretched beneath the burning sun, like a tired animal—a horrible, black, dusty, thirsty creature. The trees and flowers which had budded so proudly in the spring hung their heads now, and their leaves curled themselves up and cracked and withered. The hard sun-baked roads emitted horrible sulphurous odours; a heavy, colourless, hot smoke perpetually hung above the houses and over the parks. Empty cabs with tired horses and sleepy drivers wandered aimlessly through the streets. The 'buses slowly crawled along Piccadilly, the conductors too tired to care whether they obtained "fares" or not, the drivers too sulky to think about keeping time, the horses too worn-out and weak to notice the monotonous cut of the knotted whip. Even the policemen left their posts in the street and leaned against the houses and walls, where a little shade could be found. August came, and everybody left London. But the shutters of the "flower-box" had not yet been closed. Ralph, too, was among the "nobodies." During the latter part of May and all through June and July he had worked hard. He had written a new book, and several short stories, which he had placed in the leading magazines directly they were finished. The other book had been a great success. At last his success had come. And now he wanted to rest, to forget his work. But before he left the city and the crowd he must see Ruby. He had not called since that little river picnic. Every day he had made a point of walking to the Brompton Road and looking at the windows of her house. But something prevented him from entering. He was not sure of himself. He must be quite sure of himself before he saw Ruby again. When all his work was finished and over, he realised that her personality permeated it. She had been always in his thoughts, always with him—when he worked, when he walked, when he slept. He tried to forget her: he tried not to think about her—or to think about her only as he would think about any other woman. He read some of the letters which were

written him, five years ago, by another, a different woman. But five years ago everything was different. He would never see *her* again.

That was a closed chapter; it was time to open another.

Did he really care for Ruby? He laughed at the thought—when it first presented itself. But it did not go away. It came again and again: it would not leave him. Her name haunted him. He found himself repeating it at odd moments. He found himself dreaming of an imaginary life with Ruby, building those old air-castles with Ruby. Always Ruby. He would be rich now. Perhaps she would love him a little. Perhaps she did love him. At one moment these thoughts seemed absurd; at other times they seemed beautiful. Perhaps he was a coward—he who boasted of his freedom. Perhaps he feared what men would say and women think. A coward! And if she cared for him, ever so little: if he could cheer her, help her, make her life less ugly and common! He remembered what he felt when he read Swinburne that night—“*Hesperia*.” What did she feel and think that night? He would go and ask her. She might laugh—then he would go away and rest alone, and find something else to dream about, or else live only for his work. But if she did not laugh? Then—well, then he would have found something exceedingly rare and exceedingly beautiful, something he had searched for a long time.

One evening, when the sun had lost itself amidst the blue smoke and grey heat-mists, and a cool breeze shook the dry leaves of the trees and blew the dust in the eyes of the tired 'bus horses, he drove to the “flower-box.”

She was at home. She was sitting by the window, listlessly turning the pages of a comic paper. She looked pale and tired.

“At last! I was wondering if you would come and see me soon.”

Ralph drew a chair beside her.

“Yes, I have come at last. I would have before, but I have been working day and night. It is all over now: I am going away. I am very tired. You look tired too, poor girl. Will you come away with me?”

“Oh, yes,” she replied, with dry, mirthless laughter.

“I am serious, dear.”

“Well? So am I.”

She did not understand. He could not explain. He had failed somehow. He had asked her to go away with him; she had accepted. That was all. What more did he want? What did he expect?

There was something wrong.

“Have you read Swinburne lately?” he asked, to break the silence which had fallen.

“No,” she replied.

“Ruby, what is the matter?”

“Nothing. I am very hot, that is all.”

“Do you remember when I read ‘*Hesperia*,’ after the river-picnic?”

“Yes, you read ‘*Hesperia*,’ but you did not come and explain ‘*Hesperia*.’”

“I have come now—if you want it explained.”

“Surely you have forgotten, it was so long ago. You are jesting.” She roused herself and looked at him, trying to read his face.

“I never forget. Listen:

“Ah, daughter of sunset and slumber, if now it return into prison,
Who shall redeem it anew? but we, if thou wilt, let us fly.
Let us take to us, now that the white skies thrill with a moon unarisen,
Swift horses of fear or of love, take flight and depart, and not die.”

She rose, and stood with her back to him, looking out of the window.

"Well, what does it mean?"

"Will you come with me—away from everybody? Will you come—and let me love you a little? Ruby, do you care about me—differently, I mean? I want to make you happy; I am very fond of you. That is what I meant when I read 'Hesperia.' Don't you understand? It is so difficult to explain. Of course, if you grew tired you could always return—here. I have led such a solitary life, I have been a lonely man, a morbid fellow. I have never found any one I could understand or care for, and who would care for me, but you. I seem to have met you years ago—when I was a boy—when I dreamed many beautiful, boyish dreams. I want to dream again, dear. Will you come?"

She did not answer at once, and when she did, she spoke very slowly and with difficulty, still standing with her back towards him.

"If you are in earnest, you are a fool; if you are jesting, you are a—brute."

He did not reply, but stood against the mantelshelf watching her. Her voice told him more than her words. He waited for her to continue.

Her hands were clenched tightly together; he could see the tightening of the muscles of her arms. Suddenly she turned and faced him, speaking loudly, passionately,—

"Yes, I do love you! Do you hear me? Why don't you laugh at me? What right have I to love any one or any thing! But I don't care—I can't live without you. I don't care for Fairflax, or O'Brien, or any of them. Let them go and find some one else to play with. I am tired of the city and its weary round, I am tired of being merry and gay. I want *you*! I want rest! I want you always with me; I want to hear your voice, to see you, to feel you, to have you for my own! Do you hear me?" she cried, beating her hands on the table, "do you hear what I say? I love you!"

Her words choked her. She drew near him stealthily, as if afraid of being rebuffed. But he stood still, looking at her.

When she spoke again her voice had changed, the words came in breathless whispers. She did not speak passionately now, but cried pleadingly,—

"Dear, forgive me, I cannot help it. I am passionate, mad sometimes. All these long weeks I have thought of you, and longed for you; and I have had to dance, and drink, and laugh, and pretend to be happy. You talked to me so differently from the others—you were good, and gentle, and strong. I couldn't help it. Don't be angry with me. I have had to 'pretend' so long, that now I am natural my feelings run riot; I can't control myself. And I love you! Let me love you, will you?"

She drew closer and touched the sleeve of his coat with her hands, trying to make him speak; his silence chilled and frightened her.

"I am quite young still, dear, and I will try and amuse you. I'm sure I could amuse you and help you. I don't mind what you do with me—only let me love you—just a little while. I must, I *will* love you."

She threw her arms around him and kissed him. Her passion, her love had startled him, silenced him. He drew her to him and held her tightly in his arms. He felt his eyes were wet; he was not sure whether he was going to laugh or cry. He wanted to laugh; he felt he was laughing—only he could not hear his voice.

"You will take me away, won't you, dear: take me right away where we can be alone? I will be very good."

"Yes, dear, we will go away together," he replied at last. "I am rich now: we will go away—away from everything. Yes, Ruby, I love you. I have been thinking

it all over—thinking day and night until my thoughts grew horribly confused and lost shape and form—thinking that I loved you ; thinking, always thinking, all my life. It is best as it is,—good God, I must love *something*,—dear, I love you. I will be very gentle with you, and when you are tired, then you can return to the old life, and I to my books and dreams. Now we will go away, dear, and I will love you. I want to love something.”

He bent and kissed her lips.

VIII.

Where should they go but to the moorlands? There Nature ruled, not man ; There purple heather and golden gorse covered hill and tor ; there the buzzard and wild fowl lived in lonely grandeur ; there the foaming streams and burns dashed over granite rocks and stones and rolled gently through reeded and wooded valleys ; there the rough, shaggy cattle roamed at will. On the moorlands were silence and peace. Nature ruled, not man.

To the moorlands, to the old stern Devon moorlands they went—tired of cities, tired of men, tired of all things counted of value by the world.

They found a cottage on a hill beneath one of the largest tors. In the valley below, the Dart rushed singing to the sea. Great masses of granite rock dotted the hill side, partially covered with the green bracken or hidden by the yellow gorse and surrounded by heather. On all sides rose the wild hills and tors, one behind the other. They stretched away to Cloudland, vast, mysterious. Sometimes the grey mists stooped and kissed their rough faces and hid them from sight. Sometimes black clouds rolled through the valleys, and silence descended on the moorlands and hushed the trill of the lark and call of the wild fowl and neigh of the ponies.

But when the black clouds rolled away the stream sang louder and rushed to the sea more quickly and leaped the stones more wildly, and the little spotted trout sported in the pools and the bumble-bee hummed his monotonous song as he drank the heather honey.

To dear, stern old Dartmoor, “full of the sunset, and sad, if at all, with the fulness of joy,” Ralph brought Ruby.

He collected the rods and guns he remembered seeing his father use, and he bought a couple of moorland cobs and a rough buggy, and hired a couple of servants—Devonshire folk, man and wife.

And they called their home “Hesperia,”

“Out of the golden remote wild west.”

“When you are tired, and find no pleasure in the hills, nor joy in the moors, nor pleasure in the life, tell me, dear, and we will go away. We will return to the city, or we will go to other cities in far-off countries.”

And Ruby replied, “I shall never tell you I am tired, until you are tired—of me.”

And so they settled, with the summer and the solitude of the silent hills.

He taught her how to ride ; he showed her how to throw a fly across the little rough pools of the stream,—how to land the plucky speckled trout. He taught her how to shoot and where to find the haunt of the buzzard and black game. He showed her the places where the dark blue whortleberries grew, and the crevices where the tiny white moss flower lived. Together they sought and found the lucky white heather ; together they watched the red sun drop behind the hills and leave



"He showed her how to throw a fly."

the sky aglow with many colours. Together they listened to the tales the silence told them, to the songs the streamlet sang, to the secrets the winds whispered when they lingered about the caves and caverns.

Ruby had never known of these strange things before; she had never seen these beautiful things before. She had never heard of this life of Nature's before. Tired? Each day grew more beautiful and wonderful than the last.

And out of it all was born love. Dimly and sluggishly she had tried to comprehend it, that evening Ralph had read to her in London. Now it was a reality. Slowly and surely she felt its birth, and with its birth new aspirations, new longings—with its birth the birth of a new world, awful in its illimitable beauty, in its incomprehensibility, in its eternity. It was a birth that knew no death: a soul, and the soul's name, love. Great, overpowering, awful; but, how beautiful! Up among the stern cold hills it came to life, slowly, painfully it was born, it lived. And the hills might crumble and fall and pass away, and the rivers run dry and cease, but it would never pass away.

August fled, but they heeded not its departure; the purple heather faded, but the golden gorse flamed in its place.

Sometimes in the heat of midday Ralph would sit in the cool old-fashioned hall and work. And Ruby sat at his side and watched him expressing thoughts for those who had no thoughts, or could find no expression for their thoughts. She watched him create, give life. That, too, was wonderful. Silently she watched him, until she also was able to create and build little worlds of thought. And at times the knowledge would come to her that there was one thing she could never create nor build, and the thought was bitter. And she wondered if he ever dreamed of the little human "thought," which sometimes is a Soul and sometimes only a black life-speck, that men and women build in the first short summer days of love. One thing she could never give him, but all else she could.

And he?—he wondered if he still dreamed; but the reality was more beautiful than any dream he had ever dreamed. Often they would sit speechless through long hours of the night and watch the stars gleam in the vault above, and wonder what lay beyond the stars and the hills, and talk to one another with the silent voices of the night.

Those who have listened to the language of the Silence have heard the gods speak.

Ruby loved to hear the stories Ralph told of dead cities and forgotten days: of men and women who lived and loved long ages past, before Virtue brought forth her child Sin, begotten of Knowledge. And she liked to think their love resembled the love those men and women of the past knew: the Love who

"Came flushed from the full-flushed wave, and Imperial, her foot on the sea.
And the wonderful waters knew her, the winds and the viewless ways,
And the roses grew rosier, and bluer the sea-blue stream of the bays."

IX.

Suddenly one day sultry September passed away. Summer died, and autumn came, cold and grey. White ragged clouds beat across the sky and touched the hills and tors. Gusts of wind swept over the dying heather and gorse. The waters of the river hushed their song. The birds were dumb, and there was no drowsy hum of bee on the air. There was silence—not the silence which spoke, but a dead, chill silence: a weird silence of great desolate hills and soundless rivers

and inanimate life. The moorland ponies and the sheep and the shaggy bulls disappeared. They had gone to the valleys or had been driven to the farms. Life seemed to have ceased. There was only the wind and the ragged storm-clouds and the low muffled sound of falling water. And in the evening the sun did not sink with a golden blaze of light, but suddenly dropped behind the hills, and a black cloud rose where it had fallen, and darkness hurried over the moorland.

Ruby and Ralph sat in the verandah of the cottage and watched the black cloud spread across the sky. They sat together, speaking seldom. Her hand rested in his. The dying heather which had once been purple, the brown gorse which had once been golden, the stretch of cold hills which had once been full of life, the muffled beat of the waters which once had sung noisily and merrily, filled them with a vague sadness. It was time to leave the moorland for the city.

Their dream was nearly over. In a few days they must awake. The dream had been beautiful—more beautiful than they had expected or hoped or imagined.

"It is like one of your strange stories, dear," said Ruby.

"One of my unwritten stories."

"Perhaps you will write it one day, when you have tired of me, or, better, when I am dead and you have not tired of me. I should like you to write it—even if you tired of me. My life would not have been lived quite in vain then. People would read and think of me and . . . How the cloud grows and grows! It was quite small when the sun disappeared; now it covers half the sky. Soon it will cover the whole sky. Do you think there will be a storm?"

"Yes, this strange silence always precedes a storm on the moorlands. Do you feel afraid?"

"Afraid? No! I want to see a great storm, a storm like those you used to tell me of. And this silence fascinates me. It is so full of mystery; it is full of many things. I think you are like the silence, dear. Quite incomprehensible: full of things you never express."

"I express all I feel, to you."

"Then I am like the moorlands, the mistress of the silence. She loves silence, does the moorland. And the river is the song she sings her lover. But she is growing old, Ralph! Her purple and gold are fading; she grows grey and cold. Her beauty is passing away. The beauty of the silence never passes away. Yes, I am the moorland. I am growing grey and cold. How long will you love me, Ralph?"

"The silence always loves the moorland—through summer and winter. It is time to go in, little woman. You are full of strange fears and fancies to-night."

"That is like a line from Swinburne, 'full of strange fears and fancies.' Do not let us go in yet. Let us wait until it is quite dark. What is that, there on the opposite hill? Don't you see, below those great rocks?"

"A stray pony, I expect."

"No, there are two—figures. Two men. No, one is a woman. What do they there, so late?"

"A farmer and his wife, perhaps. They will be overtaken by the storm if they do not hurry."

"But there is no farmhouse near. They will be lost. See, they are running! Oh, look!" she cried excitedly, rising from her seat. "Look at the rain rushing down the hillside. Do you hear the wind, how it moans. How beautiful the rain looks! It comes nearer and nearer: it will reach us soon. I felt a drop on my cheek then. There will be a great storm! Another drop: here comes the wind."

"Let us go in, dear."

"No, wait a little longer. Where are that man and woman? I cannot see them now. Ah! there they are. Poor things, they will get wet. Perhaps they will see our cottage. I hope so. Now the rain has reached us. What great drops! and so cold: there is hail mixed with it. Did you hear that! A distant peal of thunder. Yes, I will go in now. I will tell Duncan to light the lamps: those poor people may be able to find their way here then; and we will have fires lit everywhere, shall we—great peat fires? I want to see peat burn. We will make ourselves very snug and warm, and listen to the storm and the wind and the rain."

They entered, and shut the windows. The thunder grew louder. There was a flash of lightning.

Duncan brought the lamps.

Soon a huge wood fire roared and crackled in the hall, and squares of bog peat were heaped upon it. Fires burnt cheerfully, too, in the little sitting-room and Ruby's bedroom.

"There! How jolly everything looks! We will make ourselves awfully comfortable to-night," said Ruby. "I will change my dress: it must be nearly dinner time. How the rain beats against the windows, and how the wind shrieks! Those poor people!"

She ran gaily up the staircase into her room. Ralph stayed to wipe his gun. He slowly rubbed a cloth along the barrels. His dream had been successful. In a short time he would be numbered among the great. But his dream of Ruby was the sweetest, or rather, the realisation of it. It was a dream he had dreamed long before he met her. He could hardly believe the dream was a real one. He almost wished he had a religion. He wanted to pray to something, to thank some one, for himself and for Ruby.

He slowly rubbed the cloth along the barrels of his gun. A drop of water fell on them.

"What a damned fool I——"

There was a loud knock at the hall door. He rested the gun in the corner and unbolted the door. In the darkness he discerned two figures, a man and a woman.

"Quick! come in," he cried.

They entered, dripping with water and shivering with cold.

"My God, what luck!" said the man. "Ugh! we're wet. I really beg your pardon, sir, but we've got caught in the storm and lost our way. We saw your lights, and here we are."

"I am very glad. You will want to change, won't you? and your——"

"My wife. I'm all right, but I am afraid she'll catch cold. If you have any ladies' garments you could lend her?"

"Certainly: my——" He paused, and gave a little laugh; then hesitated, and remembered. "My wife is upstairs. I will call her."

"You are very kind," said the man. "My name is O'Brien—Captain O'Brien, 117th Lancers. Joan" (to his wife), "you had better not stand near the fire."

Ralph started. Joan! He looked at the woman.

"Why!"—he burst out laughing—his face flushed—"why——"

She stepped forward.

"Why, Mr. Harwood! You?"

They stared at one another.

"You know her—you know my wife?"

"Yes," cried Joan, offering her hand: "yes, we were great friends once."

"Yes," answered Ralph, "we knew each other five years ago."

"Five years ago."

He dropped her hand and walked to the foot of the staircase, and called Ruby by name.

O'Brien started now. Then, as Ruby appeared, he stepped back: "My God!"

She saw him and paused. They stood looking at one another. He grew red: she paled, then laughed.

"What, you two also know one another!" ejaculated Joan.

"Yes!" "No!" simultaneously from Ruby and O'Brien.

"No," said Ralph, mechanically; "my wife was startled, I expect."

"Yes," laughed Ruby, "I was startled."

"Captain O'Brien and his wife, dear," said Ralph; "they have lost their way. Will you take Mrs. O'Brien upstairs and find her some dry clothes?"

Ralph took O'Brien to his dressing-room.

"You will find plenty of things; take whatever you want. My man shall bring you some hot water. A warm bath will prevent any chance of a cold. When you have changed come downstairs, and we will have dinner."

Captain O'Brien said nothing. When the door closed behind Ralph he threw himself into a chair: "My God! And it's that author fellow too, Harwood. What the devil does it mean? Ruby, and my wife with her? What! by Jove, it mustn't . . . And he didn't seem surprised or . . . Looks all right—gentleman. His wife,—what will she say to Joan? I'm in an awful fix."

Shortly afterwards, being only human and a man, he was splashing about in a hot bath.

He had lost himself on the moors; found a comfortable house—it was no use worrying. He could trust Ruby—but still it was awkward; and his wife—devilish awkward. Was Harwood a fool, or . . . ?

He dressed himself in the author's clothes. His wife dressed herself in Ruby's clothes.

In the pretty sitting-room a good dinner was spread. There were flowers on the white table, and four silver candlesticks with red-shaded candles. An immaculate butler handed the dishes.

O'Brien marvelled, and muttered to himself.

Ruby smiled and played the hostess prettily, and withal naturally.

Ralph tried to forget those five years that had passed—and succeeded.

Joan, startled at first and surprised, regained her composure, and soon felt perfectly at ease.

They talked of the storm, of the shooting, the fishing, the moorlands, and—the city. Army and club chatter; of books and bookmen; dress and fashion. Then they talked of themselves.

"We have only been married two months," said O'Brien. "This was the final week of our wedding tour. We are staying at Tavistock, and started this morning for a walk across the moors. Forgot time, forgot weather—until too late. If I hadn't seen your lights I should have . . . I don't know *what* we should have done."

"My wife saw you on the distant hills," said Ralph, "and thought you looked like two lost sheep, so she had the lamps lit and the blinds left undrawn on purpose."

"We shall always feel indebted to Mrs.—Harwood," and O'Brien bowed.

"And may I ask if you also are not a young married couple?" cried Joan.

"I feel sure you are!"

Ruby laughed. She could not help it.

"Yes, we have been married three months," replied Ralph. "So you see we too are on our honeymoon."

"How funny!" cried Joan. "I *am* glad we were lost, aren't you, Charley?"

"Yes, my dear, very glad."

After dinner they adjourned to the hall. The fire was piled with great squares of peat, high up the chimney, and they sat in a circle around it, and the men smoked their pipes. They told ghost stories and yarns, and listened to the beat of the rain against the windows and the howl of the wind around the cottage. And they were all very happy. O'Brien forgot to wonder at finding Ruby, and Ruby forgot she had ever been anywhere without Ralph, and Ralph did not think of Joan in relation to those five years.

Outside the wind howled and the rain beat, and sometimes there was a low, distant roar of thunder. But inside the cottage the great fire leaped up the chimney, and the men blew clouds of blue smoke towards the ceiling, and the women whispered and laughed together, and the dogs drowsed on the hearthrug at their feet.

When they bade one another good-night, Ralph's hand trembled a little when it touched Joan's hand, and O'Brien's eyes questioned Ruby. But she looked him full in the face; and in her eyes he saw something that he could not understand, but which explained everything without telling him anything.

Ralph knocked his pipe out and lit a cigarette. He gave one to Ruby.

"You have been very good; you may smoke one now." He gazed into the fire. "Five years ago——"

Ruby stood behind his chair. "So—that was—was—*her*—five years ago! Oh, dear,—I—am—sorry!" She stretched forward her hand as if to stroke his head; then withdrew it, and walked quietly away and stood by the window, looking out at the storm and the flash of the lightning.

He had seen the movement. He understood. He understood the feeling which forbade her touch him, which forbade her intrude her sympathy on the old memory that was sacred to him, on the memory of a woman that she deemed different to herself.

He rose and drew her away from the window into the chair beside him. He smoothed her hair from her forehead and kissed it.

"My dearest!"

* * * * *

So they sat till the red peat grew white. And they listened to the storm raging outside, to the shriek and sob of the wind, and the beat of the rain against the window.

* * * * *

He kissed her on the forehead again, and gathered her in his arms and carried her to their room.

X.

O'Brien and Joan walked back to Tavistock next morning. Joan begged to be allowed to call on Ruby in London, and made her promise to write. O'Brien tried to understand the situation, but failed, which was natural.

A few days later the cottage on the hill was closed, and Ralph and Ruby drove across the moorlands for the last time.

Their journey to London seemed long and sad. The day was dark and cheerless. The country looked cold and black from the windows of the train as

it rushed citywards. To both of them came the memory of those weeks they had spent together among the great silent hills, and the birth of love, and the wonderful joy of life. There was a vague feeling of leaving something behind, of losing some of the beauty they had found. The future was indistinct, uncertain : regret for what had passed, fear for what might come.

When they reached Paddington it was night. The large globes of electric light blinded their eyes, and the roar of traffic and babble of voices deafened their ears.

"We will not stay long in London, dear," whispered Ruby, as the train steamed into the station ; "it is horrible."

Ralph smiled.

Her spirits rose as they drove through the Park and down Knightsbridge.

The 'buses and cabs were familiar friends : she smiled a welcome to them. The crowds of people and the red-coated soldiers, the barracks and Tattersalls', the shops, all reminded her of a home-coming.

"Poor old London ! one cannot help loving it," she exclaimed. "I wonder if I shall see any one I know—it is just the time the boys and girls would be driving up West——" She hesitated, and remembered, and looked at Ralph.

But he only replied, "Yes, if you look out you are sure to see some familiar faces."

"I don't feel so tired now," she continued. "I wonder—I wonder if you would mind—very much—if we supped somewhere to-night ? Don't be angry with me, dear ; but somehow I feel I should like to go the old haunts—for a little while. It will be the last time, I think. I should like to tell my friends how happy I am, and see if they are happy also—say good-bye to them all. You do not mind my asking ?"

"Of course not, little woman. Certainly we will go, if you are not too tired. But you are excited, your face is flushed ; I am afraid you will make your cold worse ; still, if you want very much to go out to-night, why, we will go !"

"Thank you, dear. I would like to. I don't know why—the desire has come suddenly. The lights and the people and the roar of voices have excited me. They remind me of the old days and the old friends. I feel I have treated them badly ; I want to see them all once again ; they were very good to me, you know, and now I am so happy it would be mean to pass by without a word or a handshake. And I feel I may never see them again."

Jeanne welcomed them to the "flower-box," where everything was ready for their reception. It was good to see the familiar pictures and the books and chairs and tables and the marble Venus again.

After dining and resting they called a cab and drove up Piccadilly. Old familiar sights, old familiar sounds, old familiar faces. So familiar, and yet so strange !

Ralph was very kind and gentle with Ruby. Her manner frightened him a little. She was excited. He was afraid she was going to be ill. She met some girls she had known in the old days, and her loyalty pleased, though it also confused him. An uncomfortable feeling of sorrow for all the women kept rising in his heart. It was unmanly to feel sorry for them. Of course they were all quite happy.

"It was all right,"—the words kept humming in his ears as they drove home. The horse's hoofs beat time to a tune they formed.

It was all right.

When they entered the room Ruby suddenly put her arms around Ralph's neck and burst out crying. "You are too good to me, dear. I wish you were not so

good—you frighten me! I have never been used to it. Ralph! I feel so funny to-night: I don't want to go to bed, I don't want to go to sleep; sit with me here for a while, and hold my hand and talk to me. Talk to me as you used to talk to me before we—before we *loved* one another. I feel frightened to-night. I do not know why I feel frightened, dear, or what I fear. I only know I want to be close to you—you must not leave me. I don't think I ought to have gone out to-night. Is it not a very warm night? I feel hot and stuffy. It is my cold, I expect. Ralph, when are you going to write that book about me? You will write it one day, won't you, dear? I feel I should like you to write a book about me, after I am dead; though I'm not going to die yet"—with a laugh,—“am I? I am going to live many more years. I don't look ill, do I? I feel quite well—just a little tired again now, that is all. Dear old boy! how patient you are, to let me sit and worry you with my stupid chatter! Let us have some music. I will sing to you, shall I?”

“If it will not tire you, dear. I have never heard you sing, though you have often promised to.”

“I will sing; what shall I sing? ‘Good-bye!’—that is suitable. Good-bye? I feel I am going to say good-bye. I wonder if I can remember the music. I hated the song once—at least I was afraid to sing it—but I think I shall like it now. I played and sang very well when I was seventeen.”

Her voice was rather weak. With care it might have been a full deep contralto; it was very sweet, however, and there was a sad sound in it.

“*Good-bye to summer—good-bye, good-bye!*”

Ralph, looking at her, saw her eyes blinded with tears.

There was a long pause when she reached the “*Hush*,” and the tears rushed down her flushed cheeks and fell on to the notes of the piano. “*Hush! A voice from afar—*”

She broke down and ran towards Ralph unsteadily. “Take me to bed, dear: I am frightened, I can't go on. Oh, Ralph, I am afraid I am ill!”

He lifted her in his arms and carried her upstairs. He felt her body trembling and shaking and fighting against the sobs that she could not control.

His eyes were wet too.

He rested her on the sofa, and soothed her and helped her to undress.

And that tuneless tune the cab horse had beat against the road, and those stupid words, hummed in his ears: “*It is all right, ALL RIGHT!*”

XI.

Nothing to be done, but wait for the end.

Nothing to be done!

Those words were difficult to understand. What did they mean?

It was unnecessary for him to call again. He could do nothing. It might be hours, it might be days—uncertain: she must have been naturally delicate, and having had a—er—having doubtless led a very fashionable life—late hours and little rest, and that sort of thing—well, the first shock to the system——”

Yes, nothing to be done. That doctor had a great deal of tact. He looked sorry.

Sorry? Bah! they had killed her. “*The world her mirth required, she bathed it in smiles of glee*,” and now she was going to rest. She could amuse them no longer.

“They had killed her!”

True or not true, he found a horrible pleasure in the thought. "They had killed *her*, Ruby!"

He would repay them. He had the power. He was great: another joke of that humourist, Nature. The world was fond of slaughter—well, some of his victims should be dissected—the world did not like that. He was powerful. He remembered other men greater than he who had dissected the world's victims—he understood their works now.

It was their revenge. Revenge was fine. Nothing to be done? Yes, some few things.

He could go with her to the gates of death—why not enter with her? His work, his revenge!

Nothing to be done? Aye, true. But there was something to be said.

He sat beside her, on the bed.

"I have only a few hours longer," she said, "but I do not mind very much. Some people are frightened when they die—it is funny. Others wonder where they are going. I do not think of that. I should like to be quite sure I shall see you again, that is all."

"I am quite sure of it, dear."

"Ah! that is right. How short our time has been together, but how sweet! I would rather die, having known you, than live without you. I wonder if any one knows I am dying? I suppose not. It seems strange that I should die, and the world go on just the same. The 'bus that passes up to town now will return perhaps when I am dead; but it will pass on, and the driver won't know, the people who drive on it won't know, the horses . . . does this sound stupid?"

"No, darling; but don't talk of—dying. I cannot—bear it, dear."

"Poor boy! Come closer. I wish you could come with me——"

"Why not?" he whispered, bending over her. "There is nothing to keep me, no one I care for, no one who cares for me. Why not?"

She shook her head. "Your work—and the book! My book! You will remember to write that book, Ralph."

"Yes, darling, I will write that book, and then I shall come to you."

They listened to the roll of the traffic and the tramp of the feet on the pavement.

It was an awful struggle to keep calm, and silence was terrible. But there was much to say.

Time was passing: she might leave him at any minute.

And no one would care,—as she said, none would know or care.

And he cursed them.

"Ruby, I must go with you: I cannot stay alone. What does God mean by being so brutal? To bring you to me, and then to take you away and leave me alone!"

"Don't talk like that, dear boy. You make me feel frightened. Come nearer. Don't cry—you must not cry. What was that?—some one rang the bell. Perhaps there is one person who remembers Ruby after all. I hear Jeanne talking—go and see; leave me alone a little while."

He went downstairs. At the door stood Joan.

Mechanically he shook hands with her and asked her to come in.

"I came to call, as I promised; but your maid tells me Mrs. Harwood is ill. I am so sorry."

"She is dying." He stood against the wall, looking at her in a dull, dazed way.

"Dying! Oh, Ralph—I am . . . What can I do? Poor Ralph——"

"Yes," he continued, speaking as if repeating meaningless words from a book. "She is dying. She is not my wife, you know."

"What do you mean? She is your—wife, you said——"

"Yes, true, but I did not take out a licence to love her, so legally she is not my wife. When I knew I could not marry you I hoped I should never marry. But I suppose a man cannot live alone and love nothing. He must love something. I liked Ruby. She was just a toy, you know—the world's plaything. But when I saw her she was tired. I do not think she was meant to be a toy. She was tired, and I was tired too, and I thought I might be able to give her a little rest. So we went to Dartmoor, and there love came also, and I suppose God was jealous, because she is going away now. Yes, she is dying, and there is nothing to be done."

"Ralph, we were friends once: let me go to her; I think she would like to see me. Do you think it strange?—men do not always understand. Shall I go to her?"

"Yes," he said, in the same voice,—“yes: only do not be long, and do not speak of the past or the future. You must be very quick, because she is dying, and she and I have much to say to one another.”

He waited, sitting on the stairs until Joan came out of Ruby's room.

He let her into the street, and listened to the few words she said, and saw that her eyes were full of tears, and then he returned to Ruby.

"Ralph, I am glad it was Joan you loved, five—six years ago. I did not know there were women like her. I wonder what Charley will say when he knows she has been here? Men are so different. I said good-bye to Jeanne also. Poor Jeanne! You will look after her? She has been so good to me. She used to take my money and save it for me, because she knew I should spend it otherwise. Poor Jeanne!—she cried. Was that not strange?"

"Ruby, little Ruby, I love you so."

He sat beside her, holding and stroking her hand. Everything in the room was *throbbing*. He felt his thoughts throbbing to and fro in his head. They were confused, chaotic. He could not remember what was taking place; there was only one thing clear—Ruby was leaving him. As long as he held her hand she was safe. That much seemed clear to him: that, and this confused throbbing. "It was all right, all right!"—those words kept surging in his ears and drowning Ruby's voice. "*It was all right, all right.*"

And the evening passed and night came. And with night the silence. Gradually the sounds from the street ceased, until everything was still. Only the confused throbbing remained. He rose to light the candle when the fire burnt low, but she stopped him.

"I think I will stay in the darkness, dear. I can see your face quite clearly: is not that strange? Dear, sad face! bend down and kiss me. . . . Ralph, I am getting a little frightened—hold my hand very tight. So. You will think of me often when I am dead, but you won't think unkindly of me,—gently, reverently, because, though I am a wicked woman, I do love you, dear. Am I a wicked woman?"

"My God! *No!*" The throbbing ceased, but everything trembled. He was trembling. He tried to steady himself, to keep calm. He must not frighten Ruby.

"Ralph, I should like you to read to me. I think we should be able to say so much more to one another if you read. Do you know where Swinburne is? He is on the little shelf beside Ibsen downstairs. But you will have to go away to get him. I am afraid to be alone. Cannot you remember something?"

How hard it was to be calm! He could remember nothing. This horrible trembling! What was that about sleep? Not Swinburne, though: Swinburne escaped him.

"I cannot remember anything, dear. There is a little song I used to know: shall I try and tell you? It is about sleep:—

"Good night, dear love! may all your dreams be fair,
And hasten not to waken and to weep:
For tender happiness and hope are there—
There in the sweet and silent land of sleep.
Wake not, beloved, for night is everywhere,
And dawn will never break for you and me.
Good night, dear love: may all your dreams be fair,
Leave not, my sweet, the land of Used-to-be!"

"That is all I know."

This awful trembling: the room seemed to be shaking, his teeth to be chattering.

"I like that song. Who wrote it? He must be one of the nice men, I am sure: what is his name?"

"Boyle Lawrence. It is a sad song."

"No, it is not sad. If you ever see him, tell him it seemed to make death easier—a little. Don't tremble, dear boy—are you afraid of losing me? Poor Ralph, what will you do alone—it is hard? I do not think you will ever know how I loved you. I think it is coming now—death. Ralph! what is it like? Help me, dear. Come closer. I am frightened. I cannot leave you. Oh, Ralph, creep upon the bed beside me, close, and put your arms around me tightly, and lay your head against mine. Don't let me go—that is right."

"Ruby—Ruby!"

"Don't let me go, dear, until I am dead. It is awful to die. Come with me, hold me close—let me kiss you and feel you. You won't forget me, and you will write that book? . . . Ralph, you will always think of me and of our love?"

"Ruby, kiss me, darling," he sobbed; "let me feel your face against my face. Don't be afraid; it is all right; I am here. We are together: it is all right."

"Yes, it is all right. Do you remember—Swinburne—'the popped sleep—the end of all'? . . . It is coming now. Lay your lips on mine, this last time, dear heart, dear brave boy—again!"

ARTHUR APPLIN.





*Morris Dancers.**

MAY DAY IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

AMID the hurly-burly of present-day life almost all the quaint customs of olden times are fast dying out. They may linger on, let us hope, for many a day in our country villages; but in towns their fate is practically sealed. And of all these remnants of the poetry of the life of bygone days—the days of “Merrie England”—no more sweet and picturesque custom existed than the welcoming in of May.

“When fields were dight with blossoms white, and leaves of lively green,
The maypole rear'd its flow'ry head, and dancing round were seen
A youthful band, join'd hand in hand, with shoon and kirtle trim,
And softly rose the melody of Flora's morning hymn.
Her garlands, too, of varied hue the merry milkmaid wove,
And Jack the Piper caprioled within his dancing grove;
Will, Friar Tuck, and Little John, with Robin Hood their king,
Bold foresters! blythe choristers! made vale and mountain ring.”

Even the most cursory examination of the ceremonies devoted to May will satisfy one that in them we have a commingling of the elements of the ancient sun-worship and of the Roman Floralia; while the maypole and its accessories are clearly relics of the nature-worship of the East. To these were added, from time to time, various amusements and “side shows” popular at different periods. In the reign of Henry VIII. archery recovered its popularity; and henceforward it was included in the May-day sports: bold Robin Hood and pretty Maid Marion figuring as Lord and Lady of the May. We do not, however, propose to trace the origin of the different customs; but rather to give a glimpse of the “Mayings” and superstitions, the memories of which old chroniclers have handed down to us.

In olden times the May Feast was one of the great events of the year; and towns and villages alike vied with one another in making this “gratulation of the coming summer” a time of rejoicing and revelry. Long before sunrise of the May morn, the citizens and villagers formed themselves into parties and repaired to

* Peculiar interest attaches to this illustration, from the similarity, pointed out by Douce, existing between the characters and those in Tollett's famous painted glass window—the oldest representation of English May-games and Morris-dancers. The Heading to this article is from an engraving executed by Van Meckenen about 1460, of which copies are exceedingly rare.



May-day in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. By Watt, after Lealle.

the neighbouring woods and groves. While the lads were gathering boughs of the sweet-smelling hawthorn and preparing the maypole, the lasses would steal away into the meadows, bejewelled with daisy and buttercup, and bathe their faces in the sparkling dew—a sovereign recipe for making them beautiful—and gather flowers for garlands. Soon after the birds began their morning song, the merry-hearted throng wended their way homewards; wood and lane re-echoing with music, song and jest.

Then came the trimming up of the houses with green branches and wild flowers, until, as Herrick sings:—

“—each field turns a street, each street a parke,
Made green and trimm'd with trees: see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this
An arke, a tabernackel is,
Made up of whitethorn neatly interwove.”

With many a lusty shout the maypole was reared. But let us turn to old Stubbes—puritanical Stubbes, who so thoroughly detested the games he so picturesquely describes—for it is to his contemporary pen that we are indebted for a quaint and pretty picture of this leading feature of the May-day sports.

“Thei have twentie or fourtie yoke of Oxen, every Oxe havynge a sweete Nosegaie of flowers, placed on the tippe of his hornes, and these Oxen drawe home this Maie pole, . . . whiche is covered all over with Flowers, and Hearbes' bounde rounde aboute with strynges, from the top to the bottome, and sometyme painted with variable colours, with two or three hundred men, women, and children followyng it, with greate devotion. And thus beyng reared up, with handkercheifes and flagges streamyng on the toppe, thei strawe the grounde aboute, binde greene boughes aboute it, sett up



Raising the Maypoles. After the Painting by F. Goodall.

Summer Houses, Bowers, and Arbours hard by it. And then fall thei to banquet and feast, to leape and daunce aboute it."

When night came on, and the great bonfires were lighted, the Lady of the May withdrew ; leaving her consort to conduct the wilder revels of the night—often, we fear, carried to excess ; and not until the rising of another day would the morris-dancers and their companions disperse to their homes.

In his younger days bluff King Hal delighted to rise with the lark on May mornings, and with a band of courtiers in his train, to ride forth into the woods "a-maying." In the seventh year of his reign, Halle, in his quaint language and uncertain orthography, writes :—

"The king & the quene accōpanyed with many lordes & ladies roade to the high ground of shoters hil to take the open ayre, and as they passed by the way, they espied a cōpany of tall yomen, clothed all in grene whodes & bowes & arrowes, to the nūber of ii.C. Then one of them, which called him selfe Robyn hood, came to the kyng, desyryng him to se his men shoote, & the kyng was cōtent. Then he whisteled, & al the ii.C. archers shot & losed at once, & then he whisteled agayne, & they likewyse shot agayne, their arrowes whisteled by crafte of the head, so that the noyes was straunge and great, and much pleased the kyng and quene and all the company. All these archers were of the kynges garde and had thus appareled them selves to make solace to the kyng. Then Robyn hood desyred the kyng and quene to come into the grene wood, & to se how the outlawes lyve. The kyng demaunded of y^e quene & her ladyes, if they durst adventure to go into the wood with so many outlawes. Then the quene sayde, that if it pleased him, she was content ; then the hornes blew tyl they came to the wood under shoters hil, and there was an Arber made of boowes with a hal, and a great chāber and an inner chamber very well made & covered with floures & swete herbes, whiche the kyng muche praysed. Then said Robyn hood, Sir Outlaws brekefastes is venyson, and therefore you must be content with such fare as we use. Then the kyng and quene sat doune, & were served with venyson and wyne by Robyn hood and his men, to their great contentacion."

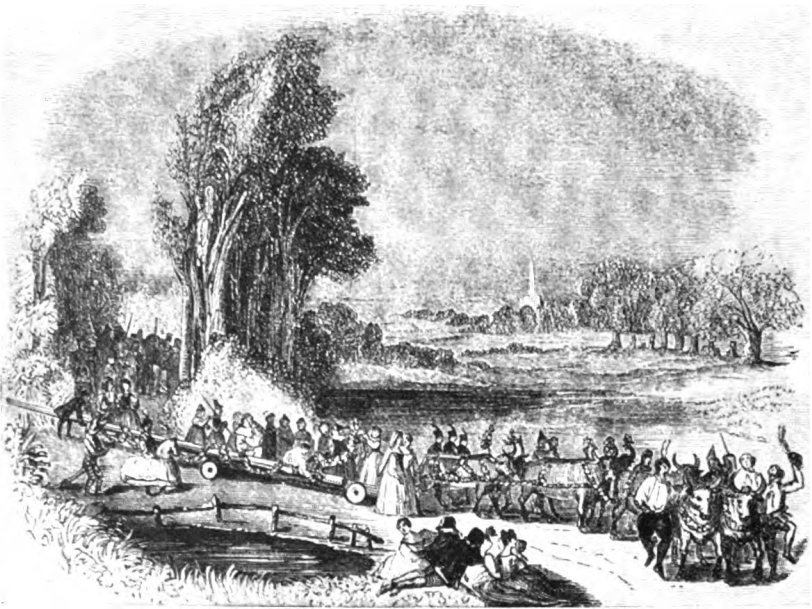
Two years later, the long-threatened storm, which culminated in "Evil" May Day,



The Maypole. After the Painting by J. Nash

broke over the city; an account of which is chronicled by Holinshed. It seems the citizens had been jealous of the foreign money-lenders and craftsmen; when matters were brought to a crisis by the elopement of a citizen's wife with a Lombard named Francis de Bard, by whose instruction she had taken with her a quantity of her husband's plate. The husband's demands for the restoration of his wife and property were met with a point-blank refusal. Resource was then had to the Guildhall, but without avail; for the intriguing foreigner won the day, and even had the audacity to cause the arrest of the poor man for his wife's board!

A little later, Dr. Bell, a canon of the Sanctuarie Spittle, was prevailed upon



1782.—Bringing in the Maypole on May Morning.

to take up the cause of the citizens, and from the pulpit denounced the unfair practices of the foreigners ; contrasting their riches and insolence with the struggling poverty of the citizens. Meanwhile one John Lincolne had been busy exciting the 'prentices and artificers to expect some rising against their enemies.

The rising quickly followed. Holinshed writes :—

“On the eight and twentieth daie of Aprill, diverse yong men of the citie piked quarels to certeine strangers as they passed by the streets, some they did strike, some they buffeted, and some they threw into the kennell : wherefore the maior sent some of the Englishmen to prison. . . . Then suddenlie rose a secret rumour, and no man could tell how it began, that on Maie daie next the citie would rebell and slea all the aliens, insomuch that diverse strangers fled out of the citie.”

The rumour soon reached the King's Council, and Wolsey sent for the Mayor. Men were ordered to keep within doors on the dreaded day ; and all might have been well but for the indiscreet zeal of one of the aldermen. Our chronicler continues :—

“After this commandement given in the evening, as sir John Mundie (an alderman) came from his ward, and found two young men in Cheape plaieng at the bucklers, and a great manie of yoongmen looking on them (for the commandement was then scarce knowne) he commanded them to leave of. And for that one of them asked, why ? he would have had him to the Counter. Then all the young prentises stept to, and resisted the alderman, taking the yong fellow from him, cried ; Prentises and clubs. Then out at everie doore came clubs and weapons. The alderman fled and was in great danger. Then more people arose out of everie quarter, and foorth came servingmen, watermen, courtiers, and others ; so that by eleven of the clocke, there were in Cheape, six or seven hundred ; and out of Paules churchyard came three hundred, which knew not of the other. So out of all places they gathered, & brake up the counters, (and) tooke out the prisoners that the maior had thither committed for hurting the strangers.”

At St. Martin's Gate the excited mob was met by good Sir Thomas More,



FLORA

*One gathering of the flowers of the year,
And putting them upon the greenest bough,
The flowers of the year are put to rest,
By which the flowers of the year are put to rest.*

who earnestly entreated them to desist and return to their homes peaceably. But at this moment the people within St. Martin's commenced to throw stones, bats, and hot water at the crowd below. Among those injured was a sergeant-at-arms named Nicolas Downes, who in a fury raised the cry of "Down with them!" The now thoroughly enraged citizens turned on their assailants. Doors were torn down and houses gutted. A rush was made into Cornhill to the foreigners' quarters, where houses were sacked and wrecked in all directions; and it was not until three in the morning that the work of destruction ceased, and the crowd began to break up. But not before three hundred of the rioters were captured and marched off to the Tower and Newgate.

The prisoners were tried at the Guildhall, and thirteen sentenced to be hung,

drawn, and quartered. Three days later poor Lincolne suffered the penalty ; and the other prisoners had the ropes about their necks when a respite suddenly arrived from the King.

At the end of the month his Majesty, attended by Wolsey and other great lords, himself sat in judgment on the unhappy prisoners --

"Poore younglings and old false knaves bound in ropes all along, one after another in their shirts, and everie one a halter about his necke, to the number of foure hundred men and eleven women."

The Cardinal having first soundly rated the mayor and aldermen for their negligence, turned to the prisoners and declared them deserving of death.



The Milkmaids' Dance.

"Then all the prisoners together cried ; Mercie, gracious lord, mercie. Herewith the lords altogether besought his grace of mercie, at whose sute the king pardoned them all. . . . Then were all the gallows within the citie taken downe, and many a good praier said for the king."

But the gloom of Evil May Day hung for many a year over the sports of the city ; and the famous pole of St. Andrew Undershaft was never reared again.

At Magdalen College, Oxford, the ancient ceremony of welcoming in May is still continued. In the early morn the choir and members of Magdalen and the neighbouring colleges ascend to the top of the tower. Having donned their surplices, they wait, with faces turned to the east, for the rising of the sun, when a beautiful Latin hymn is sung. This finished, the bells strike up a joyous peal, and give the

signal to the boys in the streets below. Blowing tin trumpets and horns, according to ancient custom, off they scamper to the fields to gather the fragrant may-blossom and wild flowers, which they bring into the town.

The only remains of May-day celebration now to be met with in London streets is an occasional show of the chimney-sweepers. Fantastically decked out in tawdry finery, enriched with strips of gilt and various coloured papers, etc., they caper the "Chimney-sweepers' Dance" to the music of the fiddle. The centre of attraction is generally a "Jack-in-the-Green"—a large piece of wickerwork, covered with leaves and flowers, borne by a man concealed within.

One is naturally puzzled as to how and when the intrusion of these sooty gentlemen into the ceremonies of the gay and graceful Flora came about. According to Mr. Timbs, it originated in the discovery among their fraternity of the long-lost son of the eccentric Lady Montague.

This hopeful boy ran away from school and apprenticed himself to a fisherman at Blackfriars, and for more than a year was lost sight of. He was then sent back to Westminster; but again ran away, and bound himself to an Oporto vessel, from which he escaped immediately on landing. In another flight he changed clothes with a chimney-sweep, and for some time followed that occupation. After a long and anxious search he was discovered by his friends, and restored to his parents, on May 1st, at the family mansion in Portman Square. To commemorate the restoration of the truant, his relative, Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, who died in 1800, for many years feasted the chimney-sweeps of London, on May 1st, with roast-beef and plum-pudding; and this entertainment is said to have given rise to the general sweeps' holiday of May Day.

In the last century the milkmaids' dance formed a very pretty and by no means



Northampton May Garland.



The 1st of May (morning). After Cruikshank.

unimportant adjunct to the May-day shows. A good deal of rivalry existed in the preparation of the "garland," which was composed of brilliantly polished milk-pails and other articles of the dairy, silver cups, tankards, salvers, and any such-like articles which could be begged or borrowed. These were built up in pyramid form, and decorated with flowers, leaves, and gaily-coloured ribbons. The garland was carried from door to door, the milkmaids dancing around to the music of the fiddler hired for the occasion.

Another very pretty form of garland was to be seen in the streets of Northampton and other towns. It was composed of two hoops, crossing each other vertically, and covered with flowers and streamers of variously-coloured ribbons, fixed to the top of a long staff. In each of the apertures of this miniature bower a smartly dressed doll was placed.

The garland was concealed from view by a large pocket-handkerchief, which was only removed on receipt of some satisfactory contribution, when the young people generally chanted one of their simple ditties. The following verses were peculiar to Dallington:—

"The flowers are blooming everywhere,
O'er every hill and dale;
And, oh! how beautiful they are,
How sweetly do they smell!

"Go forth, my child, and laugh and play,
And let your cheerful voice,
With birds, and brooks, and Merry May,
Cry out, 'Rejoice! Rejoice!'"

Temple-Sowerby was noted for an amusing custom on May Day. "From time whereof the memory of man is not to the contrary," the people met on the green and held a friendly contest in "the noble art of lying." A certain number of candidates were selected for the competition; the prizes consisting of a grindstone and a

number of whetstones. The people acted as the judges ; and it was understood that the more marvellous or improbable the tale, the greater the chance of success. A story long current in the neighbourhood tells of a certain Bishop of Carlisle. His lordship, passing through in his carriage on this particular day, noticing the crowd inquired the cause. His question was readily answered by a full statement of the facts, which brought from the worthy prelate a severe lecture on the iniquity of such a proceeding ; and at the conclusion of his little sermon he said, "For my part I never told a lie in my life." This was immediately reported to the judges, upon which the hone was unanimously awarded to his lordship as most deserving of it, and, according to report, was actually thrown into the carriage !

Up till the latter part of the present century, the people in the neighbourhood of the Wrekin assembled on the hill on the first four Sundays after May Day, there to drink a health "to all friends round the Wrekin" ; but the ceremony led to such scenes of drunkenness and disorder that the magistrates were compelled to take steps to discourage it.

From very ancient times the 1st of May among the aboriginal Irish and Scotch Highlanders was known as "Beltine," or "Beltany"—that is, "the day of Belen's fire": the ceremonies being very similar in the two countries. Pennant, in his "Tour of Scotland, 1771," tells us that, on the 1st of May, in the Highlands of Scotland, the herdsmen of every village hold their "Bel-tein":—

"They cut a square trench in the ground, leaving the turf in the middle ; on that they make a fire of wood, on which they dress a large caudle of eggs, butter, oatmeal, and milk, and bring, besides the ingredients of the caudle, plenty of beer and whiskey ; for each of the company must contribute something. The rites begin with spilling some of the caudle on the ground, by way of libation ; on that, every one takes a cake of oatmeal, upon which are raised nine square knobs, each dedicated to some particular being, the supposed preserver of their flocks and herds, or to some particular animal, the real destroyer of them. Each person then turns his face to the fire, breaks off a knob, and, flinging it over his shoulder, says : 'This I give to



The 1st of May (Evening). After Cruikshank.

thee,—preserve thou my horses; this is to thee,—preserve thou my sheep;’ and so on. After that they use the same ceremony to the noxious animals. When the ceremony is over they dine on the caudle; and, after the feast is finished, what is left is hid by two persons deputed for that purpose; but on the next Sunday they reassemble and finish the reliques of the first entertainment.”

• There was an ancient superstition among the natives in the village of Barvas, in the Isle of Lewis, that if a female was the first to cross the Barvas river on May Day, the salmon would be hindered from coming into it for the whole year. To guard against the possibility of such a calamity, a man was told off every year to cross the river as soon as morning dawned.

Hutchinson, in his “History of Northumberland,” tells us that—

“A syllabub is prepared for the May Feast, which is made of warm milk from the cow, sweet cake, and wine; and a kind of divination is practised, by fishing with a ladle for a wedding-ring, which is dropped into it, for the purpose of prognosticating who shall be first married.”

This reminds us of another quaint superstition which the poet Gay describes :

“ Last May-day fair I searched to find a snail
That might my secret lover’s name reveal;
Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
I seized the vermin; home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread.
Slow crawl’d the snail, and if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark’d a curious L.
Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove,
For L is found in Luberkin and Love!
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.”

A. W. JARVIS.

British Museum



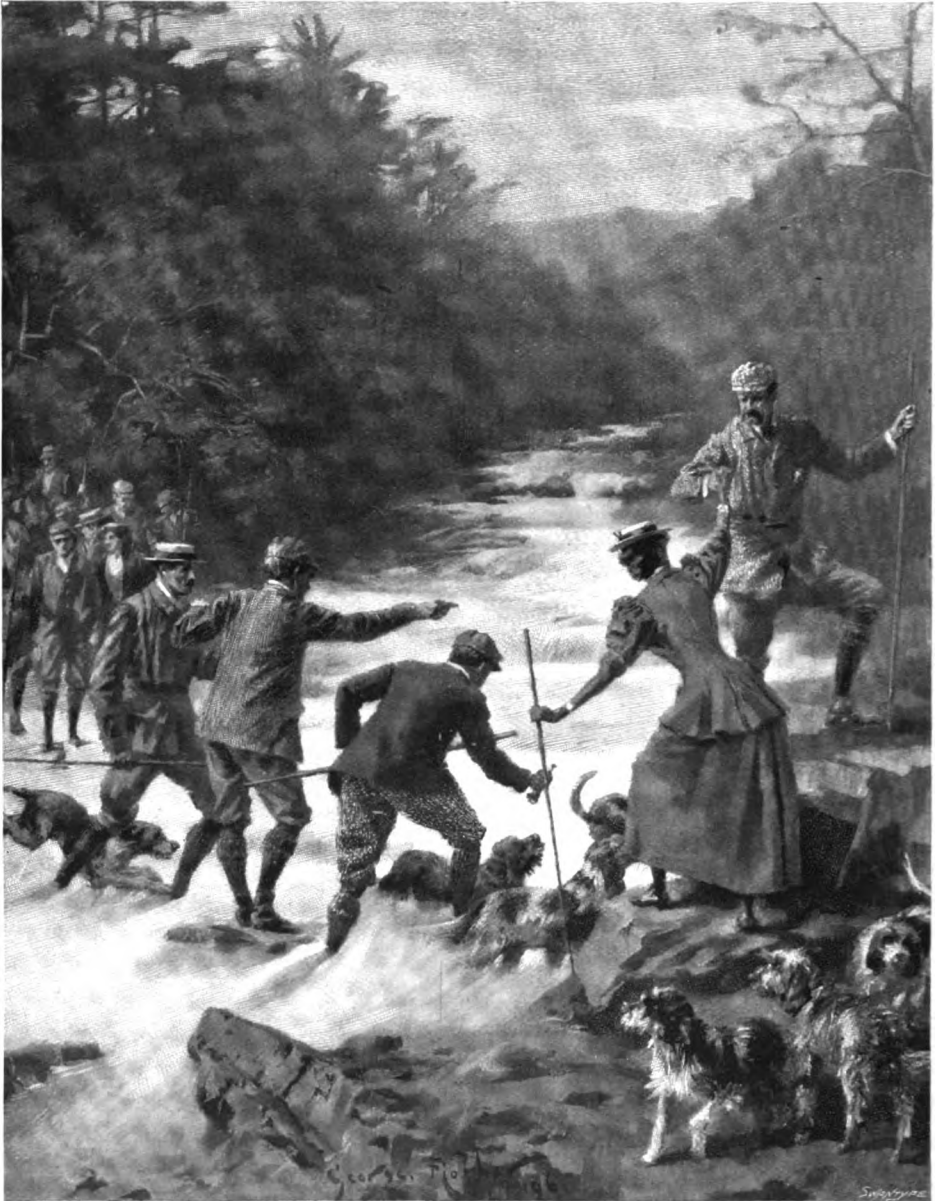


How well I mind me of that one sweet day,
 When all the hedges bore their
 scented snow
 Of hawthorn blooms, and
 lingeringly and slow
 I walked with her, yet found
 no word to say:
 For chanceful change had crost
 the old, dear way,
 And if she still were mine I
 did not know,
 Since years had had full
 time to come and go,
 And our two lives had
 passed their Golden May.
 Then out there rang across the fair
 eve's hush
 A bird's clear song; and she
 with grave, sweet eyes
 Looked into mine, and said —
 " So sings the thrush
 Still, as of old, — and so love never dies."
 Low-breathed she spoke and womanly did blush;
 Then May grew May indeed with golden skies.

May

A. L. BUDDEN.

Phil Bennett Robinson del.



OTTER HUNTING.



WHO that has ever caught up his spear in the pale promise of a misty May morning, and, leaping down the woodland track to some wild stream of Cambria or the showery West, near whose brink, amongst the mossy granite and gold-tipped king ferns, the savage "dog-fisher" is known to couch, has heard, echoing clear through the budding beeches and glistening hawthorns, the joyful shout of "There he vents!" has not experienced one of the most poignant of life's brief ecstasies! Who that has listened breathless to the gay music of twelve couple of shaggy hounds, in full cry along the bank of some rush-feathered brook, whether it winds through the dales of rugged Northumbria, or silvers the serener beauty of rich Salopian meadowland, can still deny that otter hunting is sport! Sport, too, in the highest sense of the term: as contributory of healthful exercise and stirring excitement to the pursuer; as stimulating to animal sagacity and desperate courage; as glorious in its uncertainty, and in all its attendant raptures of tortuous trail and heroic death, as the chase of any fox ever found in a gorse spinney, and, after fifty minutes over a grass country, fairly run into in the open, or of any stag unharboured in a shady fir-copse, and set up in an Exmoor glen!

Even in spring, when the water is first presumed—often too sanguinely—to be low and warm enough for otter-hunting, it is essential to meet betimes, as the sun rises before five, and soon dulls scent, which, though strong when fresh, quickly evaporates; and even if the "seal" or print of the otter's foot—which has no heel, but a round ball under the sole—should be detected in the mud or sand, it is difficult to discover its daily holt, which is selected with such care and judgment as to be often inaccessible even to the smallest and most indomitable terrier.

The otter is a nocturnal vagrant of ferocious and predatory habits, and there are still a few British streams and rivers on which his low whistle, half a moan and half a sigh, can be heard in the darkest hour of the night, as he calls to his mate to join him in a gambol through the broken shallows, or in some concerted manœuvre to outwit and slay the pompous salmon in the deep, still pool beyond. But, alas! he is not common enough to supply a universal incentive to his legitimate pursuit solely as a beast of venery, and has justly earned too ill a reputation amongst the brethren of the angle—for does not gentle Izaak Walton

himself hate him so "perfectly" as to pronounce him "base and villainous vermin," for whose destruction pensions should be awarded by the king?—to be permitted the chances of escape afforded by a fair stream, a level pack, and no favour, even in districts where he is regularly hunted by hounds expressly bred and maintained for the purpose.

For many centuries a war of extermination has been ruthlessly waged against the otter by every method and means that the ingenuity of riparian owners could invent. This was particularly so prior to the Reformation, when fresh fish was much prized by all religious communities, who found it no bad substitute for the tough beef and high mutton provided in the convent refectory, under contracts probably as loosely interpreted or fraudulently evaded as those in the undenominational institutions of the present day. And it is related that the inmates of a certain Carthusian convent, near Dijon, not only regarded the slaughter of otters as a means of grace, not unworthy to be ranked amongst the other lofty objects of mortification by which they indulged their leisure, but that they also greedily devoured them, though with many penitential grimaces; for, notwithstanding that this rigid order was altogether prohibited from eating flesh at any time, such meat was deemed so unpalatable and fishy as to be outside the general proscription, and was formally licensed by their Church for use on *maigre* days. On the other hand, there is evidence that in the year 1796, near Bridgnorth, on the river Worse, four otters being killed after a long and valorous resistance, their entrails and carcasses were eaten by many respectable people who attended the hunt, and allowed to be of a most delicious flavour; so that the thoughtful benevolence extended to the Carthusians by their dietary canons appears in a still more agreeable light than the wry faces they made over their liturgical mess would seem to have acknowledged.

Even if many "great clerks" agreed that the otter's tail was at any rate fish, we join with the honest huntsman in his corollary that "if the body be fish too, then a fish will walk upon land many miles in a night to catch and glut himself with his own kind; and that he kills and spoils much more than he eats." Therein lies his hereditary offence! So, in default of compensation for his damage—which, indeed, it would be difficult to liquidate—traps and guns are excused by most persons interested in fisheries, who attribute to him a degree of turpitude and cunning equal, if not superior, to that of the fox.

There is no doubt that the otter is a nice feeder, preferring the more succulent and juicy morsels about a fish's throat and upper part of the belly to the rest of its body. Fine salmon are often found, newly killed, on a rock or sand-bank—for the otter always feeds on land—with no other indication of their fate than a small wound in the throat, through which their relentless enemy has, like the vampire of fable, sucked their life-blood; afterwards scornfully relinquishing the remains to the hawk and hooded-crow, or even to some hungry countryman, not above profiting by the skill and epicurean wastefulness of this familiar of sequestered waters. So, further afield, many a prowling Blackfoot or Banneck Indian wintering on the inhospitable shores of the Snake River, or famished pioneer collecting his hazardous peltries on the broad Columbia, has in days gone by owed his life to the fortunate discovery of some remnants of an otter's feast. And if it is not so valuable as the beaver, there is still merit in the trappers' tradition that many a stark hunter of the far West has stayed his finger on the trigger and lowered his rifle, in grateful recollection of some such vital service rendered him in his hour of need.

Though the fur and habits of the beaver and otter are sometimes confused,

these two quasi-amphibious quadrupeds are of quite distinct species; the former being a rodent and herbivorous, whilst the latter belongs to the order of Vermiform Carnivora, and mainly subsists on fish; but when this food is scarce or hard to obtain it has been authentically known to destroy lambs, sucking-pigs, and poultry. It is even said under stress of circumstances to have been found hunting rabbits in a warren, and beating turnip-fields for partridges.

There is something peculiarly vicious and repulsive in the physiognomy of this little animal, due to its eel-like head, with the eyes set very much on the top, enabling it to look upwards and seize its finny prey from below, who by the situation of *their* eyes cannot see beneath them to avoid its onslaught. Its body is long and capable of great flexibility in swimming. Its feet are wide and webbed, and its tail is broad at the base, but tapering. Its coat is very thick, and composed of two sorts of hair, one silky and the other woolly, forming a compact and extremely soft fur. Its teeth are large and strong; its jaws wide and of immense power, so that any dog coming within their reach has usually occasion to regret its temerity.

The female litters in June, and brings forth four or five young at a time. These have sometimes been taken and suckled by a bitch, when they can be trained to answer to a name and fish for their owner, towards whom they exhibit canine fidelity and affection. Goldsmith gives some interesting instructions as to how to train an otter; and it is on record that one was in the habit of conducting his master's hounds with cannibal zeal, to hunt his own species, but it being found that the dogs would not work well in his society, he had to be left to pine virtuously at home. His object was possibly misunderstood, as it may have been that of the tame wolf in *Æsop's* fables.

Though hard to despatch, even with sturdy hounds and sharp weapons, the otter succumbs at once to quite a gentle tap on the nose. The male makes no complaint, however much hurt, but the pregnant female sometimes emits a shrill squeal when worried by dogs or pierced by a spear. The usual weight of a dog-otter is about 25 lb., and of the female about 18 lb.; but in the year 1794 one was killed in the river Lea, between Ware and Hertford, which was said to scale upwards of 40 lb.

But enough of natural history! For if the pack of otter-dogs once kept by noble Mr. Sadler, on Amwell Hill, who was wont to "prevent" the rising of the sun, be as dead and forgotten as their worthy master, have they not all left competent successors? Can we not still "look down at the bottom of the hill; there in that meadow, checkered with water-lilies and lady-smocks, and see what work they make, all busy, men and dogs, dogs and men"?

Come, let us join them!—or, better still, do you accompany me in an easy retrospect, and be in at the death of my first and most intrepid otter!

Though not qualified to wear the hunt coat and scarlet stockings, I was nevertheless warmly greeted by the genial master, and hurriedly introduced to his two charming daughters and their cousin.

Ah, that Cousin! does she ever live again, as I do, I wonder, those delightful moments—moments snatched from a rather dilatory dawn, and spent in each other's company on the banks of that beautiful but frigid stream! Does she still marvel at the supernatural agility with which I preceded her in slippery and dangerous places, and at the modesty with which I directed my attention to my boots as I assisted her over awkward stiles! Was she as grateful as she looked, and said she was, for the alacrity and ardour with which I helped her across those stepping-stones below the waterfall? and did she appreciate at its proper value my

incautious heroism in wading waist-deep by her side, with her hand resting on my shoulder—not too lightly either—whilst I stumbled and splashed through the icy water on that grey and sunless morning? Very likely she has forgotten me—women are ever fickle!—and she certainly has less reason to remember that last service than I have; but it may still have a corner in her memory; if so, I only hope it is a warmer one than it has in mine, for I confess I can never recall that particular incident without a shiver. She remarked at the time—as I at first thought with more consideration than her short skirts and coquettish leggings promised, until I noticed her looking wistfully back at a youthful sportsman in the rear, trailing his spear like a half-pike in mourning—that it was injudicious for *me* to get wet. I knew what she meant at once—I had been indiscreetly carrying my cap—and was thereafter quite prepared, if I had only known how to swim, to encounter unaided the most savage otter in his watery lair, and, if need be, retrieving him in my mouth, to lay his lustrous spoils at her dainty feet. Well, well! I was not even then perhaps in the full splendour of my earlier bloom, and my hair may at so unbecoming an hour have looked greyer than it really was. I am a good deal older now, and as bald as a coot, and in addition suffer from twinges of perennial rheumatism and stiff knee-joints; but to feel once more the confiding pressure of that little hand on my arm, and to clasp those slender ankles, as I did, without rebuke—indeed, I may almost say with encouragement—when I slipped into the deep hole in mid-stream, and lost my false tooth—my only one, I swear—I would endure all the chronic ills that flesh is heir to!

But no more trifling with a serious topic! though this subsidiary adventure is still as vivid as if it happened yesterday, and its relation may suggest some of the intrinsic advantages which otter-hunting enjoys over other branches of kindred sport.

I learnt that some fresh "spraint" had just been found, but that scent was low. The hounds were working closely up-stream, with an occasional whimper and flourish of their heavy sterns, while the wiry little terriers were yapping and dancing about in a state of wild excitement. The water was turbid and high, making the pools too deep to be propitious; and most of the experts predicted a blank day, in spite of the undoubted proof that a full-grown male otter was close at hand.

Presently there was a clear drag, and the hounds, dashing forward, clustered round a hole near the bank, under the roots of an old alder. The huntsman, who had been busily encouraging the pack, and, regardless of the bitter cold, passing from side to side of the stream, examining every yard of the banks for seals or spraint, whipped them off, and put in a terrier. There was a snarl, a scuffle, a moment of supreme suspense, and then a long-bodied, sinuous creature crept stealthily out of another exit from the holt, and glided almost noiselessly into the water, amid the shouts of eager sportsmen, and a melodious chorus from the hounds, as they bounced into the stream, and swam aimlessly to and fro in a vain endeavour to hit off the subaqueous line taken by the artful fugitive.

"Guard the shallows!" shouted the master; and immediately six or seven of the most dauntless and accomplished spear-bearers ran down to the end of the pool, and there formed a barrier of bristling steel. Each avowed his unalterable resolve to "tail the brute" if he got the chance, but without the slightest intention of exhibiting that feat of hardy dexterity if he could avoid it without eternal shame. The water was only a foot deep here, and they all remained dry compared to me; but then any man—I won't say otter-hunter—worthy of the title would naturally do more for a pretty girl than for the rarest and glossiest specimen of mere aquatic vermin!

Meanwhile the master and huntsman were keenly watching an occasional bubble

that rose in the centre of the stream, and suddenly a cry of "He vents! he vents!" issued from twenty strenuous throats, as a dark head showed for an instant a few feet from old Ringwood, who made a lunge at it, but only succeeded in swallowing a bucketful of muddy water.

The bubbles continued right down the pool, and the otter showed once more before making a plucky dash past the band of red-legged halberdiers, absolutely going between the legs of the most inveterate "tailer," as he was refreshing himself from an enormous flask. Tumultuous execrations resounded from every quarter, and dark hints fell from the master of drastic measures being enforced, involving the summary deprivation of hunt-button and spear, and degradation to the rank of a common sutler. But the popular indignation was soon forgotten in the excitement, which was still intense, as girls, men and hounds scampered madly along the bank to the pool below, hoping to view the otter again before he went to holt.

In vain! there was not a sign of him, and the hounds seemed seriously at fault. Then ensued ten minutes of keen hunting and anxious consultation. At last Trumpeter, one of the best of a good lot, who had scrambled up a stiff bank on the opposite side to that on which the field were congregated, was heard giving tongue in the bell-toned note of the true otter-hound, and soon he was seen galloping across country towards a lower part of the river, which here formed a partial loop.

Without a moment's hesitation, we—I mean we more robust vessels, into whom a disregard of the retributions of nature had been temporarily poured from the virgin chalice of Artemisia—followed the rest of the pack through the storm-fed current, splashing, sliding, hopping, gasping, like the transported fanatics we were!

Some grave signiors paused doubtfully on the brink, and all the ladies went on briskly to a rustic bridge a little higher up—all except one. The Cousin, of course! She actually had the unmaidenly audacity to allow a foolish-looking, but, I will concede, well-knit youth in a gaberdine suit and incipient moustache, constantly entangled in a most abnormal grin, to carry her bodily across in his arms. I hoped for the honour of her sex that he was her brother, though I observed no very strong family likeness, and rather fancied that the exploit was somewhat protracted; but that may have been mere boyish pride and rejoicing in his physical prowess, whilst regarding his animated burden as a kind of dumbbell or other passive instrument for its display. He was *not* the one at whom she had looked so plaintively when preferring my maturer aid at the stepping-stones! This poor idiot's interest in the hunt had latterly moderated—I doubt if it was ever in the least genuine—and he had been following me about with his spear-point actually tickling my calves, as I climbed up oblique hedge-banks, or staggered over polished boulders and razor-edged fragments of most mordant quartz.

We raced across a few hundred yards of rough moorland, and, descending a steep larch plantation, full of primroses, bluebells, and white violets, found the stream again, as it ran through a rocky gorge, where it was thought most probable the otter would evade all efforts to dislodge him.

As luck would have it, however, some of the beast's cunning must have deserted him, or he had been driven out of his expected refuge by a stronger occupant; for he suddenly appeared in the middle of a small pool, and was immediately pounced upon by Spot, a rough-haired terrier with one eye. The poor little chap had cause to repent his rashness, as his foreleg was at once seized and bitten through and through. The otter at the same time dived, dragging down with him his yelping assailant, who presently emerged in a piteous state, half drowned, in addition to being badly mauled.

But the end was not far off! The water was full of bloodthirsty hounds, and the only road to freedom well guarded by trusty sentinels.

The otter vented, and was snapped at by Sweetlips and Soldier, who between them and their eagerness made a mess of it, and were so resentful at their mutual clumsiness that they engaged in single combat under pretence of mistaking each other for their elusive quarry.

The otter next rose near the bank, and ran up it a little way; then, after looking fiercely round, turned back and plunged into the pool again.

He made one final and determined effort to get over the bar at the bottom, faltered as he approached the thin red line, and in an instant was transfixed by a spear, deftly wielded by the Cousin's brother, to the obvious chagrin of the original bungler, who had been anxious to retrieve his forfeited reputation by some act of skill or daring. By the way, he must also have been a near relative of my fair charge, as, in the irritation of the moment, I heard him distinctly appeal to her for sympathy as "Nelly"!

The more fortunate champion tossed the perforated otter on to the bank with a who-whoop of exulting triumph, where without a sound it received its quietus from the dripping pack.

The usual trophies were distributed—I got nothing, though I was wetter than any of them—flasks were opened, and pipes lit, with reciprocated congratulations on the excellence of the sport, and laments at the fatuity of coming out unprovided with sandwiches or biscuits—specially loud and pertinacious in the vicinity of those with distended wallets and the fame of liberal housekeepers.

I turned to apply the interval of common distraction to an exchange of some pointed compliments with the Cousin, and to ask permission to call that very day, with certain ulterior motives which it would not now be quite fair to her to disclose. She was gone! So was her reputed brother! But, whichever way I turned, I encountered the baneful and vindictive gaze of the other sluggish sportsman, whose jealousy I had so early and unwittingly excited by an innocent, though extreme, illustration of my habitual gallantry.

He seemed so very sullen in his demeanour, and his hand toyed so restlessly with the weapon whose gruesome purpose I had just seen practically demonstrated, that I forthwith bade a hearty good-morning to the master; had a satisfactory passage of amenities with the huntsman; patted old Ringwood on the head; sympathised with and was nearly bitten by little Spot; and then went home to put my feet in hot water and ponder over the wiles of otters, as I mentally calculated the circumference of certain fascinating images, that seemed to twinkle through the drowsy steam.

F. ALBERT ROLLER.



A SUFFOLK IDYLL.



ANG! bang! went the drum. Tootle! tootle! answered the flute; and Bang! went the drum again.

It seemed as if the people would go mad. They danced, they capered; they went up the middle and down again, and in and out, and round about, and yet they had not had enough. Every face shone like a rising sun; and the drops of moisture stood on each honest brow. But what cared they?

Was it every day that the Squire gave them a harvest home like this? A real old-fashioned one, with the short service in the little church among the trees, where the thanksgiving had been genuine and hearty, though couched in the broadest East-country dialect—and dinner in the barn dressed up with evergreens; and then dancing, at their own sweet will.

The fields lay bare in the sunshine, but what cared they? Every ear of corn was safely housed; every sheaf of nodding barley was laid beside its fellow in the tall rick; and little Jenny Bright, the farmer's golden-haired lassie, had ridden home triumphant on the last load.

Bang! bang! Tootle! tootle! Ah! they would enjoy it as much as they could.

And who so merry or so happy as pretty Meg Merewether? Meg, with her sparkling eyes and soft brown hair,—Meg, whose cheeks were tinted like the apple-blossom in the orchard, and her lips like the cherries when they blushed crimson in the sunlight.

Who did not feel a pride in her beauty and youth? It was a personal possession for each one of them.

"Of course I am coming to your harvest home," she told the Squire. "I don't care one bit if I do not belong to the parish, and you are only going to have your own people. Don't I live next door? And haven't I known every one of them as long as you have, almost? And don't they know me and want me? You had better ask me, for I am coming whether you do or not; for you cannot have it without me, you know."



"She danced with the best of them."

And he did ask her, for he knew he could not. And she came, and danced with the best of them. Her apple-blossom cheeks went "up the middle" with the old women whose faces were like russet pippins; and her little feet tripped so lightly that they never seemed to touch the floor.

"But I am so tired," she said to the Squire, as the evening waned, and yet their energy did not flag.

She stole out of the big barn door into the glorious night; and the Squire crept out too, after her. He wrapped her up in a big white shawl. "For you must not catch cold," he said.

"Shall I ever be even cool again?" she laughed; but, manlike, he had his way, and perhaps she did not mind very much.

Her hand lay in his arm, tucked away, the wee white thing—so small he could scarcely feel it was there.

"The stars are so bright," she whispered, because all her laughter had died away in the stillness.

And he only thought, when she lifted her eyes to his, that two of the stars had come down to earth for a little while.

They wandered over the meadows and down to the river in the darkness. River, indeed! Such a tiny stream flowing lazily along through the peaceful green fields. For in East Anglia the rivers do not rush and roar and toss their white foam up to meet the sunlight. They lie calm and placid between their banks, rippling a little when the breeze touches them, and blushing crimson-and-gold from the kiss of the burning west. Sleepy cows come down to the edge to drink, their feet deep in golden marigolds. Starry forget-me-nots lift blue eyes from among the bulrushes, and stately irises rear tall crests of yellow glory. It is very peaceful.

To-night the moonbeams made a little ladder of light across to the other side.

"I wish I could walk on it," said Meg.

"No," said the Squire, "for then you would go across and be in your own parish; and we want you in ours."

"I would go farther than that," she began mischievously; and then went on more earnestly: "Yes, I would go miles away—out into the world, and see it all—the beautiful world."

"It is beautiful here," said the Squire, with a catch in his breath.

He was proud of his property, and justly so. Pasture and plough in perfect order: never a broken gate or tumbledown hedge. Who could boast of such

timber trees as his—perfect in themselves, apart from the value which brought eager, keen-eyed men from all over England to gaze on them with calculating envy? Even the oldest had a beauty which nothing could rival: their gnarled and knotted trunks rugged and hoary, twisted by many a storm, and slowly dying from the close embrace of the clinging ivy. Winter gales might bring one down sometimes; but fell them he would not. Many generations could not build up their like again.

"Yes, it is pretty," said Meg; "but I want to stretch my wings. One cannot *always* live in a village, you know,"—with a little pleading look,—“and there are such lots of other places to see. I want to have a little taste of London. It would just suit me.”

"Suit you!" he responded, a little harshly. "Shut you up in close rooms, you mean, and keep you up late hours; take the roses out of your cheeks, and paint dark lines under your eyes."

She pouted her red lips a little.

"You don't understand," she said. "I do not want all enjoyment. There are lectures, and concerts, and pictures, and—things. I want to improve my mind."

"You would only take off the freshness," he repeated obstinately. "Meg, don't go away: stay here,—we want you."

"Yes," she said pettishly, "you want to tie me down for the rest of my life in one little poky village, till I grow too old to travel, or do anything except go to see old women in the almshouses, and give soup tickets, and take the clothing club on Monday mornings. What a delightful little "daily round," and how I should enjoy it! But I want my freedom. I want to get away from it all, and see the world."

She threw up her white arms in the moonlight, and tripped away from him a few paces, with feet which would not long be tired. A little breeze blew the brown curls up and down.

The Squire watched her as he might have watched some beautiful caged creature beating against its bars, in vain endeavour to be free.

"Meg," he began, a little desperately, "don't long for the world like that: you are too good for it. Live up to the highest that is in you. Just see how you have been brought up. You have more in your little finger than ten of those society women."

She dropped him a mocking curtsy.

"A thousand thanks, Sir Mentor! You bestow your compliments well. In one breath, I am worth more than"—with puckering forehead—"yes, ten other women; and yet am to hide myself from view like the modest violet. Now, I should prefer to shed a little of my light on other mortals, and not choose a secluded life."

"It is the best," maintained the Squire stoutly. "You can say what you like, Meg, but this is the place for you. Don't you see, it is only the craze of the present day, all the women going away and leaving their homes to look after themselves? The real want of the day is *homes*. These society women go about and open bazaars for orphanages, while their own children are growing up worse than orphans at home. They subscribe to reading-rooms and clubs and guilds to keep young men and women out of mischief, while their own sons and daughters go to ruin in a polite way. My mother, and yours too, did not think it too slow or humdrum to try and make the village better, even if it was only a little one. We are taxed for a number of institutions; but half of them might be done away with if women made the homes better, instead of shoving up to the front and trying to do men's work."

It was a long speech for the Squire to make, and though he had spoken low, he had grown so excited over it that he had to wipe his forehead before it was done.

The girl did not answer immediately; then—"How *well* you have worked up your subject!" she said admiringly. "Let me see: it will take my dull brains a long time to get all those facts into it. Such a mixture of things: philanthropy, charity, woman's influence, and political economy! What a pity you are not in Parliament!—you would make such a first-rate speaker. Just fancy if, as you suggest, we women could save Government the expense of half the workhouses, and gaols, shall we say?—and . . . Ah! my brain reels!"

She put up her two little hands and held them to her forehead in a distractingly pretty attitude of perplexed dismay.

Then the Squire lost his head a little. Perhaps it was the moonlight, or the sweet-scented air, or the beauty of the night. He began to talk again, and his words were not at all well-chosen or sensible; but wild, and bordering on the poetical—which does not at all answer for every-day life.

"Meg," he said, "don't laugh at me. You can talk so much better than I can, for I am only a rough fellow, and say what I feel. But it is true, nevertheless. You are worth more than all those other women put together; and that is why I cannot bear to think of your getting spoiled. Oh, Meg, little Meg, don't you know how I love you—how I would die for you if need be? There is not much silver in the old house, but there are strong arms to work for you; and if I cannot give you diamonds, you shall have everything else that love can devise. When my mother came home as a bride, she said the roses were her jewels, nodding in to welcome her every morning; and they are there still, Meg. Come to me, dear: come and be my wife, my darling. Come now, and make my harvest complete, my little, last-gathered treasure."

Tootle, tootle, came the flute, far away, on the evening breeze.

Was it the moonlight that was making Meg's face so white?

"Come," whispered the Squire again, with outstretched arms. But she pushed them away.

"Don't," she said passionately, stamping her little foot. "Don't talk to me like that. I don't mean to think of marrying for years and years and years. I don't want it, and you shall not bind me down."

The Squire's face had grown as white as her own, and all his passion had died away as he bent over the two little hands and kissed them reverently.

"Forgive me, dear," he said, quite humbly; "and do not be angry. I will not bother you any more. We will just be friends, as we were before."

And then they went back to the house, because Meg was tired, and the night had grown ugly all at once, and she did not want to stay out any longer.

In fact, nothing seemed quite the same as before. Even the last bit of grass, she declared, was soaking with the heavy dew, and her feet were getting horribly wet. Only here the Squire asserted himself; and without so much as a "by your leave," lifted her in his masterful arms, and carried her over the grass and into the house.

"Put me down," she whispered once. "I am too heavy: your hands are trembling."

He paid no heed, because he could not tell her that it was the fierce struggle in his own breast which was taking strength from muscle and limb, and making him weak as a child. But when he put her down in the hall, and she had flitted away upstairs, he had to go out for a few minutes into the darkness and pull



"She dropped him a mocking curtsy."

himself together with a shake like a big Newfoundland dog before he could return to the revellers in the barn.

Her weight, indeed! He could have carried her over miles of mountain and valley without feeling it; for Love is so strong that it knows not the meaning of weariness or toil,—or anything, but its own supreme power to bear, and suffer, and do.

And it was love which kept him going for the rest of the week, when the excitement of the harvest home was over, and the men came late for work, and the whole village was suffering a little from that reaction which in the nursery days succeeded birthday parties, and was known as “contrariness.”

He was blessed (or cursed, as opinion may have it) with a certain doggedness of character, which, when once his mind was made up on any point, enabled him to stick to it through any adverse circumstances. His faith in Meg Merewether would not allow him to think ill of her for a moment. He believed in her. That was enough. She had refused his love, but they were to be friends. To doubt this would have been at once to cut away the solid ground beneath his feet, and launch him drifting on an ocean so wide, so vast, that time itself could not contain the limits, which stretched away into eternity.

He sat in church on Sunday afternoon, and awaited her advent with a heart which scarcely beat one throb faster than its wont. It was early, and at present only a few old women represented the congregation; but he did not mind. Here quiet reigned supreme, and no one could speak to him. With head thrown back against the panelled oak, he could sit and dream, and think the thoughts which seemed in unison with the place.

Absently his eyes noted the arrivals who dropped in and scattered among the benches—as Meg irrelevantly remarked—“like plums in our schoolroom cake.” Pretty Miss Cator, very conscious of the new pink bow in her hat; and old Widow Dunster, whose rheumatic bones would not even yield to the sweet summer sunshine; and portly Mrs. Golder from the farm, who found the hot weather not at all conducive to active exertion.

Then the school-children clattered up the aisle in print frocks and capes, a little breathless from the run across the meadow, coupled with the gigantic effort of reducing their faces to a proper decorum at the very church door. Behind them came the sheepish swains, who, after escorting their sweethearts to church, lingered outside the porch till the five-minutes’ bell urged some at least of them to slip awkwardly into the seats, where they could hide their bashfulness for the next hour and a half.

These all entered by the south door, and clattered more or less noisily into their places in the nave. But it was not from there that his expected vision would appear. While noting almost unconsciously each fresh arrival, both eye and ear were keenly strung to catch the first expected footfall on the other path.

Nay, imagination played so strong a part that in fancy he could even hear the distant steps coming so surely nearer. Down the tiny village street from her own door, and then along the leafy road where the old trees met overhead, he could hear the little feet springing along so swiftly. In at the small white gate, and across the fields where one or two laggards were trying to make up for lost time before the cracked little bell ceased from the tower among the trees.

He knew just how she would greet them all, with nod and smile, and inquiries after the ailments which never die out of a parish. He could almost hear the words she was speaking to a grey-haired gaffer—her favourite, for the simple reason that she knew he invariably took her in.

"Lumbago better, Dan? You look wonderfully flourishing to-day."

Dan grinned sheepishly.

"Yes, Miss Meg, I'm better: knew I should be when I tried my own remedy."

"What is that?"

Dan scratched his head leisurely; then, with a sidelong glance at Meg, began fumbling in his pocket. Very, very slowly he extracted the "remedy." Meg, peering anxiously forward, curiosity overpowering dignity, saw something dark and smooth and hairy.

"Dan, what *have* you got there?"

"Mole's leg," responded Dan laconically.

"And what good will that do, you superstitious old man?" quoth Meg, open-eyed and scornful. She stretched out her hand as if to sweep it away, but Dan hastily transferred his treasure to its hiding-place again.

"No, no, Miss Meg; don't, now. 'Tis no good larfin' at them things. My grandfather allus say, and he was a knowin' un, that the hind leg of a mole, torn off whiles the crittur was livin', and kep' in the waistkit pocket, was a rare thing to cure lumbago."

"Dan, you are a horrid, wicked old heathen!" cried the indignant Meg. "You don't mean to say that you tore off that poor mole's leg when it was alive? And how *can* you believe such nonsense? As if it *could* do you good!"

Dan chose to ignore the first question, and only patted his pocket gently to make sure the "remedy" had not by some means escaped into Meg's clutches.

"My grandfather was a knowin' un," he repeated.

"Well, I think it is quite time you should go to church, that you may learn better," was Meg's parting shot, as she sped away, leaving the old sinner smiling to himself in undisturbed faith in his own superior knowledge; with a pitying thought that "Miss Meg allus would have her bit of fun."

And now the Squire could hear the light footstep coming up the path: a little hurried, after its late delay; a little too much like the children's in its suggestion of youthfulness and lightheartedness; and then the chancel door was darkened for a moment by a little figure in a big, shady hat; and she had passed to her seat with only one swift glance from the grey eyes to see if he were there.

His own heart beat fast then; but she looked as cool as her own white dress, except that the apple-blossom cheeks were, perhaps, one shade deeper.

If no one else had been demoralised by their recent festivities, the choir certainly had. They lost their places when the chant changed in the Psalms, and then tried to pick it up again, and failed; because the organist had waited for them, only they were singing too loudly to hear. So they went on in a hopeless muddle, Meg listening eagerly to hear which would come to the end first.

"They never did so badly before," she remarked cheerfully after service. "It will be quite something to remember when I am miles away."

The Squire had noticed nothing. He was not musical, and as long as the sound went on he was content to take for granted that all was as it should be. Nothing but an actual breakdown would have roused him to a sense of wrong. And on this particular day he had only followed the service mechanically. His thoughts had wandered—not very far: only across the chancel, where they remained during prayer and praise, and the sermon, which was unusually prosy and long. Even with that, however, he could find no fault to-day, for it gave him longer to think of Meg, undisturbed.

One hopes that sins like these are forgiven men; for the very nature of life forbids that they shall last, or be frequent.

He had heard nothing for the last half-hour, but he did hear these very first words of Meg's.

"Why should you measure the distance by miles?" he asked quickly.

"Because I am going away."

She looked at him a little defiantly. But he did not accept the challenge: only listened quietly while she told her wonderful news.

It would be the last Sunday she would come there to church for a long time—a very long time—reiterated to prevent the possibility of mistake: because Meg's dream had come true in a marvellous manner; and she was going away this very next week with an aunt who had promised to show her the world. It was to be London first, and then abroad. Could anything be more delightful? Was any girl more lucky than she? And so on, and so on, in all the delight of a new and very pleasurable excitement, and a fresh young nature absolutely free from the smallest care. Who could grudge her one iota of the pleasure? Not the Squire.

He stood four days later, himself unseen, and watched the carriage drive to the station, carrying with it all that made life pleasant to him: Meg, with shining eyes; Meg, with her pink cheeks; Meg, talking eagerly in excited anticipation.

"She never looked back," he said gently; but only the birds heard him.

Then he shouldered his gun, and walked away through the woods.

September was glorious in her prodigal splendour, her wealth of colour and beauty. The bracken fern was brown, and the blackberries and sloes were purple. The red haws glowed from the hedgerows, and the hips blushed crimson on the thorn. Only the old trees refused as yet to show more than faintly tinted leaves, as they rustled their old arms softly ere they spread their rainbow carpet in the road.

Even the Squire, sore-hearted and lonely, felt a thrill of pardonable pride as he looked round on his heritage, and found it "very fair." Somehow, though, the dew which still sparkled on every twig and leaf seemed suddenly to have got into his eyes, and the hand which raised his gun by instinct as a rabbit scuttled across his path, dropped it again almost as quickly.

"I can't hurt anything this morning," said the Squire.

Meg prospered in her new life. Good-natured Mrs. Buxton told her she would find London empty and nothing going on; but to the girl's country eyes "emptiness" looked a crowd, and "nothing to do" a perpetual round of fresh dissipation. She managed to get through a very fair amount of sight-seeing, and concerts, and the all-to-be-desired lectures, with a host of smaller socialities of a less instructive description. She had not half exhausted them when her aunt declared it was time to get away from the fogs and gloom, and follow the sunshine farther south.

So they went to Paris. It was fairyland to beauty-loving Meg. Mrs. Buxton was generous, and franked her pretty niece with lavish hand. Meg revelled in marvellous gowns and bewitching hats, and all the little fripperies which only a Frenchwoman can devise. I am afraid her head became a little turned there by all the admiration she received; which, perhaps, was small wonder, considering she was complimented a dozen times a day on her looks, or dress, or pretty manners. But, after all, it did not go far beneath the surface; and when they reached Florence, with its palaces and pictures, her better self asserted its claim, and found her gazing on Madonnas and frescoes with moist eyes and tremulous lips.

"It is enough to make one go mad with pure delight," she said to the patient little Fraülein who trotted round with her whenever Mrs. Buxton was tired. And the placid little woman, with many an "Ach!" and uplifted hand, nodded assent to all that this English girl might be pleased to admire.



"The fisher-wives . . . with their spotless caps."

Meg was not selfish in her pleasure. She never once missed the weekly letter home ; and did not hurry over it, but took pains to make it worth reading, giving glowing accounts of every town and expedition, and trying to make others see as much as possible. The letters were like herself—fresh, cheerful, and pleasant.

The Squire heard extracts from them more than once, and smiled over the little vanities, and grew wonderfully tender over the bits which showed that the writer's thoughts flew homewards. His Christmas seemed ten degrees happier for Meg having written: "My room seems quite homelike, for I have decorated it with orange blossoms, intermixed with holly and mistletoe, of which there is plenty here. Only one longs for a real English fire."

And he went about picturing her to himself amongst the incongruous decorations, and feeling almost ashamed of enjoying the huge log fire which roared half-way up the hall chimney.

He was very busy all the winter, hunting, farming, and attending County Councils and magistrates' bench—leading, in fact, the ordinary life of a country squire, with the exception that love of his property did not stop short at admiration. He was not a clever man in an intellectual sense, but possessed a good deal of

shrewd common-sense, and knew by practical experience that the master's eye produced far larger profits than any amount of new machinery or theories.

"I must leave it to wiser heads than mine," he confessed at the tithe dinner, "to suggest a cure for the present deplorable state of agricultural depression; but what I can do to *prevent* it, I will, so long as health and strength are given me." A sentiment which met with unmistakable appreciation from his tenants.

Meg's sisters sent her the local paper containing the speech; and she read it in Venice, lying in a gondola, within sight of St. Mark and the Lion, and drinking in all the fascination of that queenly city with a delight which was intoxication.

They spent Easter in Rome; Meg awestruck, a little overpowered and humble—in fact, not quite the laughter-loving Meg who had sped over the fields at home. It was about this time that she began to get a little restless. Pleasure satiates, but does not satisfy. We pursue her unwearingly, only to find an unaccountable want as the result of our labours. So we begin again, and go on in never-ending circles, until something places a barrier in our path, and suggests higher aims. It had not quite reached this point with Meg. She was still enjoying herself very much; but was conscious of a strange thrill of joy when their steps turned homewards.

The Riviera was charming, and the Mediterranean divinely blue; but it was not quite like spring at home. The swallows had gone; she felt a sudden wish to follow them northward. It seemed as if the old trees were stretching out rugged arms to draw her thither.

"Why, child, you look quite pale!" her aunt told her. "Are you getting homesick?"

Meg said it was so hot, it seemed unnatural to have this weather in spring. Then she went up to her room, and looked at the deep, deep blue water, till she could see it no longer for the unaccountable tears which dimmed her eyes.

Mrs. Buxton looked, and waited a few days longer, and then decreed they would go home. The journey was broken twice *en route*. First, at Amiens, because Meg must see the Cathedral; and she duly admired and praised, for her spirits were rising with every mile left behind.

They sat in the quaint old inn garden, where the storks walked about amongst the flowers; and Meg dutifully read aloud to her aunt, who had also begun to feel the heat. They had found a tattered Shakespeare in the *salon*, and Mrs. Buxton was only too glad of the leisure to renew her old affection for *Hamlet*.

Meg read well, and did not easily tire. She would go on for an hour in softly modulated tones, and be as fresh at the last line as at the first. Why, then, did her voice falter, and then fail altogether, as she read the old soldier's farewell to his son?—

"To thine own self be true :
And it shall follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

"I think I am a little tired," said Meg, "and will leave off."

And the next day they came to Boulogne. Here they were to stay nearly a week, in order that Mrs. Buxton might see an old friend, who was crossing from England on her way South.

Meg was in the wildest spirits: everything was charming at Boulogne; for was it not near England, and would not a few more days take her back to everything which seemed all at once to have grown so dear?

She ran to the window like a child in the morning, to watch the fisher-wives pass with their spotless caps, and *sabots* clattering over the cobble-stones. She

went to the fish-market later on, and asked their wares in French which would have made her old governess's hair stand on end with horror.

Every day found her on the quay, watching the boats come in from Folkestone, and feeling quite an interest in each passenger fresh arrived from the dear home-land. It was certainly a great amusement; and suppose—just suppose, some day, that the boat should bring over a friend, some one that she knew! Some one, say, from the old neighbourhood! Stranger things have happened, and are happening every day: why not to her? People travel so much nowadays.

And, feeling rather sentimental, she went home and wrote to her favourite sister, saying how she felt quite lonely every day when the boats came in and she never knew one face among the many who were being greeted by their dear ones. Then she laughed at her own folly, but went out to post the letter and explore the town a little on her own account. Only a few more days, and then . . .

Meg was not good at self-examination. She did not stop to ask herself why she felt so light-hearted. But her springing steps went bounding on without taking heed where they were going. Up the narrow streets, with their uneven roadway; past the grey houses where the brown fishing-nets hung out in bits of warm colour, enhanced by a red petticoat or blue shirt fresh from the wash-tub; past the quaint alleys where rows of broken steps led up to the cliff behind; past the smells of varied odours which even the sea breeze failed to dissipate. Up, up the hill, never reckoning of its ascent, till she had reached the top, and paused breathless. The breeze blowing in her face gave light and colour to eye and cheek.

The houses were left behind, but there was a doorway on the left which attracted her attention. Grey, like everything else, it yet suggested something new. Unhesitatingly she stepped briskly in; then paused on the very threshold.

In the distance, seen over the low stone wall, the sea lay blue and sparkling; near at hand, with outstretched arms on the big wooden cross, the Christ looked down upon her with face divine.

Arrested, hushed, subdued, Meg gazed wonderingly upward. Into her life came one of those pauses when it seems as if the veil were lifted for a brief moment from the "things unseen," and we look beyond with feelings which no words have ever been able to express. This, then, was the place she had heard of—the little chapel on the hill, where the fisher-folk came to pray for their dear ones' welfare when the boats went out to sea. There it stood, the little low grey building on the left—a haven of rest to how many storm-tossed souls battling amid the waves of this troublesome world!

"Mam'zelle will enter?" was the invitation of the rugged-faced caretaker; and Mam'zelle did, forthwith. She would fain have looked at it all alone: the wreaths of *immortelles*; the tablets (mostly poor), with their touching inscriptions, "*péri en mer*," which told how somebody's hope or pride had gone down, perhaps in the heyday of youth. But her cicerone was garrulous, and wished to tell many a tale of shipwreck and broken heart. Meg heard it in patience for awhile, then, dropping a coin in her hand, went out and stood looking seawards over the stone wall. The water had an attraction for her. Home lay on the other side. Only a few miles to cross; only a few hours to pass, and then . . .

She meant to be very good. She had had her wish, and though it had all been delightful, she was not so very sorry it was over. She would go home now, and live up to the highest in her; and win respect from those whose opinion was worth having.

Meg went down the hill slower and more humbly than she had come up.

Two days later the boat did bring over some one: Mrs. Buxton's friend, fresh

from England and full of the petty gossip which is so welcome when one has been absent for many months. Meg was not down on the quay that morning; she had been catering for luncheon after a fashion of her own, and covering the table with flowers. But she came in to hear the news and glean her share.

"Yes, child, I have some from your neighbourhood too," laughed good-natured Mrs. Gurney; "and it is a wedding, I think. Mr. Hawley is a friend of yours, is he not? They say he is going to be married to Miss Birkbeck. She is a beautiful horsewoman, and he has been hunting a great deal this winter, so I suppose they arranged it then."

And Meg listened, and answered, and laughed, till the conversation turned to other subjects, and she could slip away. Up to her room for a hat, and out of the door into the sharp sea breeze; and then on, away from the quay and the people and the busy life, to hide herself like a wounded animal.

Up the steep little street she flew rather than walked; some unconscious instinct turning her steps towards the little haven on the hill. No eye for bits of colour now; no sound in her ears but the words which repeated themselves over and over with dull, relentless reiteration: "The Squire is going to be married."

Meg had never contemplated this. When thoughts of home had brought tender memories under sunny skies, there had always been one, hidden in the background and unacknowledged, which she knew was the very pivot on which all others hinged. Growing in the shadows all these months, the love she had slighted and despised burst on her now as the one great thing which should be the crowning joy of her life. Success, fame, learning, are good enough in their way, but they do not satisfy. In the everyday wear and tear of life a woman's lot is not complete without that love which brings back one touch of her lost paradise.

And Meg had never doubted the Squire. It was the one unconscious tribute she had paid to his sterling worth that, however fickle or frivolous she might be herself, he would always remain true. The awakening now was agonising. It brought with it not only its own dull, aching pain, but a host of sharp, stinging reproaches which half maddened her: shame that her own love had continued when it was no longer needed—wounded pride that she could not obliterate the sweet dream which had come too late. She had to catch her sobbing breath ere the summit of the hill was reached.

Crushed, trembling, and shamefaced, she crept into the little chapel, from the curious gaze of the old woman. The latter followed to the door, genuinely anxious.

"Mam'zelle was ill—in trouble? She, too, had perhaps lost some friend?"

But something in the bowed figure told her that the time for sympathy had not yet come; and she went out again silently.

"*Péri en mer, péri en mer*,"—the words seemed to ring in Meg's ears, to burn her eyes.

Two days ago she had read them with pitying feelings for the unknown sufferers; now she was herself perishing in a sea so vast, so wide, that no hand could draw her out. Life stretched before her as a limitless ocean whereon her own small bark drifted aimless and wandering. How could she live through the years to come without that one gift whose touch could turn each common thing to gold? Meg writhed as she knelt against one of the chairs. She could not bear it.

In despair she rose, feeling that no solace was to be gained there. But even as she gained the door comfort came.

High up, with outstretched arms, the Crucified Man gazed down at her from the cross. The beautiful face was marred with tears, the brow torn by the crown

of thorns ; the parched lips seemed to supplicate, "This for thee : what hast thou done for Me?"

Here, then, was the problem of life to be solved. Here, the mystery of suffering to be learned—from One who had borne it all.

At the feet of the pitiful Christ Meg bowed her proud head, and was comforted. No more wild questionings, no more doubts, no fears for the future. She would go home and live up to the highest in her, and do what she could to make her corner of the world beautiful, even if the sphere were very limited, or the work very dull. It would be all right now.

Meg got up, ready to go home. But under the grey stone archway stood the Squire.

"Meg," he said gently, "the roses are all in bud round the old windows, and there will be no one for them to welcome when they come out unless you are at home. Will you come, dear?"

Meg never knew what she answered,—though it must have been "Yes," for the Squire's arms were round her and she was crying and laughing all at once on his shoulder for very joy. And in a few minutes, when she was calmer, she drew him into the little chapel, and made him kneel down beside her in one of those blissful moments of thankfulness when the heart is too full for words.

The Squire had never been into a Roman Catholic chapel before in his life ; but somehow, as he knelt for that brief moment with Meg at the tiny altar, he felt that there was something behind the jangles and diversities of creeds which could yet bind men together, however much they might differ as to outward forms.

And then, with a parting word to the smiling, sympathetic caretaker, they were running down the hill again like two children ; the Squire holding Meg's hand "that she might not tumble," and trying to tell her how he had expected to see her on the quay, only she had never come ; and how he had been hunting vainly



"Meg bowed her proud head, and was comforted."

for her nearly all day—because his French was even worse than her own, which prevented either lucid questions or comprehension of answers—and had nearly given up the search in despair; only just then he had seen her rush out of the house in that moment of wild grief, and followed her till—

“You know the rest, Meg.”

The roses are blooming for the second time; and every house in the village is beautiful with their many-coloured petals. They peep in at latticed windows, and gabled windows; and in at one window up at the Hall, where lives a very happy woman—Meg Merewether no longer, for she has found, even in a country village, that which gold cannot buy nor the world take away.

M. F. WILSON.

OLD LOVE-LETTERS.

A ROOM to be re-papered. As a ground
For the gold and blue, in which my fancy met hers,
My frugal wife in evil hour had found
Some use, at last, for all our old love-letters.

In evil hour—for Kate, our surly cook,
Let dinners burn to learn our passion's stages,
They formed our buttoned urchin's favourite book,
No ring could tear our page-boy from those pages.

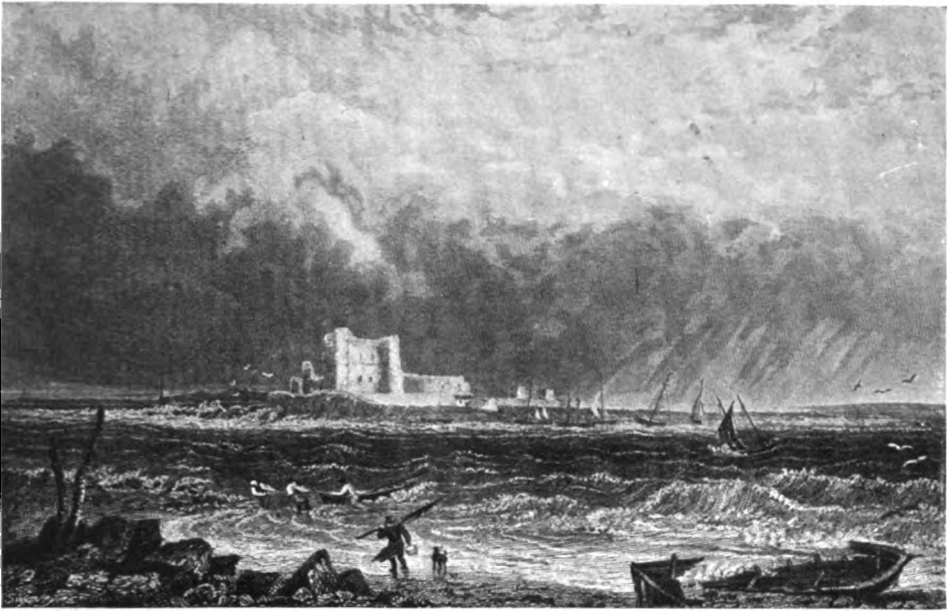
Our butler stayed in staid astonishment
To con our young love's vows; our housemaid Betsy,
All open-mouthed, upon her broomstick leant,
To spell out “ownest, sweetest, precious petsy.”

Our servants all with one accord an arch
Look wore, and there was everlasting tittering,
Till love's rare secrets were interred in starch,
And blue and gold around our room was glittering.

MORAL.

'Tis wiser your blank walls to line
With sermons, which will never cause miscarriage
Of household duties, than with any line
Of letters touching upon love or marriage.

JAMES MEW.



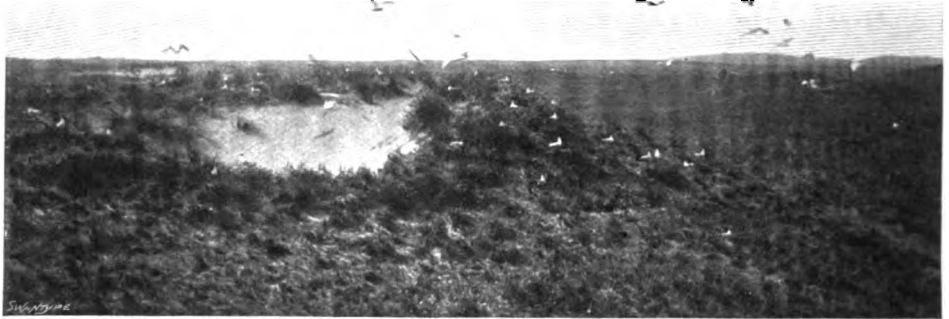
The Pile of Fouldrey (Piel Castle).

BREEDING SEASON AT THE GULLERY ON WALNEY ISLAND.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY STELLA HAMILTON.

TOURISTS, who as a rule never do anything at the best time of year for seeing points of special interest in a locality (for which perhaps let the locality be thankful!) do not include among their well-worn travels in Lakeland a visit to the home of the black-headed gulls on Walney Island. Furness Abbey may be given later in the year a hasty survey *en route* to Coniston; but the long, low-lying shores of Walney know not the curiosity of the enterprising excursion-trainers, and can still boast a seclusion which the sea-gulls love, and which, indeed, is the only thing that retains them in their native haunts. Walney Island is at the north end of the Furness division of North Lonsdale, in Lancashire. Some authorities believe its name to be derived from a Saxon word signifying "a walled island or a wall in the water," which it certainly is; while others prefer giving the name a British origin, a word which translates into "a down or mountain meadow."

Either derivation may be considered equally descriptive and appropriate, and both hint at peculiarities which make Walney an island with originality even were it without its ornithological curiosity. It literally is a wall in the water, ten miles in length, varying from a quarter of a mile to a mile in breadth, and formed of an immense ridge of pebbles which the ocean has amassed, and which is daily increasing; "every high tide as a monument of its power amasses a long convex ridge or bar of pebbles to those that were there before, and so rapid is the increase that it is said that the Haws-end has lengthened two hundred yards in the period of sixty years," so the part which is accumulating at present may extend in time as far as the Pile of Fouldrey, the island to the east of Walney. This encroaching sea leaves behind it sand hills of an almost desert-like appearance



A Sand-dune.

at the south end, while the north end of the island presents the appearance of an ordinary mountain meadow, such as one finds throughout the neighbourhood of the sea-lakes.

In a small way Walney is somewhat of an isle of wonders. Its botanical treasures are many and various; the sea bugloss, feverfew, sea-celandine, and starwort all make the meadow-land gay among the may bushes; the Isle of Man cabbage has strayed across the channel and is to be found here, the sea-wormwood and milk-thistle with their valuable medical properties, and many another unusual plant. Then the wells of Walney, which, while furnishing the inhabitants with fresh water, receive their own supply from the sea, are a curiosity. Their contents accumulate and recede as often as the tides, and are governed by the tides in the matter of high and low water. The wells are sunk in deep beds of sand, hence the salt water is deprived of its saline particles by percolating through this stratum.

But by far the most interesting thing about Walney Island is the gull settlement at the south end. Some years ago the birds used to collect and breed at the north end, but that proved too near the Barrow mill hands, and so the gulls threatened to leave the island altogether, not, however, before giving a trial to the south end. The owner of the island, the Duke of Buccleugh, has by dint of strict preservation, and by restricting the visitors to those who have previously obtained tickets of admission, induced the birds to settle down, and they are now to be found in greater numbers than ever. If desolation is what they require, assuredly they have found it here, for sand-dunes and a little coarse sea grass are all that divide this part of the island with the birds themselves.

We set sail for Walney from the Pile of Fouldrey (once Piel de Foddray, signifying Flame Island), on a beautiful May morning, with dancing waters and a light breeze. The ruins of the old castle, built in 1327, to guard the harbour,

*Family Life.*

and to be a retreat and stronghold of the abbots of Furness during border contests, looked very much as Wordsworth describes them :

“So pure the sky, so quiet was the air,”

one might well think with the poet, that,

“Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine
The very sweetest had to thee been given.”

Still there is round that hoary pile an indescribable sense of mystery, which no doubt impressed Wordsworth too, and suggested to him the famous line of this poem on Piel Castle,—

“The light that never was on sea or land,”—

and one fully realised it, for even on that brilliant May day there hung over those time-worn ruins the same mysterious, melancholy aspect. It is said that, whether glowing in the gorgeous hues of a summer sunset, breasting the wild storms of a winter's sky, or with the May light glancing round them as we saw them, these ruins are ever marked by an impressive, cold, solemn character of their own, which indeed cannot fail to arrest the attention.

A quarter of an hour's sail brings one to Haws Point, on Walney, where the peace of the water is left behind; and now begins a walk of no ordinary character, a walk that from no point of view can be looked upon as agreeable! About half a mile of it consists of plunging through those slippery sea-wall pebbles, to be followed by a couple of miles up and down the sand dunes, sinking inches deep at every step. If the gulls were not exclusive by nature, the sand dunes of Walney would prevent their having the chance of being anything else!

An old watcher is supposed to be at the gully to see you have your “permit” and to show you the way, but that old watcher according to my experience seems

*Gulls' Nests.*

to prefer the other and more sociable end of the island. He troubles neither the gulls nor the rare visitors, so you wander up and down the dunes, in which, small though they be, you might lose yourself for ever, so absolutely are they without landmarks to the uninitiated, were it not that, at first in the far distance, and then getting nearer and nearer, come sounds which are presently discovered to be the flapping, screaming and whirring of the quarrelling, apprehensive parent gulls. Closely following those sounds, you come presently to a few scattered nests belonging to gulls of specially solitary habits ; but you know this is not what you have come to see, and you struggle on over more sand hillocks, and at the top of one come upon a curiously strange sight. Immediately opposite the hillock on which you stand, with a deep dip between the two, is another exactly similar elevation literally alive with its feathered occupants. Gulls are as shy as they are proverbially bad-tempered birds, and the sight of a human being is enough to rouse their direst ire. Rising from their nests, they shriek and scream and fight among themselves, till the whole air for many hundred yards seems like a huge ill-conditioned aviary. Descending from our post of observation for nearer inspection, a very genuine agony was created in the colony, though on our sitting down quietly the deafening noise somewhat subsided, and the birds returned to their nests by degrees. The sight only became more curious at close quarters. It was almost impossible to walk, for fear of treading on the nests and the eggs they contained. The nests in most instances were touching one another, made out of a few roughly-put-together pieces of the coarse sea-grass which grows on the sandy hillocks. Most of the nests contained two eggs, but many three : when, as is sometimes the case, four eggs are found in a nest, it generally means that more than one bird has elected to lay there. The eggs vary slightly, but not so much among the Walney birds as I have seen elsewhere. They are for the most part of a greenish olive-brown hue, blotched with shades



Three stages: the first-born, the cracked egg, quiescence.

of dark umber. It is said they are constantly supplied as plovers' eggs, but having tasted them it is difficult to believe this possible. The farming folk on the island will tell you that they "mak' a good coöstard, and we loike 'em fried,"—which is all very well, but they have far too much of the seabird taste about them to be mistaken for the delicate plovers' eggs of the furrows.

The great enemies of the gulls on Walney are the terns or sea-swallows. The terns fight the gulls for place, break their eggs and annoy them in every way. The fisher people of Walney take the part of the gulls, and one of them told with pride that "many a sack o' them swaller eggs have ah give't tu't pigs!" And so, assisted by man and nature, the gulls spend, except for their own altercations, a very peaceful three weeks, a southern warmth among their sandhills, a divine sky overhead, and the wonderful blue of Morecambe Bay all around them, with Piel's old tower guarding their silent retreat, and nothing but a distant haze, fiery red at sunset, to betoken the haunts of man.

Then there are new sounds among the sand dunes, and a feeling of movement. You become aware of something alive about the hillocks, which remind you now of monstrous ant-hills, until with a twittering of their own and much further noise on the part of their parents the little downy ones creep out among the coarse grass; and again, as in the case of the eggs, so close are they together that one has to beware lest the little fluffy brown balls should be trodden upon. They take to the water kindly when they are about a month old, on the slightest signal of alarm, which however seldom comes their way on the low solitary reaches of Walney. The only sound beyond the cry of the birds is the far distant whirr of the wheels of Barrow; but much closer in character to the actual scene seems the "light of other days" when the monks of Furness, like the gulls themselves, found a haven of refuge within the shelter of Walney Island.

A. M. WAKEFIELD.



A MOORLAND

1
Last night the Eve came hither: old December
Paused at my moorland door and beckoned me:
Entered and stooped and plucked one dying ember
Out of my hearth and heart and tremblingly
Blew it to ruddy flame. I do remember

11
How the sweet images of past and present
Flickered and waned in that wan afterglow!
Thoughts, like the plovers, tumbled evanescent
Through the past sunlight of a summer long ago;
And, at my soul, the high lark sang incessant!





REVERIE

III

Old songs were sung round new fires richly burning;
Old hopes were hushed in dreams of sweet excess;
Old lights were lit, and love, the tender learning,
Trembled to silence with her bliss to bless!
God gave no grief, and earth no other yearning.

IIII

Through the lone land where tired hearts lay sleeping
Wandered the moon o'er upland hill and combe,
Led by one star that saw me—vigil keeping;
Softly she shed herself around my home—
Joy for my woe and wealth for all my weeping!

·FREDERICK G. BOWLES·

·MDCCCXCVII



THE PRIEST'S BARGAIN.



THAT district of the Black Forest in which the parish of Hohenfrecken lies, found itself, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, the centre of one of those strange moral disturbances which from time to time passed like spiritual tidal waves across central Europe.

An outbreak of witch mania, as we call it now, had burst in all its fury upon the district, and had swept to their destruction, in this world and the next, numbers of old men and women, young men and maidens, and even little children who could scarcely lisp. There were two curious features in this and similar outbursts. The peasant folk, who were principally taken by the epidemic (for the larger towns, which were then in a state of formation, for the most part escaped scot free), did not hesitate to glory in the fact that they had sold their souls to the devil—for a price.

Here and there, indeed, a girl might shrink, or a child might cry out, at the sight of the flames which the Church in cruel mercy kindled, and might protest—although the protest would be vain—that they were innocent of the hideous crime with which they were charged. But for the most part the victims were self-accused, and they went to the stake with blasphemy on their lips and courage in their hearts.

The other point worthy of notice is this. The outbreak seldom lasted long, and never covered a very wide area. The very violence of the wave caused it to be short-lived. Thus, while the greater part of the inhabitants of one village might, on their own showing, have entered the service of the Evil One—in the next village not a witch or warlock was to be found.

Like the plague, this moral disease seemed to follow perfectly arbitrary lines of its own, devastating some villages and leaving others totally or almost exempt. Why or wherefore no one could tell.

Of course these outbreaks added fuel to the already fierce fire of jealousy which existed between the Regular and Secular clergy. The Regular clergy attributed them to the ignorance and indolence of their Secular brethren. The parish clergy, on the other hand, charged to the luxury and immorality of the

neighbouring monks and nuns the fact that the devil was abroad with so great power. But whatever the cause might be, the fact remained that people of all ages were found to have entered the service of Satan, and to have performed the unmentionable rites which pertained to admission to that service. Chiefly they were judged and condemned on their own confession, and even when this was not the case it was very seldom indeed that the accused persisted in denying the charges brought against them. However, it mattered very little whether they did or did not deny them. In the scare which prevailed, the very slightest evidence was rapidly followed by execution.

Hitherto Hohenfrecken had escaped. But Father Ambrose, the priest, watched in fear and trembling the approach of the wave. Already it was on the confines of his parish, and if masses, processions, and litanies could save his people, saved they would be. But masses, processions, and litanies had been tried elsewhere, and tried in vain.

Stanzgrau and Stattenfeld, the two neighbouring parishes, were already in the grip of Satan—what grounds had Father Ambrose, then, for hoping that Hohenfrecken would escape?

Father Ambrose was one of the very few of the Secular clergy who were at the same time learned and devoted to the welfare of their people. Why he did not enter their monastery was always a puzzle to the monks of Saint Ecbert. If he would only join their peaceful order he would then, as they pointed out, have leisure to pursue his studies in quiet. But Father Ambrose knew something about the monks of Saint Ecbert, and being a pious soul as well as a learned one he possibly thought that he would work out his own salvation in a more effectual way as parish priest than as a follower of Grey Saint Benedict.

It was a heavy heart that Father Ambrose carried back to the priest's house one evening. Already whispers had reached him, as he went in and out among his people, of very gloomy import. If the wolf was not actually within the fold, he was crouching for a spring, and no hurdles would be high enough to keep him out if he was once determined to enter. No vigilance or courage on the part of the shepherd would be able to expel him when once he had made his entrance good.

The quick eyes of old Dame Margaret noticed at once her master's gloom, and with the directness of a privileged friend and servant she at once went to the point.

"What ails thee, good Father?" she asked: "thou lookest as sour as if thy day's dinner lay heavy on thy stomach,—and yet 'tis little enough that thou hast eaten during the last four days. Fast, fast!—As I often say to my neighbour, Dame Schopnau, 'fasting will bring the good Father to his grave, and then he'll be sorry that he did not take old Dame Margaret's advice sooner.'"

"Peace, dame, peace!" interrupted Father Ambrose impatiently. "Thou meanest well; but peace, peace! Tell me," he continued, after a pause, during which Dame Margaret had to reduce her protests to a murmuring undertone—"tell me, hast any news of the nearer approach to our village of the arch-enemy?"

Dame Margaret at once assumed a sullen demeanour. Nevertheless she crossed herself in a perfunctory fashion.

"What know I of the Evil One?" she grumbled; "does the reverend Father take me for one of the accursed?"

Father Ambrose did not fail to observe the change in his servant's manner, and it strengthened certain suspicions which had, during the past week, been floating in vague forms through his mind.

"I trust not, Margaret," he said, looking steadily at the old woman—"I trust not; and yet I saw thee after mass, on the feast of Saint John, in earnest talk with the wife of Hausmann the forester, from Stattenfeld, and she, knowest thou? is now lying awaiting the punishment she has merited. This morning she was seized by the officers of justice. To-morrow she will be brought before the special court which is sitting for the trial of such offences as hers. Without doubt she will be condemned, as she has confessed herself guilty of the accursed practices. The next day she, with others in like condition—among them, alas! her little grandchild Elspeth—will meet at the stake. For it is written in the word of God, 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.'"

While Father Ambrose was speaking he kept his eyes fixed closely on the countenance of his old housekeeper. At first she tried to brazen it out. But at the mention of the arrest of the forester's wife she dropped her eyes and shivered. Then, as the priest continued in slow and steady accents his statement of the case, the fortitude of the woman broke down; until at last, when he came to speak of Elspeth, and his own voice shook, for the little fair-haired, seven-years-old Elspeth was as well known and loved and petted in Hohenfrecken as she was in her native village of Stattenfeld, Dame Margaret fell on her face at her priest's feet in an agony of remorse.

"Father, Father," she screamed, "save me from the Enemy."

The priest drew back a step, and his eyes hardened and his voice assumed a repellent tone.

"It is, then, as I feared. Thou too hast touched the accursed thing?"

"Not yet, Father, not yet," moaned the old woman. "I did but promise Hausmann's wife to go this night to the meeting in Alteichfeld" (the field of the Old Oak). "And go I must, unless thou savest me. For he draws me—he draws me."

The priest was silent for a minute. "I will save thee, woman," he said more gently. "Fear not. Say at what hour do ye meet?"

"At the hour before midnight, when the moon rises over the Black Hill, I and others of thy flock are to assemble in Alteichfeld, there to meet the master and pledge our souls to him."

"And comes he to you without summons? or do you summon him?"

"We summon him by the shedding of our blood—blood drawn from breast and hand and thigh, and poured out at the foot of the Old Oak."

"Good," said the priest slowly—"good: the hour before midnight, sayest thou? Well, be at peace. No evil shall befall thee. Now rise and attend to my wants, for I have much to do this night." And stooping down he placed his hand upon the old woman's grey, dishevelled hair.

Dame Margaret rose up comforted, and set about preparing the evening meal for her master.

It was a strange fact, illustrated by Margaret's action on this occasion, that while the unfortunate victims of this witch mania felt no dread, but on the contrary experienced only triumph and exaltation after the bargain had actually been made, yet, while it was pending, they were subject, from time to time, to wild, uncontrollable outbursts of fear and horror. They seem to have been "drawn," as Margaret expressed it, irresistibly to their doom. And though they struggled, their struggles were of no avail.

Alteichfeld lay on the extreme borders of the village of Hohenfrecken. It was far from any habitation, and took its name from an old oak tree in its centre, which, at some remote period, had been struck by lightning and cleft nearly in twain. Thither Father Ambrose, crucifix in hand, wended his way at ten o'clock

at night. The darkness was intense, for the moon had not yet risen and thick clouds hung low and heavy in the sky. As he passed through the village no sound of life greeted his ear save the occasional bark of a dog or the skurrying rush of a rat which his approach had disturbed in the midst of its garbage feast. But well the good priest knew that in many of the hovels he passed wakeful eyes were watching and expectant hearts were beating. "Poor little flock," he murmured to himself, "your shepherd goes to drive home the ravening wolf."

Dark as the night was, it did not take Father Ambrose, to whom every inch of the village was familiar, very long to find his way to the old oak. On reaching the spot he murmured a short prayer and crossed himself devoutly. Then he drew blood, according to Dame Margaret's directions, from hand and breast and thigh, and let it drop into the ground at the foot of the tree. As he did so a bright light broke from the cleft in the tree. So dazzling was the light that the priest stepped back two paces and shaded his eyes with his hand, still keeping them, however, fixed, as well as he could, upon the brightness from which he expected the Enemy to emerge. Suddenly he was startled by a voice behind him—calm, self-contained, and not without a touch of scorn, and in strange contrast with the tumultuous feelings which were agitating his own breast.

"Thou hast summoned me. What seekest thou?" said the voice.

The priest turned round, and as he stepped aside the light from the tree fell full upon the speaker. This was an old man with white hair, white face, white or almost white eyes, which sparkled like diamonds whenever the light fell upon them. A cloak of some dark material hung from his shoulders to his feet. As the priest did not speak—he was far too amazed to do so at the moment—the stranger repeated his question. "Thou hast summoned me. What seekest thou?"

"Who art thou?" stammered the priest.

"I am he whom thou hast called," was the reply.

Father Ambrose gathered his faculties together.

"If thou art indeed, as thy words and thy presence here lead me to suppose thou art, the arch-enemy of mankind, I bid thee, in the name of Him I serve, depart hence and set no foot in Hohenfrecken." And the priest held his crucifix up before the eyes of the stranger.

The latter smiled a sad, but somewhat contemptuous smile.

"Canst thou not fulminate to better effect?" he asked. "Listen, Sir Priest," he continued: "what have masses and prayers, what has the name of thy Master availed in Stattenfeld? What is Hohenfrecken, that it should not be to-morrow what Stattenfeld is to-day? Nay, thou must conjure more strongly if thou wouldst have thy parish left in peace."

"Then here I will abide," said Father Ambrose resolutely, "until my poor sheep come to be slaughtered. Then will I raise my voice against thee, and God will give me the victory."

"Nay, that may scarcely be," replied the old man. "Thou canst not speak or move without my leave. Try."

Father Ambrose sought to raise his hand and continue his exhortation, when, to his horror, he found that hand and tongue alike refused to obey his will.

For a few seconds, which to the priest seemed like eternity, this horror of impotence was upon him. Then the old man spoke in his cold and level tones:

"Lo! is it not as I said? Now I take my spell from off thee—move and speak." And with a sigh of relief Father Ambrose found that his powers were restored.

"Thou seest," continued the stranger, "how vain it is for thee to hope to contend with me. If thou remainest here till thy people come, thy presence will

but confirm them in their intentions. For will they not say, 'Our good Father Ambrose is himself a servant of the master'? Come, Sir Priest," and the mocking voice grew more mocking than ever, "is there nought else that thou canst propose?"

"Blessed Virgin, aid me," groaned the priest in agony. But there was no voice, nor any that answered. The stranger continued as though he had hardly noticed the break.

"Hast thou nought with which to buy the souls of thy people at my hand? Come, think, Sir Priest."

"I have nought," replied Father Ambrose, despondently, for he felt that the battle was against him, and that he was left, in his extreme hour of peril, to fight a losing fight alone.

"I have nought save my life, and that I would gladly, freely give."

"I care not for thy life," replied the stranger. "But come, I will propose a bargain. Thy soul for theirs. Thirty of thy people of all ages come hither to-night to be enrolled among the servants of Satan. Twice thirty will come to-morrow night. Now, if thou wilt sell thy soul to me, granting me full possession of it at thy death, I on my part will undertake that witch and warlock shall be unknown in Hohenfrecken for evermore."

Father Ambrose raised his head and gazed into the old man's face, from which the eyes gleamed forth like two points of intensest light. Terrible was the struggle in the priest's mind, but it was brought to an end by the next words of the stranger.

"Time presses. In five minutes the moon will be above the Black Hill. Then it will be too late. Consentest thou? or consentest thou not?"

"I consent," whispered Father Ambrose hoarsely.

"Down on thy knees, then," said the stranger. "Kiss the ground at my feet and worship me."

As though impelled by some force stronger than his own will the priest obeyed. When he raised his head from the ground the light was out, the old man had vanished, and the priest found himself alone at the foot of the old oak. Slowly and sadly Father Ambrose returned home, passing on the way, although unobserved by them, various members of his flock, Dame Margaret amongst them, who were seeking in a shamefaced way the appointed place of meeting.

Next day, much to everybody's surprise, it was found that no servants had been added to the retinue of Satan.

"He is a mocker and a deceiver and the father of lies," indignantly declared an old man, whom Father Ambrose recollected as having been the first to pass him on his return from Alteichfeld. This sentiment was echoed by the other parishioners, with more or less emphasis according to the narrowness of their escape. Dame Margaret alone was silent.

Perhaps she may have dimly guessed, from the sad face of her beloved master,—a face on which never, save once, a smile was seen again,—something of the price that had been paid.

But so far as Hohenfrecken itself went, no parish in Europe achieved such a reputation as it for freedom from witches and hatred of witchcraft.

And what of Father Ambrose? He was forty-five when the great event took place in his life. For thirty more years he laboured in his parish: years of martyrdom—years of hopeless misery. Like Moses he pointed out to his people the promised land into which he was not to enter.

The morning after his return from the field of the old oak, Father Ambrose had sought Father Gundulph, his confessor—the sub-prior of the Monastery of Saint Ecbert, and under the seal of confession he laid the whole matter before him.

Father Gundulph was one of the few monks whom the priest of Hohenfrecken regarded with love and respect. He had often urged Father Ambrose to take upon him the order of Saint Benedict and to seek admission to the monastery. In his heart Father Ambrose now hoped that the advice would be repeated. He was, however, disappointed. The confessor laid this penance upon the priest—to pass the remainder of his life as parish priest of Hohenfrecken, neither seeking for peace in the monastery, nor for distraction in a busier field of labour. The confessor at the same time pointed out to Father Ambrose that his soul was lost for ever, and that the only object of this penance was to avert divine wrath and punishment from the parish of Hohenfrecken.

Father Ambrose submitted himself; and although one bishopric and more than one abbey were at various times placed at his disposal, he chose to remain in his obscure position.

* * * * *

Prior Gundulph—sub-prior no longer—was pacing with difficulty, for he was now an old man, up and down the sunny path of the monastery garden, when an urgent message was brought to him to come and administer the last rites of the Church to his old friend Father Ambrose. Father Gundulph obeyed, not with alacrity, but with a sigh and as in duty bound. On his way to the village he recalled the confession of thirty years ago, and as he did so he shook his head and looked grave, muttering to himself the while, “Small good will these Holy Rites do to you, brother.”

Father Gundulph entered the room in which Father Ambrose lay dying, and closed the door. Father Ambrose was too weak to do more than sign with feeble hand and head. When the rites had been duly performed and the Prior was preparing to leave, he became suddenly aware of a strange presence in the room; and, looking round, he saw, standing by the bedside of the dying priest, the figure of an old man with white hair and white face and almost white eyes, which sparkled like diamonds when the light fell upon them. The expression of horror on the face of Father Ambrose would have sufficed to tell the Prior, even if he needed to be told, that the stranger was he who had met Father Ambrose by the old oak thirty years before. If Father Gundulph could have escaped, he certainly would have done so, but one glance from the stranger's eyes rendered him incapable of moving, or of calling out. He was therefore compelled to be eye and ear witness to what followed.

“Thou knowest me, Sir Priest?” asked the stranger.

Father Ambrose bowed his head.

“Dost repent of thy bargain?”

Father Ambrose looked steadfastly into the white face for half a minute, and then with a great effort formed the word “No” with his lips. Then the face—the figure—the whole appearance of the stranger underwent a marvellous change, or rather transformation. And in like manner the expression of the dying priest passed slowly from depths of horror and loathing to an amazed rapture.

“Well done, thou good and faithful servant!” continued the stranger. “Knowest thou me now? Knowest thou not that I am he who bought thy soul beneath the old oak?—that I am he whose servant thou hast been for thirty years? Knowest thou not that I am Christ?”

Then darkness came upon Prior Gundulph. When consciousness returned, he hastened to the bedside of his friend and found him dead with a smile upon his lips.

E. P. LARKEN.



THE STORY OF 1812.

PART V.



THE Russian Commander-in-Chief had at one time almost determined to renew the fight on September 8th, but when he realised the extent of the losses that had been sustained, he deemed discretion the better part of valour, and wisely decided to continue his retreat on Moscow. This movement was carried out with great deliberation, the rear-guard, under General Miloradovitch, presenting at every turn a firm front to the pursuing French, who had been opportunely reinforced on the day following the battle by the arrival of a division of the Young Guard and a division of Italian troops. At Mojaïsk, on the 9th, Murat, who still led and commanded the advance, engaged in an action with Miloradovitch, which cost both sides about two thousand men, and in which the Russians easily held their own until their main body had withdrawn to a safe distance and the magazines which the town contained had been effectually destroyed. Beyond Mojaïsk the retreat was continued with such skill, and in such perfect order, that for a long time the French were quite unable to say whether the Russians had from this point followed the Moscow or the Kalouga road!* On the 13th Kutusof took up a position in front of Moscow, and commenced the construction of field works, as if determined to fight another battle to save the city. However, at a council of war held on this date, it was decided not to risk another engagement. Though some of his ablest generals were loudly in favour of fighting where they stood, Kutusof himself was strongly opposed to it. He urged that the preservation of the army, rather than the preservation of the capital, was essential to the safety of the empire. He pointed out that since Borodino the enemy had received numerous reinforcements, while they had been joined by few; that their own position was not a good one; and that there were fewer chances of victory in their favour now than then. "It is true," he continued, "that to abandon Moscow without fighting is to make a cruel sacrifice, but it does not involve the loss of the empire. On the other hand,

* "Dès que les Russes virent qu'on manœuvrait sérieusement pour les attaquer, ils disparurent sans laisser de traces après eux. Ce fut comme après Vitebsk et Smolensk, et bien plus remarquable, le surlendemain d'un si grand désastre. On resta d'abord incertain entre les routes de Moscou et Kalouga."—*Séjour*, p. 200.

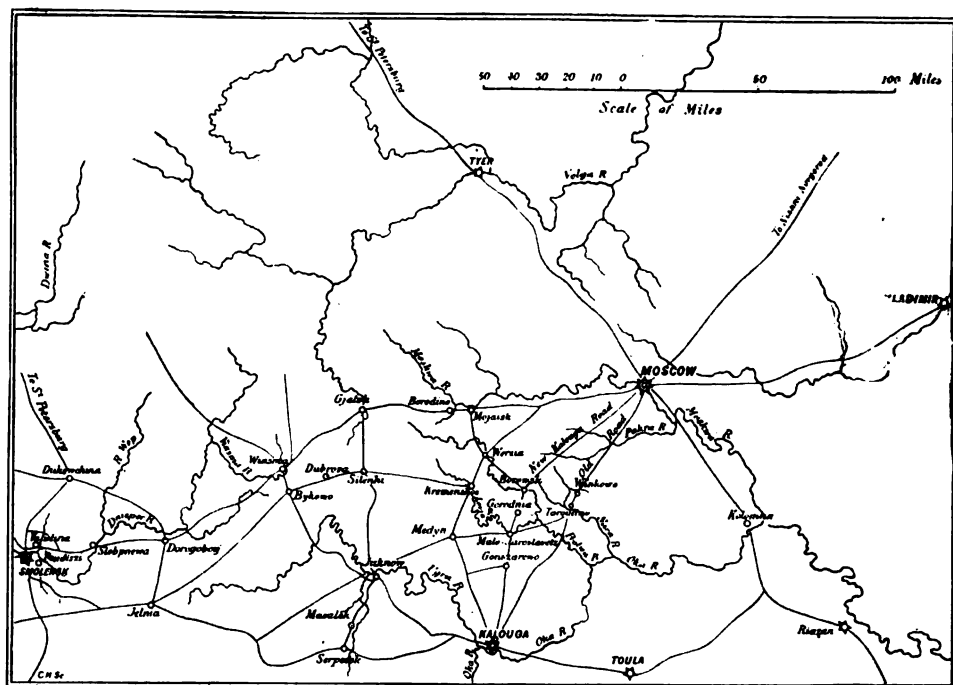
"Ce fait paraît si extraordinaire qu'on serait tenté de le révoquer en doute, si l'on n'en trouvait la preuve dans les ordres que Napoléon adressa alors à ses généraux."—*Chambray*, ii. 109.

our foe, far from all his resources, depending upon a precarious single line of communication with his base, and on the eve of experiencing reverses in Volhynia and on the Dwina, in consequence of the arrival on those scenes of the armies of Moldavia and of Finland, will find himself shortly in a most critical situation; and the cession to him of the capital now will assuredly draw him into a snare where his destruction hereafter will be inevitable." General Barclay de Tolly supported these prophetic views. "The salvation of our country," said he, "depends upon the preservation of the army. A victory now, so far as we can judge, would not rid us of our enemy, while a defeat so near Moscow would mean the complete dispersion or destruction of our armies. I am of opinion that we should retreat forthwith."

These arguments settled the matter. On the 14th the Russian army withdrew from the position it had taken up, and in silent grief defiled through the streets of the Sacred City, to the consternation of the inhabitants, who, deceived by false versions of the battle of Borodino, had no conception that any such disaster was impending as the abandonment of the metropolis to the enemy, and had made no preparations for quitting the place. Detaching the corps of Winzingerode to protect the province of Wladimir, and cover the communications with St. Petersburg, the rest of the army marched out by the Kolomna road till the Pakra stream was reached, then wheeling to its right it gained the old Moscow-Kalouga route, and took post finally, on September 21st, at a place called Taroutino, on the Nara, where it at once strongly intrenched itself. By this masterly movement Kutusof at one stroke secured three important objects. He covered the city of Kalouga, which contained valuable magazines, and would serve as a base for further operations; he drew near to reinforcements, and protected the richest provinces of the empire; and he threatened the communications of the French army.

In the meantime his true line of retreat after Mojaïsk having been found, Napoleon pressed in pursuit of him, and on September 14th arrived before Moscow with his army, which still numbered, owing to the reinforcements it had received since Borodino, about a hundred thousand men and six hundred guns. The first view of the famous city of which they had heard so much, and to which they had ploughed their weary way, suffering such infinite toils and enduring such cruel privations and losses, filled all hearts with joy. At last their long-desired goal was reached: at last there was an end to their miseries and their struggles. This terrible life-draining war would end now; Russia, with her armies beaten and her capital occupied by the conqueror, must sue for peace now at any price; and, laden with the spoils of war, the victors in this strife of giants would now speedily return to their homes covered with glory, and for ever proud of having belonged to the Grand Army and taken part in the great invasion. Such were the thoughts that filled the minds of the eager troops as they gazed at the glittering domes and countless minarets of the sacred city; and such were the prospects which the Emperor himself at this moment must have indulged in. Hitherto in his conquering career, the occupation by his armies of a hostile capital had almost invariably been the prelude to proposals for peace. Surely peace was within his grasp now! Surely the hour had arrived when he might dictate terms to the vanquished, and announce to expectant Europe the humiliation of the Colossus of the North and his own last and greatest triumph.

Yet, even while his marshals and generals thronged round him with their congratulations, some anxious thoughts must have crossed his mind. His first words as he gazed on Moscow were: "*Behold at last that famous city!*" his next, "*It was full time!*"—words conveying a sense of intense relief that the terrible strain sustained up to the present time was at last relaxed, but indicative



too of the perception that the danger was hardly all passed yet. However, for the moment the horizon was clearer and the prospect brighter than had been yet ; and the Emperor, putting his cares aside, looked impatiently for the envoy who should come and tender the surrender of the city and the submission of the Czar. But he looked in vain. Neither envoy nor deputation arrived. The Russian rear-guard was still not clear of the city when Napoleon was knocking at its western gates ; and in order to gain time to disengage his troops and to carry off safely the last of their convoys and belated stragglers, Miloradovitch proposed to Murat a truce of a few hours, under the pretext that it would save the city (which at that very moment they were secretly preparing to burn to the ground) from the horrors attending an assault. This was at once agreed to by Napoleon, and during the respite thus afforded Miloradovitch evacuated the place in safety. The same evening the French made their entry into it, the Emperor establishing his own quarters in the Kremlin. It did not take him long to ascertain the significant truth that Moscow had not been merely abandoned by the army, but also had been deserted *en masse* by its inhabitants. Short as had been the notice received, this city of more than two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants had been emptied before his approach as if by magic. Its dwellings were deserted, its streets were silent, and solitude reigned throughout its length and breadth ! There remained to receive the French only a few of the lowest orders of the people, and criminals released from the jails ; and these, concealed in cellars and closets, had stayed behind charged with the execution of the terrible resolution of the governor, Count Rostopchin, and of the people, to set fire to Moscow and reduce it to ashes as soon as the French had entered it. That there should be no failure of this heroic scheme, the fire-engines had been all carefully removed !

That very same night a fire occurred in the suburbs ; but it was a small one, and was soon extinguished. However, on the following night, it broke out again

in several places, and the flames, fanned by a high wind, spread with alarming rapidity. Ere long the Kremlin itself was in such danger of destruction that on the 16th Napoleon hastily quitted it,* and took up his quarters temporarily in a chateau outside the city. But it was on the night of the 18th that the climax came. Hitherto, the French soldiers had worked bravely to stay the progress of the conflagration, and there had been some prospect that its ravages might at least be confined within certain limits; but a fatal shift of the wind on the night of the 18th destroyed this hope. The work of rescue had to be abandoned in despair, the whole city was now practically enveloped in a sea of fire, and by the time it had burned itself out four-fifths of Moscow had been consumed! The contemplation of this awful catastrophe, and the conviction of the terrible consequences it must bring in its train, distressed and agitated the Emperor beyond measure. He saw in the devouring flames the fiery spirit of an outraged nation, unsubdued by their defeats, undismayed by their reverses, and resolved at any price to prolong the deadly struggle so long as an enemy remained on Russian soil. "What manner of men are these!" he exclaimed. "What extraordinary resolution! What a terrible spectacle! This is a presage to us of great misfortunes!"

On September 21st Napoleon re-entered Moscow, and returned to the Kremlin, which had after all escaped the flames. When the city had been first occupied, the strictest precautions had been taken to prevent marauding and pillage; but the outbreak of the great fire had broken down every barrier and swept away every restraint, and in the hope of securing booty, or satisfying their individual pressing needs, thousands of soldiers and crowds of camp-followers now traversed the streets in every direction, and searched among the smoking ruins for plunder. "All discipline was for a time at an end, drunkenness was universal, unbridled license prevailed. A frightful tumult succeeded to the stillness which had reigned in the city when the troops first entered it. The cries of the pillaged inhabitants,† the coarse imprecations of the soldiery, were mingled with the lamentations of those who had lost their parents, their children, their all in the conflagration. . . . Furniture of the most precious description, splendid jewellery, Indian and Turkish stuffs, stores of wine and brandy, gold and silver plate, rich furs, gorgeous trappings of silk and satin, were spread about in promiscuous confusion. . . . Pillage was universal. . . . The shouts of the marauders were interrupted by the shrieks of the victims of military license, and occasionally drowned in the roar of the conflagration."

Through such terrible scenes as these the Emperor made his way to the quarters prepared for him. By his directions, measures were at once taken to restore order, and he then applied himself to the weightier task of considering what his next move should be. The situation was now a very serious one. For a long time he hoped against hope that Alexander, overborne by the reverses he had sustained, and by this last great national calamity, the destruction of Moscow, would propose terms of peace; and so ready was he to effect some arrangement which should extricate him from his present dangerous dilemma, that, despairing of a message from the Czar, he at last took the initiative, and made the first overtures himself.

* "Il fallait pourtant se hâter : à chaque instant croissait autour de nous le mugissement des flammes. Une seule route étroite, tortueuse, et toute brûlante, s'offrait, plutôt comme l'entrée que comme la sortie de cet enfer. L'Empereur s'élança, à pied, et sans hésiter, dans ce dangereux passage. . . . Les flammes fléchissaient sous le vent, et se recourbaient sur nos têtes. Nous marchions sur une terre de feu, sous un ciel de feu, entre deux murailles de feu!"—*Ségur*, p. 226.

† "L'incendie montra près de vingt mille habitants, inaperçus jusque-là dans cette immense cité. Quelques-uns de ces Muscovites, hommes ou femmes, paraissaient bien vêtus : c'étaient des marchands. On les vit venir se réfugier, avec les débris de leurs biens, auprès de nos feux. Ils y vécurent pêle-mêle avec nos soldats."—*Ségur*, p. 229.

A letter from himself was despatched to Alexander at St. Petersburg, Murat was authorised to confer with General Beningsen, and Count Lauriston was despatched to the headquarters of Kutusof at Taroutino with instructions to propose an armistice. Nothing came of these advances. The Russian leaders well knew that each day that the French lingered in Moscow increased the peril in which they stood; and therefore, without the slightest intention of making terms of any kind, they readily received their envoys, and deluded them with specious promises and vain hopes, which, on the one hand, delayed their departure from the trap into which they had found their way, and, on the other, afforded time for them to complete their own preparations for surrounding and securing them in it beyond all hope of escape. "Not for one, nor for twenty such calamities," the Czar declared, alluding to Borodino and the fire of Moscow, "will I relinquish the contest in which I am engaged. Rather than submit, I will abandon Europe, and retire altogether to the original seats of my ancestors in Asiatic wilds!" To Kutusof he wrote in the same spirit, adding his dissatisfaction that the semblance even of a negotiation with Count Lauriston had been kept up. "All my instructions to you," said he, "all my orders, all my letters—in a word, everything, should conspire to convince you that my resolution is not to be shaken, and that at this moment no consideration on earth can induce me to terminate the war, or to fail in the sacred duty of avenging our injured country."

To give practical effect to these heroic sentiments, dispositions were made, while Moscow was still in flames, to close in on the rear of the French with the armies of Wittgenstein and Tchichagof, and thus to render their escape impossible. A study of the map will show that practically there were only two lines of retreat open to Napoleon. They were the Smolensk-Vitebsk-Wilna road, by which he had advanced, and the Smolensk-Minsk-Wilna road. He was, in fact, compelled to choose one of these routes, because they were the only lines which were guarded by his reserves, and on which he held posts containing supplies and stores. If he followed the first-named, his troops would have on their homeward march to cross the Oula river, an affluent of the Dwina, and if he took the last they would have to cross the Beresina at Borisov. Accordingly, to Wittgenstein was allotted the task of anticipating them on the Oula, and to Tchichagof the duty of stopping them on the Beresina. The first-named general was instructed that as soon as he was reinforced by the Finland corps, under Steinheil, and by 10,000 militia who would be sent to him from St. Petersburg, and might be expected to reach him about October 8th, he was to resume a vigorous offensive against St. Cyr and Oudinot, at Polotsk, drive them off towards Wilna, and leaving Steinheil with a sufficient force to "contain" the beaten enemy, he was then with the bulk of his troops to establish himself on the Oula by October 22nd, and be prepared to co-operate energetically with Tchichagof, as circumstances might require, in barring the passage westward of Napoleon's army. On the other flank, Tchichagof, whose "army of Moldavia" had been marching northwards since the beginning of August, was directed, in communication with Tormasof, who was holding Regnier and Schwartzenberg in check, to be at Borisov not later than October 18th; and the special duty was assigned him of guarding the line of the Beresina at this point. Thus, every contingency was provided for; and with Kutusof's army, refreshed and restored by its long rest at Taroutino, pressing on its rearward march, and the powerful combination just described awaiting it in front, the chances that any portion of the Grand Army would ever see Poland again seemed slender indeed.

Meanwhile the days slipped by, and Napoleon still lay inactive in Moscow, a prey to a thousand anxieties. No answer to his letter had been vouchsafed by the

Czar, who not only absolutely declined to enter into any sort of correspondence with him himself, but also, learning with extreme displeasure that interviews had been accorded at the Russian headquarters to Count Lauriston and to Murat, peremptorily ordered all such negotiations to be broken off. It thus was soon evident that nothing was to be hoped for in the direction of a friendly settlement, and therefore it became the more imperative, with winter so rapidly approaching, to decide what next should be done. Several alternatives presented themselves to the Emperor's active mind, but to each there was some insuperable objection; and while one project after another was discussed and rejected, the precious hours were allowed to pass without any definite plan of action being agreed to.* At one time it was proposed to winter among the ruins of Moscow, and start a fresh campaign in the spring; at another, to march on St. Petersburg; and at another, to follow Kutusof again until he was brought to bay and destroyed. There was little to be said in favour of any of these schemes. There was indeed only one that, under all the circumstances, could be accounted rational, or, considering the state of the army and of the transport, could be presumed to be feasible of execution, and that was *to retreat at once to Poland*. All his marshals agreed that this was the only wise course to adopt, and urged him to commence the movement before it was too late.† But the Emperor's whole soul revolted against such a step, and his pride forbade him to take it. Retreat under the present conditions would only be another word for flight, disaster, and ruin. Europe would re-echo with the news, and the prestige of victory and dominion, by which till now he had held the nations in the hollow of his hand and subject to his will, would receive an irreparable shock. No, a retreat was not to be thought of; and so, refusing to acknowledge defeat, unable to advance and unwilling to recede, he remained in Moscow week after week, to the astonishment of his foes‡ as much as of his friends, and devoted his time to reorganising his trains and reviewing his troops.

We may now turn for a while to Kutusof, who, it will be recollected, had reached Taroutino safely on September 21st. Here his army, unmolested by the French, had reposed in security until the middle of October. Murat and Poniatowski, with some thirty thousand men, had indeed followed him up immediately after the occupation of Moscow by Napoleon; but noting his formidable strength and position on the Nara, they had not ventured to attack him, and, halting at Winkowo, a few miles only from the Russian intrenchments, had contented themselves with simply keeping his movements under their observation. Drawing ample supplies regularly from the magazines in his rear at Kalouga, and receiving recruits and reinforcements liberally from the southern provinces of the empire, Kutusof's army numbered now some eighty thousand regular troops and thirty thousand Cossacks, who, with strength restored by a long rest and ample provisions, and with spirits undiminished by defeat, awaited with confidence, and

* "Quel parti va-t-il prendre? C'est alors surtout que ce génie si décisif fut forcé d'hésiter... c'est lui qui à son tour étonné, reste incertain. Jamais il n'a communiqué ses plus audacieux projets à ses ministres les plus intimes, que par l'ordre de les exécuter, et le voilà contraint de consulter, d'essayer les forces morales et physiques de ceux qui l'entourent."—*Ségur*, p. 227.

† "Quoique d'une activité sans égale à la guerre, tant qu'il était en mouvement, il aimait, au contraire, lors qu'il s'était arrêté, à attendre les événements, prêt à saisir la première occasion favorable. Il ne pouvait se résoudre à abandonner Moscou sans que la possession de cette capitale, sur laquelle il avait fondait de si grandes espérances, lui eût procuré le moindre avantage."—*Chambray*, ii. 214.

‡ "Ils s'étonnaient surtout de notre sécurité à l'approche de leur puissant hiver... Dans quinze jours, s'écriaient-ils, vos ongles tomberont, vos armes s'échapperont de vos mains engourdis et à demi-mortes."—*Ségur*, p. 242.

even with impatience, the signal from their leader to renew the struggle and to once more measure their strength with the hated foe. In his letters to the Czar, Kutusof announced that he was in perfect communication with Tormasof and Tchichagof, and felt himself well able to intercept any succours that might attempt to reach Napoleon *viâ* Smolensk. His light horse surrounded Moscow on every side, and hardly a day passed in which convoys were not captured by them, foraging parties cut off, and prisoners taken. From these the Russian general learnt of the straits to which the enemy were already reduced for food for themselves, and forage for their horses, and of the disorder and demoralisation which already reigned throughout their army. Writing to the Czar on October 13th, he said: "Such is their state of disorganisation, that they are not in a condition to undertake anything against us. They can obtain provisions only with extreme difficulty. All the prisoners concur in declaring that they have nothing but horseflesh to eat, and that bread is even more rare than butcher's meat.* The artillery horses and those of the cavalry suffer immensely. The greater part of their dragoons perished in the battle of Borodino, and those which remain are fast melting away under the destructive attacks of our light horse."† There was no exaggeration about this, for Murat himself reported to the Emperor about this time that *one-half* of the whole surviving cavalry had perished in these inglorious encounters!

* "In the kitchen of Murat were found roasted cats and boiled horseflesh."—*Alison*, p. 60.

† "Les corps de cavalerie, réunis sous le commandement de Murat, approchaient d'une entière destruction: hommes et chevaux éprouvaient les privations les plus dures: et la cavalerie Russe les harcelait avec une telle activité, que Murat se vit contraint de faire protéger sa cavalerie, quand elle allait aux fourrages, par de l'infanterie et du canon."—*Chambray*, ii. 202.

H. D. HUTCHINSON, *Colonel*.

(To be continued.)





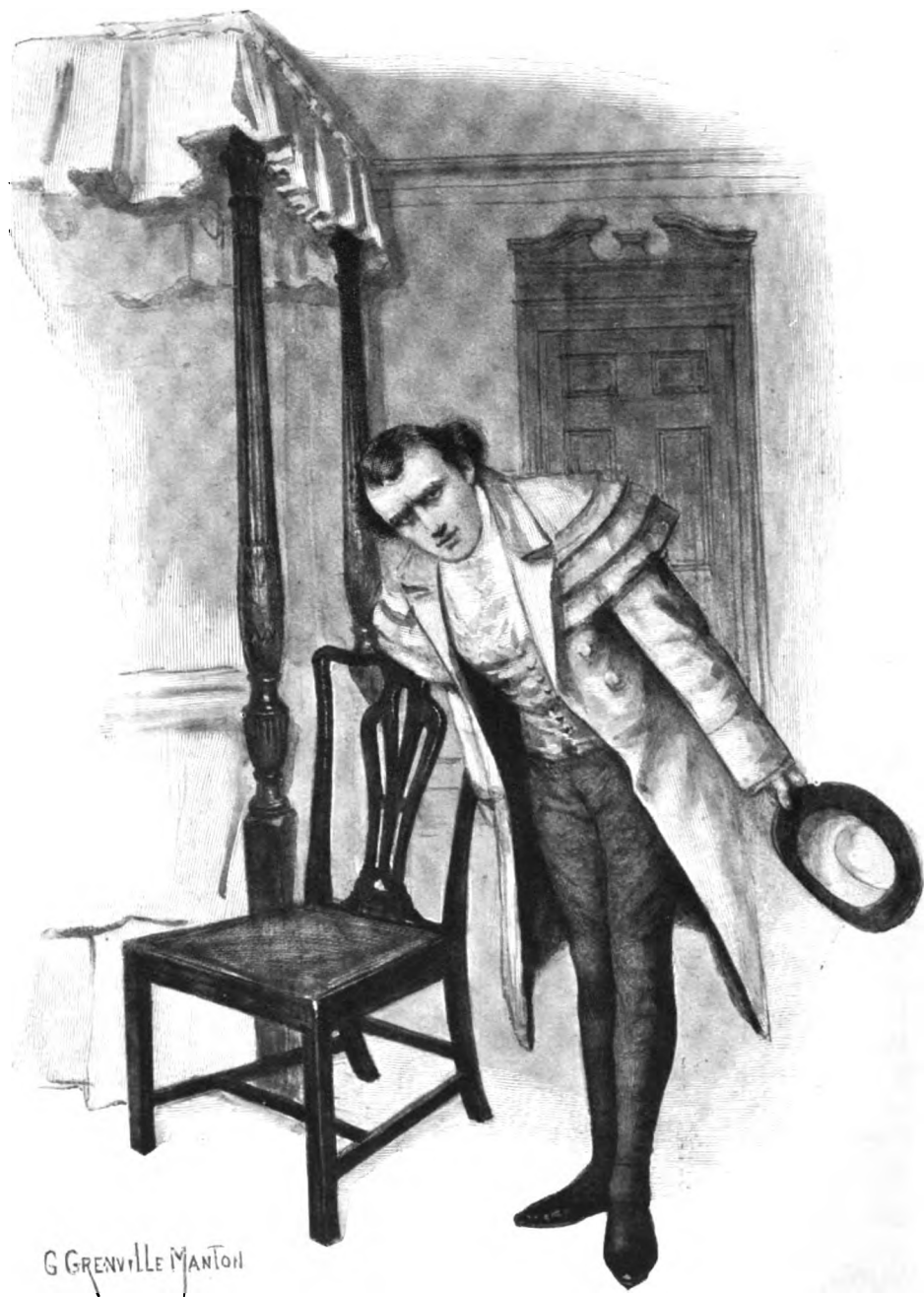
THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DEVIL AND ALL AT AMERSHAM PLACE.

NEVER did two human creatures get to their feet with more alacrity than the lawyer and myself. We had locked and barred the main gates of the citadel; but unhappily we had left open the bath-room sally-port; and here we found the voice of the hostile trumpets sounding from within, and all our defences taken in reverse. I took but the time to whisper Mr. Romaine in the ear: "Here is another tableau for you!" at which he looked at me a moment with a kind of pathos, as who should say, "Don't hit a man when he's down." Then I transferred my eyes to my enemy.

He had his hat on, a little on one side: it was a very tall hat, raked extremely, and had a narrow curling brim. His hair was all curled out in masses like an Italian mountebank—a most unpardonable fashion. He sported a huge tipped overcoat of frieze, such as watchmen wear, only the inside was lined with costly furs, and he kept it half open to display the exquisite linen, the many-coloured waistcoat, and the profuse jewellery of watch-chains and brooches underneath. The leg and the ankle were turned to a miracle. It is out of the question that I should deny the resemblance altogether, since it has been remarked by so many different persons whom I cannot reasonably accuse of a conspiracy. As a matter of fact, I saw little of it and confessed to nothing. Certainly he was what some might call handsome, of a pictorial, exuberant style of beauty, all attitude, profile, and impudence: a man whom I could see in fancy parade on the grand stand at a race-meeting, or swagger in Piccadilly, staring down the women, and stared at himself with admiration by the coal-porters. Of his frame of mind at that moment his face offered a lively if an unconscious picture. He was lividly pale, and his lip was caught up in a smile that could almost be called a snarl, of a sheer, arid



"He looked me up and down, then bowed."

malignity that appalled me and yet put me on my mettle for the encounter. He looked me up and down, then bowed and took off his hat to me.

"My cousin, I presume?" he said.

"I understand I have that honour," I replied.

"The honour is mine," said he, and his voice shook as he said it.

"I should make you welcome, I believe," said I.

"Why?" he inquired. "This poor house has been my home for longer than I care to claim. That you should already take upon yourself the duties of host here is to be at unnecessary pains. Believe me, that part would be more becomingly mine. And, by the way, I must not fail to offer you my little compliment. It is a gratifying surprise to meet you in the dress of a gentleman, and to see"—with a circular look upon the scattered bills—"that your necessities have already been so liberally relieved."

I bowed with a smile that was perhaps no less hateful than his own.

"There are so many necessities in this world," said I. "Charity has to choose. One gets relieved, and some other, no less indigent, perhaps indebted, must go wanting."

"Malice is an engaging trait," said he.

"And envy, I think?" was my reply.

He must have felt that he was not getting wholly the better of this passage at arms; perhaps even feared that he should lose command of his temper, which he reined in throughout the interview as with a red-hot curb, for he flung away from me at the word, and addressed the lawyer with insulting arrogance.

"Mr. Romaine," he said, "since when have you presumed to give orders in this house?"

"I am not prepared to admit that I have given any," replied Romaine; "certainly none that did not fall in the sphere of my responsibilities."

"By whose orders, then, am I denied entrance to my uncle's room?" said my cousin.

"By the doctor's, sir," replied Romaine; "and I think even you will admit his faculty to give them."

"Have a care, sir," cried Alain. "Do not be puffed up with your position. It is none so secure, Master Attorney. I should not wonder in the least if you were struck off the rolls for this night's work, and the next I should see of you were when I flung you alms at a pothouse door to mend your ragged elbows. The doctor's orders? But I believe I am not mistaken! You have to-night transacted business with the Count; and this needy young gentleman has enjoyed the privilege of still another interview, in which (as I am pleased to see) his dignity has not prevented his doing very well for himself. I wonder that you should care to prevaricate with me so idly."

"I will confess so much," said Mr. Romaine, "if you call it prevarication. The order in question emanated from the Count himself. He does not wish to see you."

"For which I must take the word of Mr. Daniel Romaine?" asked Alain.

"In default of any better," said Romaine.

There was an instantaneous convulsion in my cousin's face, and I distinctly heard him gnash his teeth at this reply; but, to my surprise, he resumed in tones of almost good humour:

"Come, Mr. Romaine, do not let us be petty!" He drew in a chair and sat down. "Understand you have stolen a march upon me. You have introduced your soldier of Napoleon, and (how, I cannot conceive) he has been apparently accepted with favour. I ask no better proof than the funds with which I find him literally surrounded—I presume in consequence of some extravagance of joy at the first sight of so much money. The odds are so far in your favour, but the match is not yet won. Questions will arise of undue influence, of sequestration, and

the like: I have my witnesses ready. I tell it you cynically, for you cannot profit by the knowledge; and, if the worst come to the worst, I have good hopes of recovering my own and of ruining you."

"You do what you please," answered Romaine; "but I give it you for a piece of good advice, you had best do nothing in the matter. You will only make yourself ridiculous; you will only squander money, of which you have none too much, and reap public mortification."

"Ah, but there you make the common mistake, Mr. Romaine!" returned Alain. "You despise your adversary. Consider, if you please, how very disagreeable I could make myself, if I chose. Consider the position of your *protégé*—an escaped prisoner! But I play a great game. I condemn such petty opportunities."

At this Romaine and I exchanged a glance of triumph. It seemed manifest that Alain had as yet received no word of Clausel's recapture and denunciation. At the same moment the lawyer, thus relieved of the instancy of his fear, changed his tactics. With a great air of unconcern, he secured the newspaper, which still lay open before him on the table.

"I think, Monsieur Alain, that you labour under some illusion," said he. "Believe me, this is all beside the mark. You seem to be pointing to some compromise. Nothing is further from my views. You suspect me of an inclination to trifle with you, to conceal how things are going. I cannot, on the other hand, be too early or too explicit in giving you information which concerns you (I must say) capitally. Your great-uncle has to-night cancelled his will, and made a new one in favour of your cousin Anne. Nay, and you shall hear it from his own lips, if you choose! I will take so much upon me," said the lawyer, rising. "Follow me, if you please, gentlemen."

Mr. Romaine led the way out of the room so briskly, and was so briskly followed by Alain, that I had hard ado to get the remainder of the money replaced and the despatch-box locked, and to overtake them, even by running, ere they should be lost in that maze of corridors, my uncle's house. As it was, I went with a heart divided; and the thought of my treasure thus left unprotected, save by a paltry lid and lock that any one might break or pick open, put me in a perspiration whenever I had the time to remember it. The lawyer brought us to a room, begged us to be seated while he should hold a consultation with the doctor, and, slipping out of another door, left Alain and myself closeted together.

Truly he had done nothing to ingratiate himself; his every word had been steeped in unfriendliness, envy, and that contempt which (as it is born of anger) it is possible to support without humiliation. On my part, I had been little more conciliating; and yet I began to be sorry for this man, hired spy as I knew him to be. It seemed to me less than decent that he should have been brought up in the expectation of this great inheritance, and now, at the eleventh hour, be tumbled forth out of the house door and left to himself, his poverty and his debts—those debts of which I had so ungallantly reminded him so short a time before. And we were scarce left alone ere I made haste to hang out a flag of truce.

"My cousin," said I, "trust me, you will not find me inclined to be your enemy."

He paused in front of me—for he had not accepted the lawyer's invitation to be seated, but walked to and fro in the apartment—took a pinch of snuff, and looked at me while he was taking it with an air of much curiosity.

"Is it even so?" said he. "Am I so far favoured by fortune as to have your pity? Infinitely obliged, my cousin Anne! But these sentiments are not always reciprocal, and I warn you that the day when I set my foot on your neck, the

spine shall break. Are you acquainted with the properties of the spine?" he asked, with an insolence beyond qualification.

It was too much. "I am acquainted also with the properties of a pair of pistols," said I, toising him.

"No, no, no!" says he, holding up his finger. "I will take my revenge how and when I please. We are enough of the same family to understand each other, perhaps; and the reason why I have not had you arrested on your arrival, why I had not a picket of soldiers in the first clump of evergreens, to await and prevent your coming—I, who knew all, before whom that pettifogger, Romaine, has been conspiring in broad daylight to supplant me—is simply this: that I had not made up my mind how I was to take my revenge."

At that moment he was interrupted by the tolling of a bell. As we stood surprised and listening, it was succeeded by the sound of many feet trooping up the stairs and shuffling by the door of our room. Both, I believe, had a great curiosity to set it open, which each, owing to the presence of the other, resisted; and we waited instead in silence, and without moving, until Romaine returned and bade us to my uncle's presence.

He led the way by a little crooked passage, which brought us out in the sick-room, and behind the bed. I believe I have forgotten to remark that the Count's chamber was of considerable dimensions. We beheld it now crowded with the servants and dependants of the house, from the doctor and the priest to Mr. Dawson and the housekeeper, from Dawson down to Rowley and the last footman in white calves, the last plump chambermaid in her clean gown and cap, and the last ostler in a stable waistcoat. This large congregation of persons (and I was surprised to see how large it was) had the appearance, for the most part, of being ill at ease and heartily bewildered, standing on one foot, gaping like zanies, and those who were in the corners nudging each other and grinning aside. My uncle, on the other hand, who was raised higher than I had yet seen him on his pillows, wore an air of really imposing gravity. No sooner had we appeared behind him, than he lifted his voice to a good loudness, and addressed the assemblage.

"I take you all to witness—can you hear me?—I take you all to witness that I recognise as my heir and representative this gentleman, whom most of you see for the first time, the Viscount Anne de St.-Yves, my nephew of the younger line. And I take you to witness at the same time that, for very good reasons known to myself, I have discarded and disinherited this other gentleman whom you all know, the Viscount de St.-Yves. I have also to explain the unusual trouble to which I have put you all—and, since your supper was not over, I fear I may even say annoyance. It has pleased M. Alain to make some threats of disputing my will, and to pretend that there are among your number certain estimable persons who may be trusted to swear as he shall direct them. It pleases me thus to put it out of his power and to stop the mouths of his false witnesses. I am infinitely obliged by your politeness, and I have the honour to wish you all a very good evening."

As the servants, still greatly mystified, crowded out of the sick-room door, curtseying, pulling the forelock, scraping with the foot, and so on, according to their degree, I turned and stole a look at my cousin. He had borne this crushing public rebuke without change of countenance. He stood, now, very upright, with folded arms, and looking inscrutably at the roof of the apartment. I could not refuse him at that moment the tribute of my admiration. Still more so when, the last of the domestics having filed through the doorway and left us alone with my great-uncle and the lawyer, he took one step forward towards the bed, made a

dignified reverence, and addressed the man who had just condemned him to ruin.

"My lord," said he, "you are pleased to treat me in a manner which my gratitude, and your state, equally forbid me to call in question. It will be only necessary for me to call your attention to the length of time in which I have been taught to regard myself as your heir. In that position, I judged it only loyal to permit myself a certain scale of expenditure. If I am now to be cut off with a shilling as the reward of twenty years of service, I shall be left not only a beggar, but a bankrupt."

Whether from the fatigue of his recent exertion, or by a well-inspired ingenuity of hate, my uncle had once more closed his eyes; nor did he open them now. "Not with a shilling," he contented himself with replying; and there stole, as he said it, a sort of smile over his face, that flickered there conspicuously for the least moment of time, and then faded and left behind the old impenetrable mask of years, cunning, and fatigue. There could be no mistake: my uncle enjoyed the situation as he had enjoyed few things in the last quarter of a century. The fires of life scarce survived in that frail body; but hatred, like some immortal quality, was still erect and unabated.

Nevertheless my cousin persevered.

"I speak at a disadvantage," he resumed. "My supplanter, with perhaps more wisdom than delicacy, remains in the room," and he cast a glance at me that might have withered an oak tree.

I was only too willing to withdraw, and Romaine showed as much alacrity to make way for my departure. But my uncle was not to be moved. In the same breath of a voice, and still without opening his eyes, he bade me remain.

"It is well," said Alain. "I cannot then go on to remind you of the twenty years that have passed over our heads in England, and the services I may have rendered you in that time. It would be a position too odious. Your lordship knows me too well to suppose I could stoop to such ignominy. I must leave out all my defence—your lordship wills it so! I do not know what are my faults; I know only my punishment, and it is greater than I have the courage to face. My uncle, I implore your pity: pardon me so far; do not send me for life into a debtors' jail—a pauper debtor."

"*Chat et vieux, pardonnez?*" said my uncle, quoting from La Fontaine; and then, opening a pale-blue eye full on Alain, he delivered with some emphasis:

"La jeunesse se flatte et croit tout obtenir;
La vieillesse est impitoyable."

The blood leaped darkly into Alain's face. He turned to Romaine and me, and his eyes flashed.

"It is your turn now," he said. "At least it shall be prison for prison with the two viscounts."

"Not so, Mr. Alain, by your leave," said Romaine. "There are a few formalities to be considered first."

But Alain was already striding towards the door.

"Stop a moment, stop a moment!" cried Romaine. "Remember your own counsel not to despise an adversary."

Alain turned.

"If I do not despise I hate you!" he cried, giving a loose to his passion. "Be warned of that, both of you."

"I understand you to threaten Monsieur le Vicomte Anne," said the lawyer.

"Do you know, I would not do that. I am afraid, I am very much afraid, if you were to do as you propose, you might drive me into extremes."

"You have made me a beggar and a bankrupt," said Alain. "What extreme is left?"

"I scarce like to put a name upon it in this company," replied Romaine. "But there are worse things than even bankruptcy, and worse places than a debtors' jail."

The words were so significantly said that there went a visible thrill through Alain; sudden as a swordstroke, he fell pale again.

"I do not understand you," said he.

"O yes, you do," returned Romaine. "I believe you understand me very well. You must not suppose that all this time, while you were so very busy, others were entirely idle. You must not fancy, because I am an Englishman, that I have not the intelligence to pursue an inquiry. Great as is my regard for the honour of your house, M. Alain de St.-Yves, if I hear of you moving directly or indirectly in this matter, I shall do my duty, let it cost what it will: that is, I shall communicate the real name of the Buonapartist spy who signs his letters *Rue Grégoire de Tours*."

I confess my heart was already almost altogether on the side of my insulted and unhappy cousin; and if it had not been before, it must have been so now, so horrid was the shock with which he heard his infamy exposed. Speech was denied him; he carried his hand to his neckcloth; he staggered; I thought he must have fallen. I ran to help him, and at that he revived, recoiled before me, and stood there with arms stretched forth as if to preserve himself from the outrage of my touch.

"Hands off!" he somehow managed to articulate.

"You will now, I hope," pursued the lawyer, without any change of voice, "understand the position in which you are placed, and how delicately it behoves you to conduct yourself. Your arrest hangs, if I may so express myself, by a hair; and as you will be under the perpetual vigilance of myself and my agents, you must look to it narrowly that you walk straight. Upon the least dubiety, I will take action." He snuffed, looking critically at the tortured man. "And now let me remind you that your chaise is at the door. This interview is agitating to his lordship—it cannot be agreeable for you—and I suggest that it need not be further drawn out. It does not enter into the views of your uncle, the Count, that you should again sleep under this roof."

As Alain turned and passed without a word or a sign from the apartment, I instantly followed. I suppose I must be at bottom possessed of some humanity; at least, this accumulated torture, this slow butchery of a man as by quarters of rock, had wholly changed my sympathies. At that moment I loathed both my uncle and the lawyer for their cold-blooded cruelty.

Leaning over the banisters, I was but in time to hear his hasty footsteps in that hall that had been crowded with servants to honour his coming, and was now left empty against his friendless departure. A moment later, and the echoes rang and the air whistled in my ears, as he slammed the door on his departing footsteps. The fury of the concussion gave me (had one been still wanted) a measure of the turmoil of his passions. In a sense, I felt with him; I felt how he would have gloried to slam that door on my uncle, the lawyer, myself, and the whole crowd of those who had been witnesses to his humiliation.

CHAPTER XX.

AFTER THE STORM.

No sooner was the house clear of my cousin, than I began to reckon up, ruefully enough, the probable results of what had passed. Here were a number of pots broken, and it looked to me as if I should have to pay for all! Here had been this proud, mad beast goaded and baited both publicly and privately, till he could neither hear nor see nor reason; whereupon the gate had been set open, and he had been left free to go and contrive whatever vengeance he might find possible. I could not help thinking it was a pity that, whenever I myself was inclined to be upon my good behaviour, some friends of mine should always determine to play a piece of heroics and cast me for the hero—or the victim—which is very much the same. The first duty of heroics is to be of your own choosing. When they are not that, they are nothing. And I assure you, as I walked back to my own room, I was in no very complaisant humour: thought my uncle and Mr. Romaine to have played knuckle-bones with my life and prospects; cursed them for it roundly; had no wish more urgent than to avoid the pair of them; and was quite knocked out of time, as they say in the ring, to find myself confronted with the lawyer.

He stood on my hearthrug, leaning on the chimneypiece, with a gloomy, thoughtful brow, as I was pleased to see, and not in the least as though he were vain of the late proceedings.

"Well?" said I. "You have done it, now!"

"Is he gone?" he asked.

"He is gone," said I. "We shall have the devil to pay with him when he comes back."

"You are right," said the lawyer, "and very little to pay him with but flams and fabrications, like to-night's."

"To-night's?" I repeated.

"Ay, to-night's!" said he.

"To-night's *what*?" I cried.

"To-night's flams and fabrications."

"God be good to me, sir," said I, "have I something more to admire in your conduct than ever I had suspected? You cannot think how you interest me! That it was severe, I knew; I had already chuckled over that. But that it should be false also! In what sense, dear sir?"

I believe I was extremely offensive as I put the question, but the lawyer paid no heed.

"False in all senses of the word," he replied, seriously. "False in the sense that they were not true, and false in the sense that they were not real; false in the sense that I boasted, and in the sense that I lied. How can I arrest him? Your uncle burned the papers! It was an act of generosity; I have seen many of these acts, and always regretted—always regretted! 'That shall be his inheritance,' he said, as the papers burned; he did not mean that it should have proved so rich a one. How rich, time will tell."

"I beg your pardon a hundred thousand times, my dear sir, but it strikes me you have the impudence—in the circumstances, I may call it the indecency—to appear cast down?"

"It is true," said he: "I am. I am cast down. I am literally cast down. I feel myself quite helpless against your cousin."

"Now, really!" I asked. "Is this serious? And is it perhaps the reason why



"He stood on my hearthrug, leaning on the chimneypiece, with a gloomy, thoughtful brow."

you have gorged the poor devil with every species of insult? and why you took such surprising pains to supply me with what I had so little need of—another enemy? That you were helpless against him? 'Here is my last missile,' say you; 'my ammunition is quite exhausted: just wait till I get the last in—it will

irritate, it cannot hurt him. There—you see!—he is furious now, and I am quite helpless. One more prod, another kick: now he is a mere lunatic! Stand behind me; I am quite helpless!’ Mr. Romaine, I am asking myself as to the background or motive of this singular jest, and whether the name of it should not be called treachery?”

“I can scarce wonder,” said he. “In truth it has been a singular business, and we are very fortunate to be out of it so well. Yet it was not treachery: no, no, Mr. Anne, it was not treachery; and if you will do me the favour to listen to me for the inside of a minute, I shall demonstrate the same to you beyond cavil.” He seemed to wake up to his ordinary briskness. “You see the point?” he began. “He had not yet read the newspaper, but who could tell when he might? He might have had that damned journal in his pocket, and how should we know? We were—I may say, we are—at the mercy of the merest twopenny accident.”

“Why, true,” said I: “I had not thought of that.”

“I warrant you,” cried Romaine, “you had supposed it was nothing to be the hero of an interesting notice in the journals! You had supposed, as like as not, it was a form of secrecy! But not so in the least. A part of England is already buzzing with the name of Champdivers; a day or two more and the mail will have carried it everywhere: so wonderful a machine is this of ours for disseminating intelligence! Think of it! When my father was born—— but that is another story. To return: we had here the elements of such a combustion as I dread to think of—your cousin and the journal. Let him but glance an eye upon that column of print, and where were we? It is easy to ask; not so easy to answer, my young friend. And let me tell you, this sheet is the Viscount’s usual reading. It is my conviction he had it in his pocket.”

“I beg your pardon, sir,” said I. “I have been unjust. I did not appreciate my danger.”

“I think you never do,” said he.

“But yet surely that public scene——” I began.

“It was madness. I quite agree with you,” Mr. Romaine interrupted. “But it was your uncle’s orders, Mr. Anne, and what could I do? Tell him you were the murderer of Goguelat? I think not.”

“No, sure!” said I. “That would but have been to make the trouble thicker. We were certainly in a very ill posture.”

“You do not yet appreciate how grave it was,” he replied. “It was necessary for you that your cousin should go, and go at once. You yourself had to leave to-night under cover of darkness, and how could you have done that with the Viscount in the next room? He must go, then; he must leave without delay. And that was the difficulty.”

“Pardon me, Mr. Romaine, but could not my uncle have bidden him go?” I asked.

“Why, I see I must tell you that this is not so simple as it sounds,” he replied. “You say this is your uncle’s house, and so it is. But to all effects and purposes it is your cousin’s also. He has rooms here; has had them coming on for thirty years now, and they are filled with a prodigious accumulation of trash—stays, I daresay, and powder-puffs, and such effeminate idiocy—to which none could dispute his title, even suppose any one wanted to. We had a perfect right to bid him go, and he had a perfect right to reply, ‘Yes, I will go, but not without my stays and cravats. I must first get together the nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine chests-full of insufferable rubbish, that I have spent the last thirty years collecting—and

may very well spend the next thirty hours a-packing of.' And what should we have said to that?"

"By way of repartee?" I asked. "Two tall footmen and a pair of crabtree cudgels, I suggest."

"The Lord deliver me from the wisdom of laymen!" cried Romaine. "Put myself in the wrong at the beginning of a law-suit? No, indeed! There was but one thing to do, and I did it, and burned my last cartridge in the doing of it. I stunned him. And it gave us three hours, by which we should make haste to profit; for if there is one thing sure, it is that he will be up to time again to-morrow in the morning."

"Well," said I, "I own myself an idiot. Well do they say, *an old soldier, an old innocent!* For I guessed nothing of all this."

"And, guessing it, have you the same objections to leave England?" he inquired.

"The same," said I.

"It is indispensable," he objected.

"And it cannot be," I replied. "Reason has nothing to say in the matter; and I must not let you squander any of yours. It will be enough to tell you this is an affair of the heart."

"Is it even so?" quoth Romaine, nodding his head. "And I might have been sure of it. Place them in a hospital, put them in a jail in yellow overalls, do what you will, young Jessamy finds young Jenny. O, have it your own way; I am too old a hand to argue with young gentlemen who choose to fancy themselves in love; I have too much experience, thank you. Only, be sure that you appreciate what you risk: the prison, the dock, the gallows, and the halter—terribly vulgar circumstances, my young friend; grim, sordid, earnest; no poetry in that!"

"And there I am warned," I returned gaily. "No man could be warned more finely or with a greater eloquence. And I am of the same opinion still. Until I have again seen that lady, nothing shall induce me to quit Great Britain. I have besides——"

And here I came to a full stop. It was upon my tongue to have told him the story of the drovers, but at the first word of it my voice died in my throat. There might be a limit to the lawyer's toleration, I reflected. I had not been so long in Britain altogether; for the most part of that time I had been by the heels in limbo in Edinburgh Castle; and already I had confessed to killing one man with a pair of scissors; and now I was to go on and plead guilty to having settled another with a holly stick! A wave of discretion went over me as cold and as deep as the sea.

"In short, sir, this is a matter of feeling," I concluded, "and nothing will prevent my going to Edinburgh."

If I had fired a pistol in his ear he could not have been more startled.

"To Edinburgh?" he repeated. "Edinburgh? where the very paving-stones know you!"

"Then is the murder out!" said I. "But, Mr. Romaine, is there not sometimes safety in boldness? Is it not a commonplace of strategy to get where the enemy least expects you? And where would he expect me less?"

"Faith, there is something in that, too!" cried the lawyer. "Ay, certainly, a great deal in that. All the witnesses drowned but one, and he safe in prison; you yourself changed beyond recognition—let us hope—and walking the streets of the very town you have illustrated by your—well, your eccentricity! It is not badly combined, indeed!"

"You approve it, then?" said I.

"Oh, approve!" said he; "there is no question of approval. There is only one course which I could approve, and that were to escape to France instant." "

"You do not wholly disapprove, at least?" I substituted.

"Not wholly; and it would not matter if I did," he replied. "Go your own way; you are beyond argument. And I am not sure that you will run more danger by that course than by any other. Give the servants time to get to bed and fall asleep, then take a country cross-road and walk, as the rhyme has it, like blazes all night. In the morning take a chaise or take the mail at pleasure, and continue your journey with all the decorum and reserve of which you shall be found capable."

"I am taking the picture in," I said. "Give me time. 'Tis the *tout ensemble* I must see: the whole as opposed to the details."

"Mountebank!" he murmured.

"Yes, I have it now; and I see myself with a servant, and that servant is Rowley," said I.

"So as to have one more link with your uncle?" suggested the lawyer. "Very judicious!"

"And, pardon me, but that is what it is," I exclaimed. "Judicious is the word. I am not making a deception fit to last for thirty years; I do not found a palace in the living granite for the night. This is a shelter tent—a flying picture—seen, admired, and gone again in the wink of an eye. What is wanted, in short, is a *trompe-l'œil* that shall be good enough for twelve hours at an inn: is it not so?"

"It is, and the objection holds. Rowley is but another danger," said Romaine.

"Rowley," said I, "will pass as a servant from a distance—as a creature seen poised on the dicky of a bowling chaise. He will pass at hand as the smart, civil fellow one meets in the inn corridor, and looks back at, and asks, and is told, 'Gentleman's servant in Number 4.' He will pass, in fact, all round, except with his personal friends! My dear sir, pray what do you expect? Of course, if we meet my cousin, or if we meet anybody who took part in the judicious exhibition of this evening, we are lost; and who's denying it? To every disguise, however good and safe, there is always the weak point; you must always take (let us say—and to take a simile from your own waistcoat pocket) a snuff-box-full of risk. You'll get it just as small with Rowley as with anybody else. And the long and short of it is, the lad's honest, he likes me, I trust him; he is my servant, or nobody."

"He might not accept," said Romaine.

"I bet you a thousand pounds he does!" cried I. "But no matter; all you have to do is to send him out to-night on this cross-country business, and leave the thing to me. I tell you, he will be my servant, and I tell you, he will do well."

I had crossed the room, and was already overhauling my wardrobe as I spoke.

"Well," concluded the lawyer, with a shrug, "one risk with another: *à la guerre comme à la guerre*, as you would say. Let the brat come and be useful, at least." And he was about to ring the bell, when his eye was caught by my researches in the wardrobe. "Do not fall in love with these coats, waistcoats, cravats, and other panoply and accoutrements by which you are now surrounded. You must not run the post as a dandy. It is not the fashion, even."

"You are pleased to be facetious, sir," said I; "and not according to knowledge. These clothes are my life, they are my disguise; and since I can take but few of them, I were a fool indeed if I selected hastily! Will you understand, once and for all, what I am seeking? To be invisible, is the first point; the second, to

be invisible in a post-chaise and with a servant. Can you not perceive the delicacy of the quest? Nothing must be too coarse, nothing too fine; *rien de voyant, rien qui détonne*; so that I may leave everywhere the inconspicuous image of a handsome young man of a good fortune travelling in proper style, whom the landlord will forget in twelve hours—and the chambermaid perhaps remember, God bless her! with a sigh. This is the very fine art of dress."

"I have practised it with success for fifty years," said Romaine, with a chuckle. "A black suit and a clean shirt is my infallible recipe."

"You surprise me; I did not think you would be shallow!" said I, lingering between two coats. "Pray, Mr. Romaine, have I your head? or did you travel post and with a smartish servant?"

"Neither, I admit," said he.

"Which changes the whole problem," I continued. "I have to dress for a smartish servant and a Russia leather despatch-box." That brought me to a stand. I came over and looked at the box with a moment's hesitation. "Yes," I resumed. "Yes, and for the despatch-box! It looks moneyed and landed; it means I have a lawyer. It is an invaluable property. But I could have wished it to hold less money. The responsibility is crushing. Should I not do more wisely to take five hundred pounds, and entrust the remainder with you, Mr. Romaine?"

"If you are sure you will not want it," answered Romaine.

"I am far from sure of that," cried I. "In the first place, as a philosopher. This is the first time I have been at the head of a large sum, and it is conceivable—who knows himself?—that I may make it fly. In the second place, as a fugitive. Who knows what I may need? The whole of it may be inadequate. But I can always write for more."

"You do not understand," he replied. "I break off all communication with you here and now. You must give me a power of attorney ere you start to-night, and then be done with me trenchantly until better days."

I believe I offered some objection.

"Think a little for once of me!" said Romaine. "I must not have seen you before to-night. To-night we are to have had our only interview, and you are to have given me the power; and to-night I am to have lost sight of you again—I know not whither, you were upon business, it was none of my affairs to question you! And this, you are to remark, in the interests of your own safety much more than mine."

"I am not even to write to you?" I said, a little bewildered.

"I believe I am cutting the last strand that connects you with common sense," he replied. "But that is the plain English of it. You are not even to write; and if you did, I would not answer."

"A letter, however——" I began.

"Listen to me," interrupted Romaine. "So soon as your cousin reads the paragraph, what will he do? Put the police upon looking into my correspondence! So soon as you write to me, in short, you write to Bow Street; and if you will take my advice, you will date that letter from France."

"The devil!" said I, for I began suddenly to see that this might put me out of the way of my business.

"What is it now?" says he.

"There will be more to be done, then, before we can part," I answered.

"I give you the whole night," said he. "So long as you are off ere daybreak, I am content."

"In short, Mr. Romaine," said I, "I have had so much benefit of your advice and services that I am loath to sever the connection, and would even ask a substitute. I would be obliged for a letter of introduction to one of your own cloth in Edinburgh—an old man for choice, very experienced, very respectable, and very secret. Could you favour me with such a letter?"

"Why, no," said he. "Certainly not. I will do no such thing, indeed."

"It would be a great favour, sir," I pleaded.

"It would be an unpardonable blunder," he replied. "What? Give you a letter of introduction? and when the police come, I suppose, I must forget the circumstance? No, indeed. Talk of it no more."

"You seem to be always in the right," said I. "The letter would be out of the question, I quite see that. But the lawyer's name might very well have dropped from you in the way of conversation; having heard him mentioned, I might profit by the circumstance to introduce myself; and in this way my business would be the better done, and you not in the least compromised."

"What is this business?" said Romaine.

"I have not said that I had any," I replied. "It might arise. This is only a possibility that I must keep in view."

"Well," said he, with a gesture of the hands, "I mention Mr. Robbie; and let that be an end of it!—Or wait!" he added, "I have it. Here is something that will serve you for an introduction, and cannot compromise me." And he wrote his name and the Edinburgh lawyer's address on a piece of card and tossed it to me.

CHAPTER XXI.

I BECOME THE OWNER OF A CLARET-COLOURED CHAISE.

WHAT with packing, signing papers, and partaking of an excellent cold supper in the lawyer's room, it was past two in the morning before we were ready for the road. Romaine himself let us out of a window in a part of the house known to Rowley: it appears it served as a kind of postern to the servants' hall, by which (when they were in the mind for a clandestine evening) they would come regularly in and out; and I remember very well the vinegar aspect of the lawyer on the receipt of this piece of information—how he pursed his lips, jutted his eyebrows, and kept repeating, "This must be seen to, indeed! this shall be barred to-morrow in the morning!" In this preoccupation, I believe he took leave of me without observing it; our things were handed out; we heard the window shut behind us; and became instantly lost in a horrid intricacy of blackness and the shadow of woods.

A little wet snow kept sleepily falling, pausing, and falling again; it seemed perpetually beginning to snow and perpetually leaving off; and the darkness was intense. Time and again we walked into trees; time and again found ourselves adrift among garden borders or stuck like a ram in the thicket. Rowley had possessed himself of the matches, and he was neither to be terrified nor softened. "No, I will not, Mr. Anne, sir," he would reply. "You know he tell me to wait till we were over the 'ill. It's only a little way now. Why, and I thought you was a soldier, too!" I was at least a very glad soldier when my valet consented at last to kindle a thieves' match. From this, we easily lit the lantern; and thenceforward, through a labyrinth of woodland paths, were conducted by its uneasy glimmer. Both booted and great-coated, with tall hats much of a shape, and laden with booty in the form of the despatch-box, a case of pistols, and two plump valises, I thought we had very much the look of a pair of brothers returning from the sack of Amersham Place.



G. GRENVILLE MANTON.

"From this we easily lit the lantern."

We issued at last upon a country by-road where we might walk abreast and without precaution. It was nine miles to Aylesbury, our immediate destination; by a watch, which formed part of my new outfit, it should be about half-past three in the morning; and as we did not choose to arrive before daylight, time could not be said to press. I gave the order to march at ease.

"Now, Rowley," said I, "so far so good. You have come, in the most obliging manner in the world, to carry these valises. The question is, what next? What are we to do at Aylesbury? or, more particularly, what are you? Thence, I go on a journey. Are you to accompany me?"

He gave a little chuckle. "That's all settled already, Mr. Anne, sir," he replied. "Why, I've got my things here in the valise—a half a dozen shirts and what not; I'm all ready, sir: just you lead on; *you'll* see."

"The devil you have!" said I. "You made pretty sure of your welcome."

"If you please, sir," said Rowley.

He looked up at me, in the light of the lantern, with a boyish shyness and triumph that awoke my conscience. I could never let this innocent involve himself in the perils and difficulties that beset my course, without some hint of warning, which it was a matter of extreme delicacy to make plain enough and not too plain.

"No, no," said I; "you may think you have made a choice, but it was blind-fold, and you must make it over again. The Count's service is a good one; what are you leaving it for? Are you not throwing away the substance for the shadow? No, do not answer me yet. You imagine that I am a prosperous nobleman, just declared my uncle's heir, on the threshold of the best of good fortune, and from the point of view of a judicious servant, a jewel of a master to serve and stick to? Well, my boy, I am nothing of the kind, nothing of the kind."

As I said the words, I came to a full stop and held up the lantern to his face. He stood before me, brilliantly illuminated on the background of impenetrable night and falling snow, stricken to stone between his double burden like an ass between two panniers, and gaping at me like a blunderbuss. I had never seen a face so predestined to be astonished, or so susceptible of rendering the emotion of surprise; and it tempted me as an open piano tempts the musician.

"Nothing of the sort, Rowley," I continued, in a churchyard voice. "These are appearances, pretty appearances. I am in peril, homeless, hunted. I count scarce any one in England who is not my enemy. From this hour I drop my name, my title; I become nameless; my name is proscribed. My liberty, my life, hang by a hair. The destiny which you will accept, if you go forth with me, is to be tracked by spies, to hide yourself under a false name, to follow the desperate pretences and perhaps share the fate of a murderer with a price upon his head."

His face had been hitherto beyond expectation, passing from one depth to another of tragic astonishment, and really worth paying to see; but at this, it suddenly cleared. "Oh, I ain't afraid!" he said; and then, choking into laughter, "why, I see it from the first!"

I could have beaten him. But I had so grossly overshot the mark that I suppose it took me two good miles of road and half an hour of elocution to persuade him I had been in earnest. In the course of which, I became so interested in demonstrating my present danger that I forgot all about my future safety, and not only told him the story of Goguelat, but threw in the business of the drovers as well, and ended by blurting out that I was a soldier of Napoleon's and a prisoner of war.

This was far from my views when I began; and it is a common complaint of me that I have a long tongue. I believe it is a fault beloved by fortune. Which of you considerate fellows would have done a thing at once so foolhardy and so wise as to make a confidant of a boy in his teens, and positively smelling of the nursery? And when had I cause to repent it? There is none so apt as a boy to be the adviser of any man in difficulties such as mine. To the beginnings of virile common sense he adds the last lights of the child's imagination; and he can fling himself into business with that superior earnestness that properly belongs to play. And Rowley was a boy made to my hand. He had a high sense of romance, and a secret cultus for all soldiers and criminals. His travelling library consisted of a chap-book life of Wallace and some sixpenny parts of the 'Old Bailey Sessions Papers' by Gurney the shorthand writer; and the choice depicts his character to a hair. You can imagine how his new prospects brightened on a boy of this disposition. To be the servant and companion of a fugitive, a soldier, and a murderer, rolled in one—to live by stratagems, disguises, and false names, in an atmosphere of midnight and mystery so thick that you could cut it with a knife—was really, I believe, more dear to him than his meals, though he was a great trencherman, and something of a glutton besides. For myself, as the peg by which all this romantic business hung, I was simply idolised from that moment; and he would rather have sacrificed his hand than surrendered the privilege of serving me.

We arranged the terms of our campaign, trudging amicably in the snow, which now, with the approach of morning, began to fall to purpose. I chose the name of Ramornie, I imagine from its likeness to Romaine; Rowley, from an irresistible conversion of ideas, I dubbed Gammon. His distress was laughable to witness: his own choice of an unassuming nickname had been Claude Duval! We settled our procedure at the various inns where we should alight, rehearsed our little manners like a piece of drill until it seemed impossible we should ever be taken unprepared; and in all these dispositions, you may be sure the despatch-box was not forgotten. Who was to pick it up, who was to set it down, who was to remain beside it, who was to sleep with it—there was no contingency omitted, all was gone into with the thoroughness of a drill-sergeant on the one hand and a child with a new plaything on the other.

"I say, wouldn't it look queer if you and me was to come to the post-house with all this luggage?" said Rowley.

"I daresay," I replied. "But what else is to be done?"

"Well, now, sir—you hear me," says Rowley. "I think it would look more natural-like if you was to come to the post-house alone, and with nothing in your 'ands—more like a gentleman, you know. And you might say that your servant and baggage was a-waiting for you up the road. I think I could manage, somehow, to make a shift with all them dratted things—leastways if you was to give me a 'and up with them at the start."

"And I would see you far enough before I allowed you to try, Mr. Rowley!" I cried. "Why, you would be quite defenceless! A footpad that was an infant child could rob you. And I should probably come driving by to find you in a ditch with your throat cut. But there is something in your idea, for all that; and I propose we put it in execution no farther forward than the next corner of a lane."

Accordingly, instead of continuing to aim for Aylesbury, we headed by cross-roads for some point to the northward of it, whither I might assist Rowley with the baggage, and where I might leave him to await my return in the post-chaise.

It was snowing to purpose, the country all white, and ourselves walking snowdrifts, when the first glimmer of the morning showed us an inn upon the highway side. Some distance off, under the shelter of a corner of the road and a clump of trees, I loaded Rowley with the whole of our possessions, and watched him till he staggered in safety into the doors of the *Green Dragon*, which was the sign of the house. Thence I walked briskly into Aylesbury, rejoicing in my freedom and the causeless good spirits that belong to a snowy morning; though, to be sure, long before I had arrived the snow had again ceased to fall, and the eaves of Aylesbury were smoking in the level sun. There was an accumulation of gigs and chaises in the yard, and a great bustle going forward in the coffee-room and about the doors of the inn. At these evidences of so much travel on the road I was seized with a misgiving lest it should be impossible to get horses and I should be detained in the precarious neighbourhood of my cousin. Hungry as I was, I made my way first of all to the postmaster, where he stood—a big, athletic, horsey-looking man, blowing into a key in the corner of the yard.

On my making my modest request, he awoke from his indifference into what seemed passion.

"A po'-shay and 'osses!" he cried. "Do I look as if I 'ad a po'-shay and 'osses? Damn me, if I 'ave such a thing on the premises. I don't *make* 'osses and chaises—I *'ire* 'em. You might be God Almighty!" said he; and instantly, as if he had observed me for the first time, he broke off, and lowered his voice into the confidential. "Why, now that I see you are a gentleman," said he, "I'll tell you what! If you like to *buy*, I have the article to fit you. Second-'and shay by Lycett, of London. Latest style; good as new. Superior fittin's, net on the roof, baggage platform, pistol 'olsters—the most com-plete and the most gen-teel turn-out I ever see! The 'ole for seventy-five pound! It's as good as givin' her away!"

"Do you propose I should trundle it myself, like a hawker's barrow?" said I. "Why, my good man, if I have to stop here, anyway, I should prefer to buy a house and garden!"

"Come and look at her!" he cried; and, with the word, links his arm in mine and carries me to the out-house where the chaise was on view.

It was just the sort of chaise that I had dreamed of for my purpose: eminently rich, inconspicuous, and genteel; for, though I thought the postmaster no great authority, I was bound to agree with him so far. The body was painted a dark claret, and the wheels an invisible green. The lamp and glasses were bright as silver; and the whole equipage had an air of privacy and reserve that seemed to repel inquiry and disarm suspicion. With a servant like Rowley, and a chaise like this, I felt that I could go from the Land's End to John o' Groat's House amid a population of bowing ostlers. And I suppose I betrayed in my manner the degree in which the bargain tempted me.

"Come," cried the postmaster—"I'll make it seventy, to oblige a friend!"

"The point is: the horses," said I.

"Well," said he, consulting his watch, "it's now gone the 'alf after eight. What time do you want her at the door?"

"Horses and all?" said I.

"'Osses and all!" says he. "One good turn deserves another. You give me seventy pound for the shay, and I'll 'oss it for you. I told you I didn't *make* 'osses; but I *can* make 'em to oblige a friend."

What would you have? It was not the wisest thing in the world to buy a chaise within a dozen miles of my uncle's house; but in this way I got my horses for the next stage. And by any other, it appeared that I should have to wait.



"A big, athletic, horsey-looking man."

Accordingly, I paid the money down—perhaps twenty pounds too much, though it was certainly a well-made and well-appointed vehicle—ordered it round in half an hour, and proceeded to refresh myself with breakfast.

The table to which I sat down occupied the recess of a bay-window, and commanded a view of the front of the inn, where I continued to be amused by the successive departures of travellers—the fussy and the offhand, the niggardly and the lavish—all exhibiting their different characters in that diagnostic moment of the farewell: some escorted to the stirrup or the chaise door by the chamberlain, the chambermaids and the waiters almost in a body, others moving off under a cloud, without human countenance. In the course of this I became interested in one for whom this ovation began to assume the proportions of a triumph; not only the under-servants, but the barmaid, the landlady, and my friend the postmaster himself, crowding about the steps to speed his departure. I was aware, at the same time, of a good deal of merriment, as though the traveller were a man of a ready wit, and not too dignified to air it in that society. I leaned forward with a lively curiosity; and the next moment I had blotted myself behind the teapot. The popular traveller had turned to wave a farewell; and behold! he was no other than my cousin Alain. It was a change of the sharpest from the angry, pallid man I had seen at Amersham Place. Ruddy to a fault, illuminated with vintages, crowned with his curls like Bacchus, he now stood before me for an instant, the perfect master of himself, smiling with airs of conscious popularity and insufferable condescension. He reminded me at once of a royal duke, of an actor turned a little elderly, and of a blatant bagman who should have been the illegitimate son of a gentleman. A moment after he was gliding noiselessly on the road to London.

I breathed again. I recognised, with heartfelt gratitude, how lucky I had been to go in by the stable-yard instead of the hostelry door, and what a fine occasion of meeting my cousin I had lost by the purchase of the claret-coloured chaise! The next moment I remembered that there was a waiter present. No doubt but he must have observed me when I crouched behind the breakfast equipage; no doubt but he must have commented on this unusual and undignified behaviour; and it was essential that I should do something to remove the impression.

"Waiter!" said I, "that was the nephew of Count Carwell that just drove off, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir: Viscount Carwell we calls him," he replied.

"Ah, I thought as much," said I. "Well, well, damn all these Frenchmen, say I!"

"You may say so indeed, sir," said the waiter. "They ain't not to say in the same field with our 'ome-raised gentry."

"Nasty tempers?" I suggested.

"Beas'ly temper, sir, the Viscount 'ave," said the waiter with feeling. "Why, no longer agone than this morning, he was sitting breakfasting and reading in his paper. I suppose, sir, he come on some pilitical information, or it might be about 'orses, but he raps his 'and upon the table sudden and calls for curaço. It gave me quite a turn, it did; he did it that sudden and 'ard. Now, sir, that may be manners in France, but hall I can say is, that I'm not used to it."

"Reading the paper, was he?" said I. "What paper, eh?"

"Here it is, sir," exclaimed the waiter. "Seems like as if he'd dropped it." And picking it off the floor, he presented it to me.

I may say that I was quite prepared, that I already knew what to expect; but at sight of the cold print my heart stopped beating. There it was: the fulfilment

of Romaine's apprehension was before me; the paper was laid open at the capture of Clausel. I felt as if I could take a little curaçoa myself, but on second thoughts called for brandy. It was badly wanted; and suddenly I observed the waiter's eye to sparkle, as it were, with some recognition; made certain he had remarked the resemblance between me and Alain; and became aware—as by a revelation—of the fool's part I had been playing. For I had now managed to put my identification beyond a doubt, if Alain should choose to make his inquiries at Aylesbury; and, as if that were not enough, I had added, at an expense of seventy pounds, a clue by which he might follow me through the length and breadth of England, in the shape of the claret-coloured chaise! That elegant equipage (which I began to regard as little better than a claret-coloured ante-room to the hangman's cart) coming presently to the door, I left my breakfast in the middle and departed; posting to the north as diligently as my cousin Alain was posting to the south, and putting my trust (such as it was) in an opposite direction and equal speed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(To be continued.)





STRANGE SITES FOR BIRDS' NESTS.



BIRDS, as a rule, are pretty constant in their selection of sites suitable for the construction of their nests, each species choosing one that is, in its idea, the fittest for the purpose it has in view—namely, hiding its eggs and young from the prying eyes of enemies.

Others, again, select inaccessible rocks or tall trees, and are indifferent to concealment: “a cat may *look* at a king,” seems to be their thought; as long as she cannot reach him to tear his eyes, or disfigure his regal brow with her talons, all is well; and so boys, and other foes to bird-life, are free to gaze their fill on the nests of rooks, herons and hawks, which are usually built before there is any leafage on the trees to hide them, for the architects seem to be perfectly well aware that their homes are inaccessible to the foe.

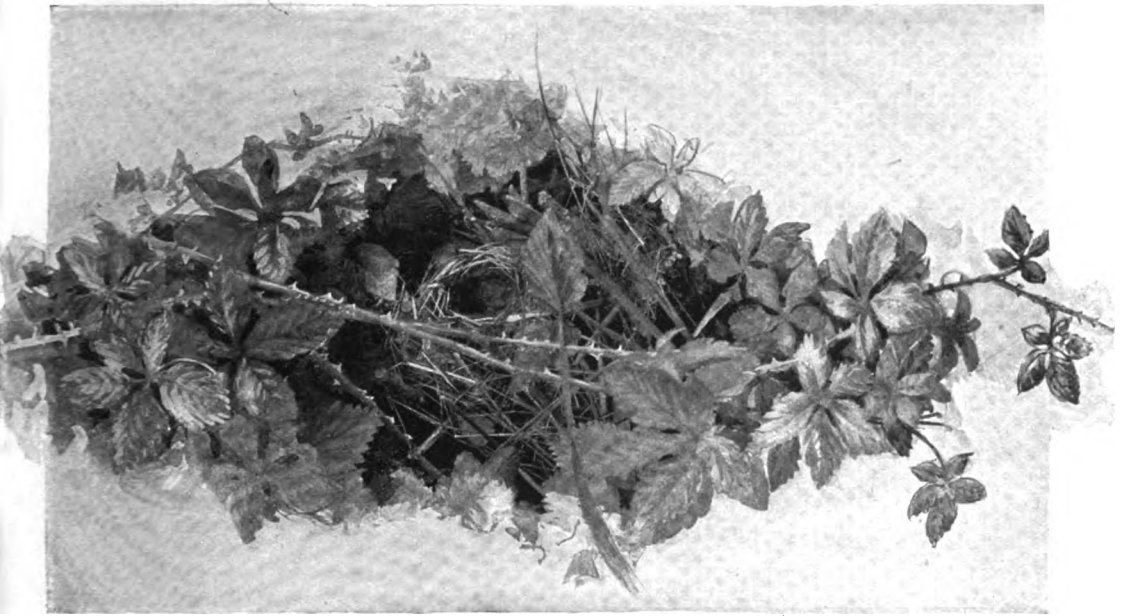
Some, especially the smaller, birds take immense pains to hide their little dwellings from all eyes: the wood-warblers are one instance of great caution in this respect, and the jays and turtledoves are two more. In the ordinary case, however, the individual members of each of the three species build in almost identical sites, so that their selection of a suitable position seems to be rather the result of racial instinct than of personal choice.

Instances, however, are not wanting that would lead to a contrary inference; and nests are found in positions, now and then, that are absolutely unnatural, so to speak, and evidently the result of selection guided by peculiar circumstances. For instance, the sparrow that made her nest in a cannon-box at Woolwich must have been hard pressed and unable to find a site more suitable for her purpose; for the cannon was regularly fired twice a day, and yet, in spite of the alarming detonation, not to speak of the vibration, the bird not only persevered in the construction of her nest in this extraordinary position, but laid her eggs and brought up her young in it. Clearly, in this instance it was a case of necessity, suitable sites for sparrows' nests being at a premium in a place like Woolwich Arsenal.

Why another bird of this species should have thought proper to build in a hole in

the wall of a house, scarcely four feet from the ground, through which a bell-wire passed to the interior, and to which access could only be had by a very small aperture due to the falling away of some mortar, is not so apparent; for there were abundant sites in the immediate vicinity that, at least to human eyes, appeared to be in every way more suitable. But in this small hole a sparrow did build a few years ago, and lay eggs and hatch young ones, though each time the bell was pulled (and that must have been pretty frequently during the course of the day) the wire must have disturbed her, and by the withdrawal of the loose wooden block to which the bell handle was affixed, the nest and its contents were exposed to view. Evidently, however, her experience was not an agreeable one, for the experiment was not repeated.

Again, birds occasionally choose a site, even sometimes build or partially build their nest in it, and then abandon it and recommence their labour elsewhere. Thus, another sparrow, or rather a pair of sparrows, several times visited a hole



Sedge-Warblers' Nest.

in the cut branch of a large elm-tree, that to the eye of the present writer looked a very likely place for a nest. The sparrows began to fill or line the cavity with the usual materials they employ, and after working for two or three days, suddenly and without apparent cause deserted the place, and began—I believe it was the same pair, though I cannot be absolutely certain—to build in the hole in the wall to which I have already referred. Later on in the season I discovered why the birds had forsaken the likely hole in the tree: the bark was growing, slowly and silently, round the aperture, and before the end of the season had so nearly closed it that the mother sparrow, had she continued there, would have been unable to get into her nest, or, had she remained upon it, would have been imprisoned like a nun in the wall of a mediæval castle. Was it instinct or a higher faculty that revealed to the bird the danger she was about to incur?

Wrens, it is well known, are very capricious in their choice of a nesting-place



Sparrow's Nest built in a growing fungus.

woman was engaged all day ; but they did not mind, and, being out of reach, successfully reared their broods.

To return to the sparrows, which, being essentially town birds, are more likely than any other to fall under the observation of urban folk : a pair of them made their nest in a fungus !—a most extraordinary site, as well as sight, and why they did so remains a mystery to the present day, though doubtless they had a reason for their choice if we could only discover what it was. They are certainly the most eccentric of all the feathered tribes, and choose sites for their nests that would have frightened off any other birds. For instance, some years ago a pair of these impudent creatures made a nest in the mouth of the lion over the gateway of Northumberland House at Charing Cross ; and several instances are on record of their nesting on the masts and spars of vessels lying in harbour or in the docks, and, what is more extraordinary still, not forsaking them when the vessels steamed or sailed away, but remaining faithful to their duty, and accompanying the vessel on its outward and return journeys. They build, too, frequently beneath the nests of rooks, and sometimes even of a hawk. In fact, there is no bound to the audacity and recklessness of the sparrow, especially in London.

Occasionally, however, the poor bird falls a victim to his boldness : either he forces his way into some crevice fashioned on the principle of a mousetrap, and cannot get out again ; or he gets entangled in a portion of the material he has collected to form the nest, and perishes miserably, hung by the neck at his own door, as once happened to an adventurous bird of this species which made a nest for itself in the eye-socket of one of a series of a carved ox-heads that decorate the upper part of the Dublin Rotunda. Among the stuff collected by this bird was a piece of cotton or thread in the form of a noose, which by some means got round the poor little fellow's neck one day, and when he flew out to take his usual airing, he was suddenly brought up with a jerk, having got to the end of his tether, and there he hung by the neck till he died.

Probably the sparrow has become demoralised by his long-continued connection

not unfrequently beginning to build in and then deserting half a dozen or more likely sites before they finally fix upon one ; and when at last they have got a place to their liking, it is very often, at all events from our point of view, the least suitable of them all. For instance, who would have thought that a pair of wrens would have made a nest, laid their eggs and reared their young, among the feathers of the carcase of a hooded crow which had been, along with other culprits (?) of the same kind, nailed up against a barn door, *pour encourager les autres* ?

Other wrens I have known to build in the most unlikely places. In Brittany I remember a pair of them that every season, for several years, built in the empty niche at the back of the well whence all the household water used to be drawn, and where at least once a week a washer-

with humankind, which would account for his eccentricities in the matter of locating his nest ; and that such is really the case is confirmed by the fact that another of our most familiar birds, the robin redbreast, also builds in most unlikely places.

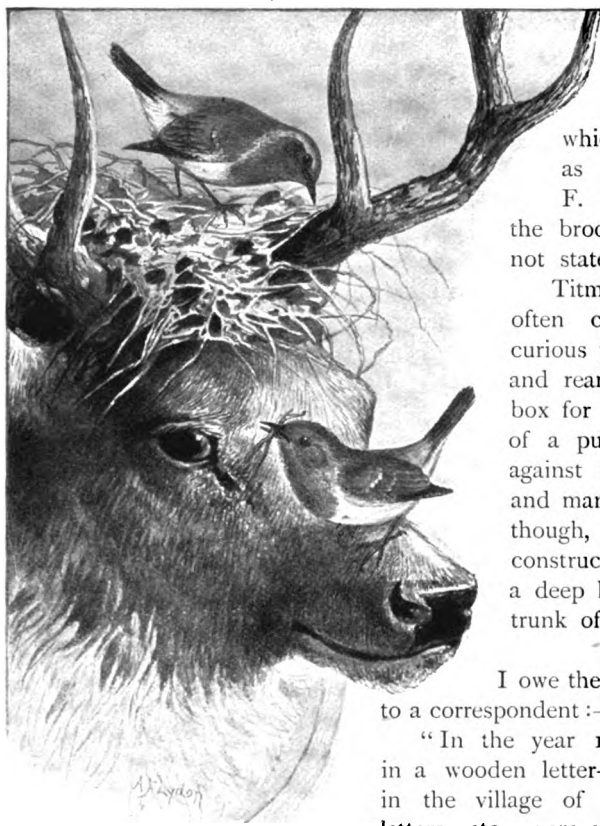
As a rule, the nest of the robin is placed on a bank, or at one side of a ditch well sheltered by a thick growth of branches, bracken and other cover ; but sometimes the nest is placed in a porch, or on a ledge against a garden wall, or some other place of the kind, where it is almost certain to be instantly discovered either by cats or boys. Occasionally, however, this strangely familiar and yet excessively shy and solitary bird will fix on a more unlikely spot still than any of those mentioned. Thus, some years ago, I can recollect a pair that nested among the curtains in the room of an invalid, to which they obtained access through the window, the top of which was always left a little open by night and day. One of my earliest recollections is of the robins flying down quite fearlessly to pick up sundry crumbs that had



Robin's Nest in old kettle.

been purposely scattered for their benefit on the counterpane of the invalid's bed. Another pair built a nest at the back of some bottles on a shelf in the bar of a country railway inn ; and yet another couple commenced to make their nest between the antlers of a preserved stag's head in a hall, but made such a litter with the material, moss, dried leaves, etc., which they carried in, that the tidy housekeeper rose in rebellion and banished the confiding birds, after having demolished their handiwork in various stages pretty nearly a dozen times.

A friend of mine who lives in the country has a quaint, pretty, old-fashioned garden, at one end of which is a ditch and hedge. Into the latter some one threw an old tin tea-kettle without a lid ; a robin very quickly appropriated the castaway, made her nest in its "cavernous recess," laid her eggs in it, and reared her brood in safety—twice, I think, in one year ; at all events she found the lodging so much to her taste that she has returned to it for several seasons in succession.



*Robin's Nest
on antlers of preserved stag's head.*

Surely the most extraordinary situation ever chosen by a robin for its nest was the heart of a cabbage, in which one built some years ago; as recorded by the late Rev. F. O. Morris. Whether or not the brood was successfully reared is not stated.

Titmice, or tomtits as they are often called, frequently select very curious places for depositing their eggs and rearing their young: a receiving box for letters, for instance, the inside of a pump, a watering-pot hung up against the wall of a summer-house, and many other equally strange places; though, as a rule, they are careful to construct their nests at the bottom of a deep hole in the decayed branch or trunk of a tree.

I owe the following interesting anecdote to a correspondent:—

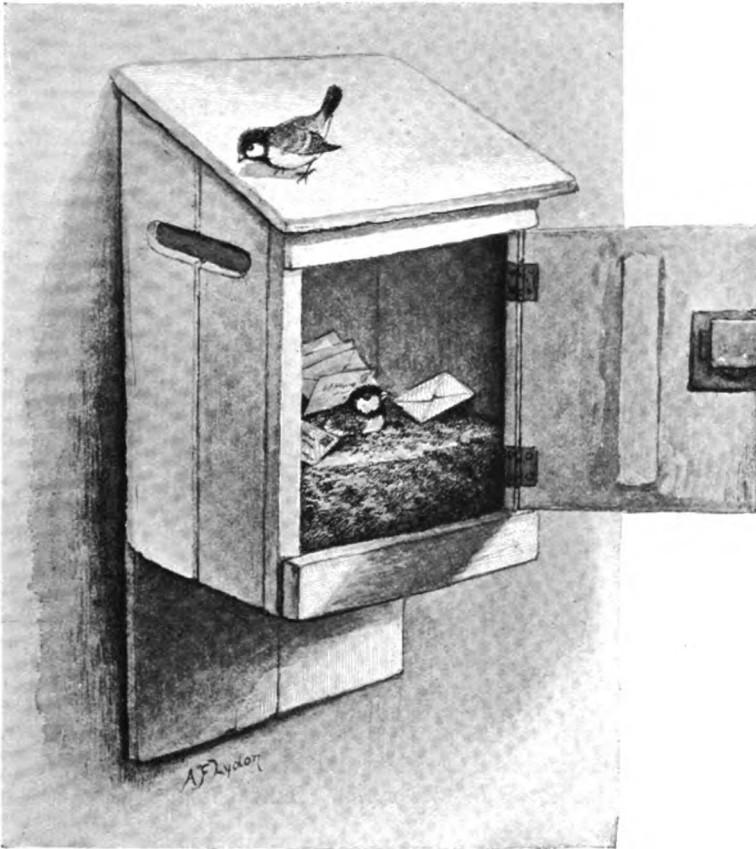
“In the year 1888 a pair of great tits built in a wooden letter-box which stood in the road in the village of Rowfant, Sussex, into which letters, etc., were posted, and which was cleared daily. Unfortunately one of the birds was killed by a boy, and the nest was not finished. In 1889 a pair completed it and laid seven eggs, and were sitting; but one day an unusual number of postcards were dropped in, nearly filling the box, and causing the birds to desert it, when the nest with the eggs were removed. In 1890 a pair built a new nest, the hen laid seven eggs and succeeded in rearing five young, although the letters continued to be posted daily, and when taken out were often found lying on the back of the sitting bird, who never left the nest. The birds went in and out by the slit for the letters.”

Passing to another class of birds, whose young are able to run about directly they leave the shell, and follow their mothers to their feeding ground, it is surely very curious that a bird of this description—a wild-duck, for instance, or a pheasant—should deposit her eggs in the forsaken nest of a rook, or of a hawk, at an elevation of many feet from the ground, at which, as a rule, the eggs of both these birds are laid. Several examples of departure in this respect from the recognised habits of the families to which they belong are on record, and unquestionably true. In some instances the young are, by some means or other, conveyed safely to the ground, but in others they have been killed by the fall. The explanation is that the mother-birds had been disturbed so often while laying on the ground, that in sheer despair they had had recourse to an unusual expedient, which in some cases proved disastrous to the callow nurselings whose welfare the fond but unreflecting parent had thought to insure by her adoption of so unsuitable a nesting-place as the top

of a high tree for little creatures that were totally incapable of flight, though perfectly well able to use their legs from the moment of their birth.

Pigeons, too, have sometimes been known to lay their eggs and bring up their pair of young on the ground under the shelter of a furze bush, or even of a clump of fern, though their usual nesting-place is in trees or on ledges of rocks. And owls (other than the species that habitually nest upon the ground, such as the brown owl) have been known to select a similar situation for the same purpose.

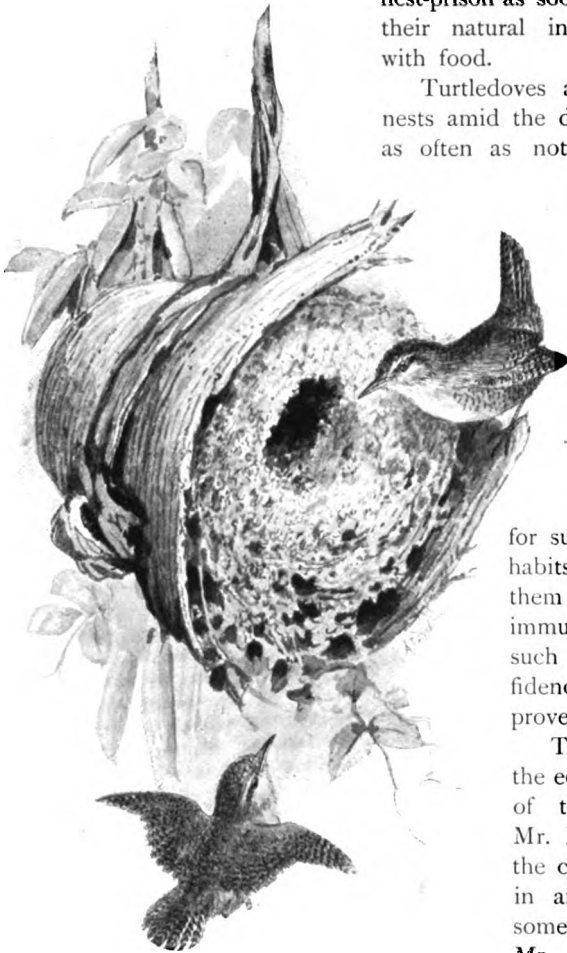
Nor are these aberrations of instinct confined to our native birds, for in the South Kensington Museum of Natural History is the nest of a Cape wagtail cosily



Tit's Nest in letter-box, at Rowfant, Sussex.

ensconced in a human skull ; and, doubtless, many another as curious a receptacle for a nest has been discovered, though left unrecorded by the finder, probably incapable of appreciating the significance of the incident.

The cuckoo, it is well known, makes no nest of her own, but foists her relatively small egg on some bird whose mode of feeding resembles hers ; and occasionally, but not very often, she makes a mistake, too, as the mother cuckoo did who inserted her egg (though how she contrived to do it is a mystery) into the nest of a redstart, built in the hole of a wall which was so small that, although the rightful owners were able to pass in and out readily enough, the big changeling cuckoo could not get away when the time came for him to fly, and there he perished miserably in his



Wren's Nest in old bonnet.

nest-prison as soon as the foster-parents, following their natural instinct, ceased to provide him with food.

Turtledoves and jays, as a rule, place their nests amid the densest foliage they can find, and as often as not on the stump of a tree that has been "polled," and around which a dense growth of young shoots has sprung up, affording not only a convenient resting-place, but an all-but-perfect concealment for the eggs and young. Occasionally, however, they make choice of a comparatively open situation, and build in a hedge, or a bush of no great height, and but scantily furnished with leaves. It is difficult to account

for such departures from the ordinary habits of the race to which each of them belongs; but possibly former immunity from disturbance has made such birds over-bold, and their confidence too often, as might be expected, proves disastrous to them in the end.

There is really scarcely any end to the eccentricities of bird life in respect of the choice of a nesting-place; Mr. Morris mentioning, among others, the case of a pair of wrens that built in an old bonnet fixed up among some peas to frighten the birds! Mr. Hewitson tells of another that was placed against a clover stack,

formed entirely of the clover, and so becoming part of the stack itself—which was surely a very cunning move on the part of the tiny architect.

Mr. St. John mentions another curious choice of a nesting-place by a pair of wrens—namely, in a cactus hanging from the roof of a conservatory. Every time the bird wanted to add a leaf or a bit of moss, she had to squeeze through a small hole left in the wall for the entrance of the stem of a vine. Her perseverance and determination, continues the narrator, were wonderful, for in spite of all difficulties she managed to form an immense nest in her singularly chosen and picturesque abode. It is impossible to imagine what could have put it into the bird's head to enter the conservatory at all, especially through so awkward an entrance, for there was no lack of suitable places outside.

Connected with the robin there is a sacred tradition accounting for the colour of the bird's breast to which I need not further allude, except to hazard the guess that the little songster is piously disposed, so that one is scarcely surprised to hear that on several occasions he, or she rather, has built in a church, and once affixed a nest to the Bible as it lay on the reading-desk! It is gratifying to learn that the vicar

would not allow her to be disturbed, and provided himself with another copy of the sacred volume from which to read the lessons.

The song thrush, which usually builds on a bank, and rarely in a bush or tree, occasionally selects a queer site for her nest: as, for example, one built hers against the side of a threshing machine; while sheds and tool-houses are not very unfrequently had recourse to by Speckle-breast, as this bird is sometimes familiarly named; and one is recorded to have made her dwelling in a disused garden roller.

Some of the small birds that ordinarily build in holes, whether of trees, walls, or rocks, sometimes avail themselves of the handiwork of man in the construction, or for the concealment rather, of their nests. Thus I have known instances of a redstart making hers in an inverted flower-pot, which tomtits are known especially to affect, particularly if it be placed on a shelf in an out-house, or on the top of a wall.

Bishop Stanley (a great authority on birds) mentions the case of another redstart that built on the narrow space between the gudgeons or narrow upright irons on which a garden door was hung; the bottom of the nest resting, of course, on the hinge, by which it must have been more or less rudely shaken every time the door was either opened or shut. Nevertheless there she remained, in spite of publicity and inconvenience, and successfully reared her little family. Another redstart caused no small inconvenience by electing to build her nest in the ventilator of a stable; but was, all the same, permitted to accomplish her self-imposed task in peace.

The common, but most graceful and elegant pied wagtail is not at all particular as to the situation of her nest, though as a rule she likes to back it up against something solid, such as a bank, a ledge of rock, a building of some kind, or a wall; but occasionally she dispenses with support, and has been known to establish herself in an old flower-pot, and once in a rat-trap—which was, undeniably, a most extraordinary choice. Jesse tells of a pair of these birds that constructed their nest in a brazier's workshop, where the noise, of course, was "loud and incessant," and there they successfully reared their young!

In Australia there is a bird of near kin to the English pied wagtail: it is known by the name of the pied grallina. I have seen it nesting on a beam in the men's hut on an up-country station, and was told by the old custodian of the place that the same birds had reared their young there for several years in succession, entering through a hole at the top of the door. The hut-keeper seemed very proud of his handsome and lively guests, and of the confidence they reposed in himself and



Robin's Nest in Church Bible.

mates ; for on my inadvertently inquiring if they had ever been disturbed, he got quite excited, and clenching his fists, said he'd like to see the man who would offer to touch them, and looked so fierce that I hastened to apologise for my unlucky remark.

Swallows' nests, too, I have seen in a similar situation, and the men hailed their presence with great satisfaction : it was "lucky," they declared, and besides, the birds cleared the place of flies and mosquitoes—a boon that no one who has not lived in Australia can properly appreciate.

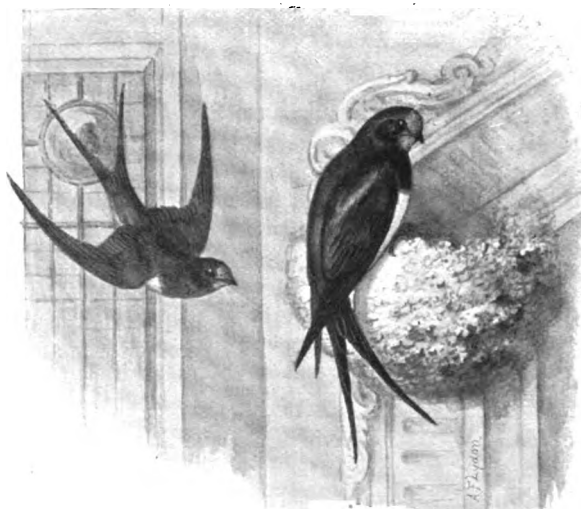
Our own swallows frequently choose quaint places for affixing their nests, as for instance in a case mentioned by Morris on the authority of Sir John Trevelyan, where a pair built theirs on the upper part of the frame of an old picture over the chimney-piece at Camerton Hall, near Bath, coming through a broken pane in the window. The choice of the bough of a sycamore tree for the foundation of their nest by another pair of swallows is even more curious and inexplicable.

White of Selborne mentions the handles of a pair of shears in an outhouse as having been selected by a pair of these birds to build their nest on ; and Jesse saw one built on the knocker of a hall-door !

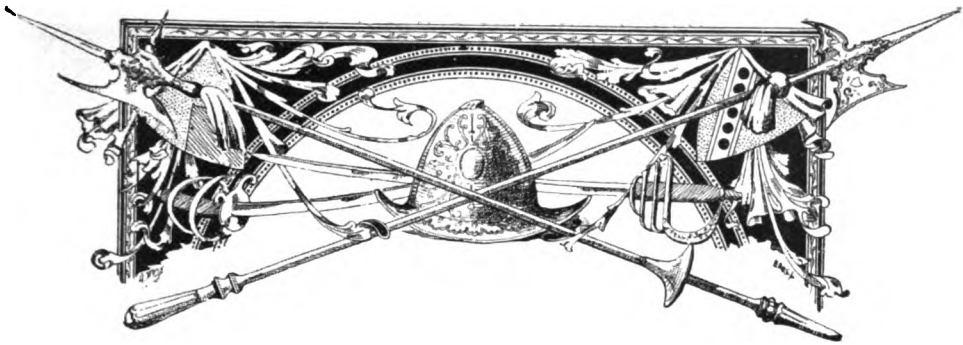
But there ! there is absolutely no end to the strange places in which birds, whether from choice or necessity, build their nests ; and to enumerate them all, or even a tithe of their recorded eccentricities in this respect, would fill a good-sized volume ; but perhaps the most curious of all is the choice of the inside of the wooden cover of a large house-bell, where, in spite of the bell being regularly rung several times a day, a swallow nested several years in succession, her little dwelling, owing to exigencies of space and situation, being made in the shape of a cornucopia, with both ends affixed to the roof of the cover.

Since the above was written, two pairs of blue-tits nested in two different lamp-posts not far from where I live, the nest in each case being placed so that the full light of the lamp fell upon it ; yet the birds were in nowise disturbed when the lamplighter went his rounds. It is satisfactory to be able to record that both sets of parents got off their broods in safety.

W. T. GREENE.



Swallow's Nest in a picture-frame at Camerton Hall.



THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.



AN insurrection in Cuba is no novelty. In fact, it would be no great exaggeration to say that the chronic state of the island is insurrection, in a more or less developed form. Since the beginning of the century armed resistance to the Spanish rule has never been entirely suppressed, and has culminated in periodic outbreaks, which have taken the form of what is, to all intents and purposes, civil war. Of these outbreaks the most notable occurred in 1810, 1823, 1850, 1868; and the present one, which began in February 1895, has consequently lasted for over two years. The earlier revolutions were put down only by the most strenuous efforts on the part of the Spanish authorities. The insurrection of 1823 lasted for nearly ten years; that of 1850 was not considered as quelled until about 1857; and that of 1868 continued until 1878, and even then the insurgents were only induced to lay down their arms by promises of reform, which, they have always maintained, have never been actually put into practice.

In the intervals between the outbreaks, what, for want of a better name, may be described as brigandage has always existed in the more remote and inaccessible parts of the island. In most countries, where brigandage exists, the brigands have not taken to their calling on account of political motives. They war against society, and not against the government as such. The banditti of Spain and Italy have no particular political tendencies, and would rob a Republican or a Clerical with equal readiness. But the bandits of Cuba are generally refugees from the Spanish power, and although it cannot be denied that in many instances they are nothing more than common robbers, as a whole their existence may be regarded as a protest against the oppression of Spanish officialdom, and their tactics have been more those of guerrillas than of brigands. Such a series of protests against the rule of Spain cannot have arisen without some cause. The English people, as a rule, hold the somewhat vague opinion that Spain does not govern her colonies with any particular reference to the feelings and wishes of the colonists themselves; but in the case of Cuba few have taken the trouble to investigate the details of what may not unfairly be described as one of the most unjust, harsh, and short-sighted systems of colonial administration in existence.

The Spanish colonies of Central and South America, without a single exception, have revolted for the very same causes which have occasioned the Cuban

insurrections. Cuba joined the South and Central American colonies in their universal revolt, which began about 1823; but her insular position rendered it possible for the Spanish men-of-war to cut her off from external aid and support, and by steady, unremitting pressure to wear down her resistance. With Porto Rico and Cuba the only two of her great colonies remaining in the West Indies, it might have been supposed that Spain would have learnt a much-needed lesson, and would have recognised the necessity of radically altering her system of colonial administration. So far from this being the case, the loss of her colonies seemed only to confirm Spain in the opinion that she had lost her dependencies through too great leniency, and that even greater severity should be shown to those remaining.

The avowed intention of Spain, an intention of which she made no concealment, was to exploit Cuba for her own benefit. Before censuring Spain for a policy which may seem so unjust and short-sighted, it would be well to remember that the principle of governing the colony for the benefit of the mother country is the one which in the main actuates the foreign policies of most Continental nations to-day. Much milder and more humane methods of enforcing this principle have been employed by France and Germany than by Spain; but the principle in the main is the same, and its practically universal failure has not had the effect of inducing the colonising nations of the Continent to alter their system.

It is said that the French colony of Cochin China is the most "administered" country in the world—that is, that the proportion of officials to the inhabitants is greater than anywhere else. This may be true, but assuredly Cuba must be a very close second. The island has always been regarded as a sort of happy hunting-ground for the Spanish official. His pay is out of all proportion to the services which he renders or the efficiency which he displays, and he has many opportunities for making money by methods not recognised by law, though tolerated by custom. Like the mandarin of China the Spanish official in Cuba has to pay a high price for his position, and he relies upon recouping himself during his residence in the island.

When his term of office has expired he is entitled to a large pension on the Cuban Civil List, an item which goes to swell the expenditure of the island, and is one of the causes of the ever-recurrent annual deficits. The Spaniards claim that offices are not restricted to Spaniards, but that Cubans are eligible as well. Technically this may be the case; but as a matter of fact all the principal offices, practically without exception, are held by Spaniards—Cubans being employed in those subordinate positions for which a Spaniard would not consider it worth while to make the voyage across the Atlantic.

In time of peace Spain maintains in Cuba an army of about twenty thousand men, all of whose expenses are paid by the Cubans. In addition, a large force of military police is maintained, out of all proportion to the number of inhabitants in the island. In spite of their numbers, the police are notoriously inefficient, and the islanders are heavily overtaxed for protection which is not really afforded them.

But the greatest of all the burdens imposed upon Cuba is the debt, amounting in 1895 to about £35,000,000. This outlay, although very high for a country containing only 1,600,000 inhabitants, might not be excessive if there were any substantial benefits to show for it, in the shape of railways, roads, bridges, harbours, and good sanitary systems. But the debt was not contracted for such worthy objects, but was imposed upon the Cubans against their will for the purpose of relieving Spain of burdens which she should have borne. The expenses of the wars which Spain at various times carried on with Santo Domingo, Peru, and Mexico, were all charged to the Cuban debt; although Cuba had absolutely no

interest in these wars, and although her sympathies, so far as they leaned in one way or the other, were unfavourable to Spain.

The revolution of 1868 added heavily to the debt. It might with some justice be urged that the Cubans should defray all the expenses of quelling an insurrection which had arisen in their own territory. But many of the Cubans remained loyal to Spain during the outbreak, and fought in her armies against the insurgents. It does not seem just that these loyal citizens should have been punished for a revolt with which they had no sympathy. In addition, the increase of the debt incurred during that period by no means represented the legitimate expenses of the Spanish Government. The sum was enormously increased by the corruption and fraudulent practices prevalent among the Spanish contractors and officials, whose pilferings the Cubans have been compelled to make good.

The annual interest charged upon Cuba for her debt is about £2,000,000, or £1 5s. per head. The Spaniard pays annually about 13s. per head for his debt, or rather did pay that amount at the beginning of 1895. If the budget of Spain two years ago could be made to balance, without having recourse to borrowing, only by exercise of the greatest care and economy, it is easy to see how much difficulty would be found with the budget in Cuba, where each inhabitant was loaded on the average with twice the burden of the Spanish tax-payer. For years the budgets have failed to show a balance, the annual deficit generally reaching about £1,000,000. This deficit has heretofore been made good by the issue of bonds guaranteed by the Spanish Government, but regarded as part of the Cuban debt. Many of these securities are held in France—a fact which explains the sympathy exhibited by certain sections of the French nation for the Spanish cause, and a fact which seems not unlikely to prove the cause of further complications. In contrast to the large sums expended in the payment of the debt interest, the army of occupation, the civil administration, and the state church, are the amounts devoted to education, public works, railways, sewers, roads, etc.

Public education can hardly be said to exist in Cuba. Outside of Havana and some of the other larger cities, such institutions as Government schools are not known. The Spaniards lay some stress upon the fact that they have established and maintained a university at Havana; but this so-called university has been starved for lack of funds, and all the young men of Cuba who are desirous of obtaining anything higher than a common school education are compelled to avail themselves of the educational advantages which America furnishes. The teachers in the lower-grade schools are wretchedly underpaid, the Spaniards turning a deaf ear to the islanders' requests that more money should be devoted to education. With such limited provision for teaching, it follows that the percentage of illiterates is enormously high. Without reckoning the blacks, who, almost to a man, are unable to read or write, the proportion of illiterate among the whites reaches, if it does not exceed, 90 per cent. In the country districts it is very rare to meet a peasant who possesses even the rudiments of education; and although matters are somewhat better in the towns, Cuba must still be reckoned as one of the most backward countries in the world in respect to education, ranking even lower than Sicily or Russia.

Cuba possesses about a thousand miles of railway. This is a small mileage for a country with an area of over 50,000 square miles and a population of 1,600,000. Lack of suitable means of communication has been one of the causes of the arrested development of a country whose potential wealth is very great. Such railways as are in operation have been built almost entirely by the Cubans, the Spanish Government furnishing no aid and the Spanish nation providing no capital.

A certain amount of English and American money is invested in Cuban railways, but in the main the colonists have built their railways unaided by outside capital.

Roads in Cuba are practically non-existent. Tracks and paths are to be found, but roads, in the proper sense of the term, at any distance from the great cities, have never been made. The wretched apologies for highways are passable only for the strongest vehicles in the dry season; in the wet season they become simply rivers of mud. As the bridges over the numerous streams which intersect the country are often badly built, and sometimes washed away during the rains, from March to September, the interior of Cuba becomes almost impassable, and military operations, on an extended scale, at any distance from the railways, are quite out of the question.

The drainage system of the Cuban cities and towns is primitive to the last degree. With the exception of Havana, there is hardly a town in Cuba that can be said to possess a system of sewers and drains. This defect cannot be laid to the charge of the Cubans, who are practically excluded from all voice in managing their municipal affairs; but is due to the Spanish officials, who determine how the revenue shall be spent.

The area of Cuba is about fifty thousand square miles—rather less than that of England exclusive of Wales. It is about five hundred miles long from east to west, and lies just within the tropics, about ninety miles from the nearest point of the United States. Between Cuba and Florida flows the greatest and most important ocean current in the world—the Gulf Stream. The island itself is by far the largest in the West Indies, and by virtue of its position and its vast undeveloped resources is justly entitled to the name of the Queen of the Antilles.

As in most tropical countries, the climate of the island is trying to natives of the temperate zone, but if proper precautions are observed it cannot be regarded as unhealthy. The low-lying lands of the coasts, during the rainy season, when the country is flooded with water and marshes abound everywhere, is undoubtedly dangerous for those who are not used to a tropical climate. Miasma and malaria infect certain districts, and fever and disease have played far greater havoc with the ranks of the Spanish soldiery than have the bullets of the insurgents. But even along the coast there are many places comparatively free from danger, where it is quite possible to live with comfort and safety even during the unhealthy season, provided that the rules of health are strictly observed and violent exercise abstained from.

The commonest of all the West Indian diseases is the Yellow Fever or "Yellow Jack," as it is often nicknamed. This disease is not necessarily fatal, but it leaves the patient in a very enfeebled condition, and of course totally incapacitates him for the active work which a soldier may be called upon to perform. Owing to their very defective drainage system, the great cities are the most unhealthy spots in Cuba. The water in the harbour of Havana is so foul that British vessels rarely wash their decks down while lying there, preferring to let them remain dirty rather than to take aboard the liquid abominations which the water of the harbour contains. The Trocha, or ditch, which was dug across the eastern part of the island for the purpose of penning in the insurgents, filled with water during the rainy season; and the miasma arising from this stagnant "canal," on a small scale, sent into hospital an enormous number of the soldiers guarding it.

A range of mountains runs along the whole length of Cuba in the interior, broken only at rare intervals. These elevations in some cases rise to the height of over seven thousand feet. The mountainous parts of Cuba are the most healthy in the island. In the rainy season they are not infected with the poisonous exhalations

rising from the swamps and marshes on the coast, and in the dry season it is possible to escape from the excessive heat by ascending the slopes some three or four thousand feet. It is in these hilly districts that the insurgents generally make their headquarters, thereby escaping much of the sickness which has proved such an enemy to the Spaniards.

The population of Cuba, according to the census of 1887, stood as follows:—

White	1,102,689
Coloured	485,187
Asiatics, etc.	43,811
	<hr/> 1,631,617

It will be seen that the whites outnumber the blacks by rather more than two to one. The percentage of whites in the population had increased considerably since 1877, the black race barely holding its own as regards numbers. In this respect Cuba resembles the United States, where, contrary to the prevailing opinion, the negroes increase much more slowly than the whites. The Asiatics are mainly Coolies and Chinese, employed upon the plantations.

That the United States should, more than any other nation, wish to see a termination of the present conflict, becomes evident when we examine the statistics relating to Cuba's trade. In 1890, 82 per cent. of the exports went to America, and only 11 per cent. to Spain. It is a case of America first, and the rest nowhere.

The sugar crop may be considered as the principal source of Cuba's wealth—more important even than tobacco. Not long ago Cuba was the greatest sugar-producing country in the world; the soil and the climate both being admirably adapted for the cultivation of the cane. Of late years, however, owing to the enormous bounties paid by some of the Continental countries, notably France and Germany, great quantities of beetroot sugar have been imported into England and America; and Cuba, along with the other West India islands, has suffered severely. Still, cane sugar, by reason of its superior flavour, will always be in demand to a certain extent, and although the crops and the plantations have suffered so severely from both the Spaniards and the insurgents, with the return of peace the Cuban sugar crop would seem destined to regain its old market.

But if other nations can raise sugar as cheaply as Cuba, or if they can manage to undersell her by means of export bounties, there is one product in which she is head and shoulders above all other countries of the world: tobacco. Sumatra, Manilla, Trichinopoli, wherever tobacco may be grown, try as they may, can never attain to that flavour and delicacy which is the monopoly of Cuba. Cuban cigars will always command a price about twice as great as the cigars of any other country, other things being equal. The best Cuban tobacco is exported in the form of cigars; Cuban cigarettes, as a general rule, not being considered by connoisseurs as possessing any great merit. Whatever it may be in the soil, the climate, or the position of Cuba that combine to give her cigars the peculiar excellency which they possess, in her tobacco crop she possesses a monopoly in which she never need fear competition.

Slavery was not absolutely abolished in Cuba until 1887. Fears at one time were entertained that when the negroes were set free they would have no incentive to work, and that it would be impossible to obtain labour for the plantations. Such fears have happily proved groundless; and the negro, on the whole, has developed into a fairly satisfactory and docile workman.

Although Cuba, by Nature, has been provided with a large number of excellent harbours, Spain has done very little to utilise all these natural advantages. If the

bar of a harbour silts up, no steps are taken for dredging it out again. Even though a small breakwater or pier would immensely increase the commercial value of a port, Spain can find no money to devote to such purposes, as she cannot see that any direct advantage would accrue to the Spaniards from such expenditure. The system of buoys and lighthouses is wretched. Nearly all shipping in Cuban waters is foreign, and why should the Spaniards spend money for the benefit of foreigners?

One of the worst abuses connected with the Spanish administration of Cuba is the Government Lottery. The Latin race has never regarded the subject of lotteries in the same light as has the Anglo-Saxon, but the more advanced countries inhabited by the people of the Latin race, such as France, have almost entirely abandoned the system, considering that it proves too great a source of demoralisation in proportion to the benefits gained. But in Cuba the Government Lottery reigns supreme. The law admits no competitor, and the lottery is free to determine its own scale of prizes and profits. The whole community is permeated with the gambling spirit; the demoralisation is almost universal. It might be urged that the Cubans are under no compulsion to buy tickets; but human nature is not yet perfect, and is generally unable to withstand the temptation of acquiring wealth in a quick and easy fashion. Even Englishmen, brim full of rectitude, have been known to find Monte Carlo a dangerously fascinating place, and if there were a gambling establishment always at their doors it is not impossible that they might tempt fortune more often than they do. The only remedy for the evil is to make public gambling illegal; but Spain derives so large an income from the lottery that she is very reluctant to forgo her privilege of extracting money from the pockets of her subjects.

The legitimate profits of the lottery are very great, and might, with reason, have been considered sufficient to satisfy the Spanish demands. Unfortunately for the holders of most of the tickets, the drawings are conducted so dishonestly, and this dishonesty is a matter of such common knowledge, that it seems a marvel that so many should still be found willing to risk their money with such very small prospects of success. In case all the tickets of a certain drawing should not be sold, it is often announced that the number containing the largest prize still remains in the possession of the lottery. This piece of good luck on the part of the lottery recurs with astonishing frequency. Another peculiarity about the drawings is that so many of the larger prizes fall to Government officials of high standing on friendly terms with those in charge of the management of the lottery. In fact, it would almost seem as if one had only to be an official of sufficiently high rank in the Cuban administration to be practically assured of a prize in the drawings of the Cuban lottery.

Letters and telegrams, even in time of peace, are generally subjected to a strict censorship. The postal system is very defective, and a large number of letters fail to reach their destination. The rates are very high: twopence-halfpenny for any distance within the island. Official stupidity is so strikingly displayed in the management of the telegraphic system that it would be a pity to omit the mention of a detail which is so characteristically Spanish. As in England, stamps must be affixed to telegrams, and the suitable place to purchase such stamps is considered by the English to be the telegraph office. The Spanish telegraphic administration does not sell stamps, and the sender of a telegram is frequently compelled to go to the stamp office, buy his stamps there, and return to the telegraph office, affix his stamps, and then send his message.

In the tariff which she has imposed upon Cuba, Spain has carried her system

of exploitation to the breaking point, and has to some extent defeated her own aims. A heavily protective system is in force. To this Cuba would have no right to offer any objection, as most of the nations of the world have abandoned the principle of Free Trade. It is by the unfair discriminations of her tariff that Cuba is made to suffer in order that Spain may benefit.

With a few exceptions, all Spanish produce is admitted into Cuba duty free, while foreign imports pay a heavy tax. Nominally, reciprocity exists between Spain and Cuba, and Spain maintains that Cuba is treated just as any other Spanish province—Andalusia or Catalonia, for example. Cuban commodities are supposed to be admitted into Spain duty free, but they are subjected to municipal and transitory taxes, which amount to the same thing as a heavy import duty, rendering the so-called “reciprocity” a hollow mockery. Spanish goods do not have to pay the corresponding taxes in Cuba, and the Spanish producer consequently possesses a great advantage over all foreign competitors for the Cuban trade. If he has not availed himself of these advantages it is owing to his lack of enterprise.

At one time it was cheaper for the merchant in New York who wished to ship flour to Cuba, to send the flour first to Spain, pay the Spanish duty, and then reship it to Cuba, where, as a Spanish commodity, it would be admitted practically duty free. Even after the Spanish customs duties and the greater freight charges of the roundabout journey had been paid, and the additional length of time in transport taken into consideration, the average expense for landing a barrel of flour in Havana by the longer route was but about £1 15s.; whereas by the direct route the charges were over £2 5s.

American merchants finally grew restive under this unsatisfactory system, and the American Government threatened to impose prohibitive duties on Cuban sugar and tobacco if the duties imposed upon American produce imported into Cuba were not reduced. The exclusion of Cuban produce from the American markets would not have caused any particular annoyance to Spain if the loss had been confined to Cuba, but as duties are charged on all Cuban produce exported, the revenue would have been diminished considerably if America had imposed retaliatory duties. Special privileges were therefore accorded to American produce; but other nations, not able to exercise the requisite pressure, are still handicapped heavily in their competition with Spain for the Cuban markets. Beans, grown in Mexico, have been exported to Spain, have paid the Spanish duty, and have then been exported to Cuba, the transaction showing a profit which could not have been gained if the beans had been sent direct from Vera Cruz to Havana. The shorter route is about eight hundred miles in length, the longer over eight thousand.

Almost every article exported from Cuba is subject to an export tax, which has had a highly prejudicial effect upon the industries of the island, although the Spanish revenue has been swelled. The manufacture of cigars has suffered very severely. The manufactured product is of course much more expensive than the raw material, and, in proportion to its weight, pays a much higher sum than the same amount of raw tobacco. The American cigar manufacturers have taken advantage of this difference by establishing large cigar factories at Key West, off the Florida coast, not more than ninety miles from Cuba. Cuban tobacco of good quality is imported raw into America. It pays a small export duty, comparatively, to the Cuban Custom House, and a small import duty to the American revenue. Cuban workmen are employed in the Key West factories, and the cigars are often sold as Havana cigars, the difference between their flavour and that of the real article being so slight that in many cases it cannot be detected. The Key West

cigar manufacturer is thus enabled to undersell the Cuban manufacturer, who pays a high export duty before his expensive cigars are permitted to be sent out of Cuba, and who must, in addition, pay a high duty into the American Customs. The exports of manufactured tobacco have decreased steadily of late years, and the manufacture of cigars is steadily declining in importance. On the other hand, the exports of the raw material had increased greatly before the insurrection began; but as cigars, if export duties did not exist, are by far the most profitable form in which to export tobacco, the industry, as a whole, has suffered considerably.

At the beginning of the present revolution, Marshal Campos was appointed the civil and military governor of the island. His administration, on the whole, was popular with both Cubans and Spaniards, and he had honestly tried to have some of the grievances of the Cubans redressed. When Cuba abandoned all hope of effecting reforms by peaceful and constitutional methods, and had taken up arms, Marshal Campos did not press hostilities too vigorously, trusting that the Cortes would realise how shortsighted was the policy which they had been pursuing. Spain having, however, avowed her determination to grant no reforms and to make no changes, Marshal Campos had then no option but to endeavour to crush the rebellion by force of arms. This he proved unable to do, and his failure was ostensibly the cause of his recall—the Spaniards maintaining that more severe measures should be taken and a more capable commander sent out.

General Weyler, his successor, has conducted operations with much more severity, but certainly with no more ability than did Marshal Campos, and there are strong grounds for believing that it was the Marshal's unwillingness to wink at little irregularities in the matter of contracts, provisions, etc., that caused his recall. Complaints against the honesty of General Weyler's supervision have been frequent, and although the Spanish Government have endeavoured to choke off investigation, and have even resorted to confiscation of those newspapers which have ventured to attempt to throw light upon the subject, it is an open secret in Havana that officials in the War Department and many of the officers of the army of occupation have derived considerable benefit from the existing abuses. The supplies furnished are wretched in quality and deficient in quantity. The clothing for the troops is often entirely unfit for wear; and even the drugs intended for the sick in the hospitals are insufficient, or, if furnished, are of poor quality, because the inspecting officer has "stood in" with the contractor.

About 225,000 men in all have been sent out from Spain to Cuba; at present there are about 175,000 in the island, fully 30,000 of these being on the sick-list. Most of the soldiers are entirely too young to stand the fatigues of a campaign in a climate like that of Cuba, so trying for those who are not accustomed to it. Many of the Spaniards are mere boys, not over seventeen years of age, and the ages of most of the soldiers range between seventeen and twenty. With such a large proportion taken fresh from the plough, with little or no military training, it is not surprising that the young conscripts do not prove very formidable antagonists in the field. Their drill is loose, and their marksmanship is wretched. Badly fed, badly clothed, and badly drilled, the Spanish soldier, nevertheless, possesses many excellent qualities. He is naturally courageous and tractable, and he bears up well under his hardships. The greatest disadvantage under which he labours, a disadvantage which is one of the chief causes why 200,000 men have accomplished so little, is the very low standard of efficiency and *morale* prevailing among the officers. Their military education is defective, and instances of cowardice are so numerous as hardly to occasion any surprise. Frequently the commander of a body of Spanish troops, having received information as to the exact position of an

insurgent force, will lead his men in the opposite direction in order to escape an engagement, while ostensibly engaged in the task of pursuit. There are many among the Spanish officers who would do credit to the army of any nation, but on the whole the corps of officers reflects no credit on the Spanish nation.

The British public have been largely misled, by information emanating from Spanish sources, into believing that to a great extent the insurrection is a protest by the black races of Cuba against the domination of the white; and that, if the island ever achieved its independence, it would lapse into the barbarism now prevailing in Haiti, where the black race, left to itself, has furnished the civilised world with such an example of misgovernment. So far from the insurgents being composed almost entirely of negroes and mulattos, the proportion of coloured men under arms against Spain is less than the proportion of blacks to whites in the island. The coloured races constitute about 32 per cent. of the population of Cuba, while their proportion among the insurgents is not over 20 per cent. It is quite true that Maceo, the man among all the Cuban leaders whose name has been brought most prominently before the public, was a mulatto of light colour, and that there is a General Banderos who is also coloured; but even Maceo never presumed upon his military rank to claim social equality with the white officers of inferior grade who might have been under his command, and did not even take his meals at the same table with captains and lieutenants of pure race. With very few exceptions the blacks occupy subordinate positions, and perform all of the menial duties for which Nature has so well adapted them.

As is natural, nearly all the whites are native Cubans, representing the wealthiest, the most intelligent, and the most influential classes in the community. Of course, in every large body of men there must be many black sheep, but as a rule the Cubans who have taken up arms are a thoroughly representative lot, as any one acquainted with the social life of Cuba, or with the Cuban colonies in America, would perceive at once in looking over the roster of the insurgents. There are not a few foreigners serving under the flag of the Cuban Republic, and of these the Americans constitute the largest proportion. Love of excitement and adventure, sympathy with the insurgents, and that inexplicable attraction which induces a man to take part in a quarrel which does not directly concern him, are the principal reasons which have led the foreigners to join forces with the Cubans. French, Germans, English, and even Russians are serving against Spain, many of these, as well as of the Americans, being specialists in some branch of military art, which renders their services of great value. The gunners, as a rule, are largely recruited from Americans and Russians. Old men-of-wars-men and national guardsmen from America and from Russia, those men who have served their apprenticeship in the army, are induced to take service, although the pay which they receive is very small. A very large proportion of the Cuban forces is cavalry, the horses as a rule being fairly good—a great contrast to the Spanish cavalry, which is one of the weakest arms of their service. The Cuban army therefore possesses great mobility—an indispensable qualification in a body whose very existence often depends upon its ability to shift its position quickly.

The infantry carry as little *impedimenta* as possible. Ammunition being scarce, each soldier has very few rounds, which he is instructed to use as sparingly as possible and to make sure that every shot tells. In a tropical country, food, in the shape of fruits and vegetables, is usually not difficult to obtain; and the fact that the peasants and farmers sympathise so cordially with the revolt renders it easy to procure supplies of some sort in all the settled localities. Sweet potatoes, fruits, and fresh beef are the principal articles in the soldiers' *menu*, which, as may

be imagined, is often a scanty one, not more than one meal a day being the general rule.

The insurgents at the beginning of the war were armed with Remingtons; but finding it very difficult to obtain ammunition, they resorted to the expedient of having an arm manufactured in America which should exactly correspond with the Spanish Mauser rifle "made in Germany," thus enabling the Cubans to utilise the ammunition of the Spaniards whenever they should be fortunate enough to capture any. This expedient has worked admirably. Besides being heavily loaded down with knapsacks and camp apparatus, the Spanish soldier is given two hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition when active hostilities are being carried on. The weight which he has to carry is entirely too great, and renders it practically hopeless for him to overtake or escape from the lightly loaded Cuban. He is therefore by no means disinclined to rid himself of all extra weight possible at every available opportunity, and the numerous small engagements give him the chance of firing away his ammunition as quickly as possible without much regard as to whether he hits anything or not. In the heat of an engagement no one would be apt to notice if he threw some of his loaded cartridges on the ground, and this plan of getting rid of weight is often resorted to. After the engagement, when the Spanish forces have left the battlefield, the insurgents gather up the unused cartridges, and not infrequently as many as five thousand have thus been obtained.

As the Spaniard's pay is always in arrears, a little ready money is a great consideration, and loaded cartridges fetch a very good price. The buyers are discreet, and a fair amount of profitable business is carried on through the medium of Cuban agents. If this state of affairs appears incredible to the English nation, it would be well to call to mind the fact that during Spain's last war with the Riffs in Morocco, the killed or captured Moors were often found armed with the Spanish Government rifles, which had been supplied to them by the complaisant officer in charge of the ordnance department. The transaction resulted in a considerable gain to him pecuniarily, and apparently his reputation did not suffer particularly. But Spanish sources can only furnish about one-quarter of the required amount of ammunition. The remainder is manufactured in America, and landed on the Cuban coast in some out-of-the-way spot.

Most of the encounters which take place are at long range, but at close quarters the favourite weapon of the Cuban is the *machete*. In time of peace it serves him as a sort of hatchet or pruning-hook. It is about two feet long, with a sharp point; the blade is about two inches wide, heavily weighted, and with a sharp edge. With the handle the length of the *machete* is about two feet six inches, and as it can be used as a cut-and-thrust sword, a hatchet, a dagger, and a bayonet, in the hands of a man who has been accustomed to its use from boyhood it is a very murderous weapon indeed.

One thing noticeable about the war is, the comparatively small number of men who are killed in action. Such Spanish official reports of actions as find their way into the English papers generally give the Spanish loss as very small. The loss is usually underestimated, but it is trifling compared to the deaths that result from sickness and disease. The insurgents' losses are generally stated as being considerably in excess of those suffered by the Spaniards, but still a high estimate is seldom given in those statements which are printed in the English newspapers. In Havana, however, under the strict censorship exercised, none but the official reports are allowed to be printed, and the most outrageous falsehoods are offered to a public in no degree deceived by such evident perversions of the truth. One of the members of General Aguirre's staff conceived the idea of keeping a record

of the losses alleged to have been suffered by his regiment, as reported day by day in *La Lucha*. In a little over three months the losses totalled over twice as many as there were men in the regiment. As a matter of fact the Cuban losses are generally much smaller even than those of the Spanish. The ordinary method of warfare is somewhat as follows.

The Spanish officer in command of some fortress or town, containing a certain number of troops, receives word that a body of insurgents has been seen in the immediate vicinity. In case he should wish to find them, he sets out in pursuit; but, instead of equipping his men in light marching order, the loads which they have to carry, as stated before, render it practically impossible to come in touch with the insurgents unless they are willing to make a stand.

It is generally supposed that Cuba is a densely wooded country, and that the insurgents find safe hiding-places in the thick woods. This is a mistaken idea, for the country in Cuba, as a rule, is of an open description, and although forests are to be found in the provinces of Matanzas and Havana, where most of the fighting is done, the country is thickly settled, and it would be impossible for a force of any size to find hiding-places among the thinly scattered palm trees and bushes. The only thing that enables the roving Cuban bands to keep out of the way of the troops is that the most accurate information is always furnished by the country people or by the inhabitants of those places which happen to be held by the Spaniards. In case, however, the band should be overtaken, or, as is more usual, a harassing attack should be made by the Cubans, the engagement which ensues generally resolves itself into a contest at long range, and is rarely productive of any decisive result. The Cubans husband their ammunition; the Spaniards fire at random with all possible rapidity, and on one occasion a hundred and twenty thousand rounds were fired and only two men killed. The Spaniards having finally decided to abandon pursuit, return to their base, leaving the insurgent band to continue their tactics of irritating and annoying raids, varied by the occasional cutting off of some small body of troops which happens to be detached from the main force.

Such guerilla warfare does not demand that any great attention should be paid to drill and the niceties of the parade ground. In fact, tactics, in the ordinary sense, are almost entirely neglected by the Cubans. The captain of each company is accorded great latitude as to his movements; it is his business to get through in the best manner possible. The following gives an idea of the sort of instructions that are issued to officers holding the rank of Captain:—

“MARCHING ORDERS FROM GENERAL MACEO.

“HEADQUARTERS, PROVINCE OF MATANZAS.

“These headquarters hereby grant permission to Captain del Monte to organise and arm a force of a hundred men in the Province of Matanzas, for the express purpose of harassing the Spanish columns operating therein, cutting off all means of communication by rail and telegraph, not forgetting the most important duty of impeding traffic of all description.

“ANTONIO MACEO.”

Individual initiative is encouraged among the men, and they are taught to shift for themselves and to rely upon their own efforts. A martinet might wonder how any cohesion could be maintained with such loose regulations, but experience has shown that in guerilla warfare any system which is not essentially flexible and elastic will not prove satisfactory.

Although the insurgents, with comparatively few exceptions, receive no pay and a very scanty supply of food and ammunition, nevertheless the cost of maintaining

some sixty thousand men under arms is considerable, and it is highly interesting to note the manner in which the funds are raised, and highly creditable to those Cubans by whose patriotic and self-denying efforts the "sinews of war" have been furnished.

In many of the great cities of America Cuban societies, or *Juntas*, exist for the purpose of collecting subscriptions and raising money in all possible ways. Considerable sums have been voluntarily contributed by those Americans, whose good will for the Cubans takes a more practical form than mere abstract sympathy. Fairs and bazaars are often held, and large sums have been raised in this manner. In Key West, Florida, the Cuban cigar makers voluntarily relinquish one day's pay a week as a subscription to the insurgents, and their example has been very generally followed by their fellow-countrymen throughout America. Bonds have been floated to a considerable extent, and while the value of these securities cannot be considered great, viewed from a purely financial standpoint, they are regarded as furnishing receipts to the purchaser for the money which he may have subscribed.

In Cuba, those of the inhabitants who are not actually under arms contribute supplies of all sorts and pay taxes to the Republican Government, official receipts being given in all cases. This applies, of course, almost entirely to those who inhabit the districts which are held by the insurgents; but as this includes almost all the island, with the exception of the larger towns and fortified cities, the revenue from this source is not inconsiderable.

Still the bulk of the money, munitions of war, drugs, etc., comes from America, and the problem which the Cubans in America have to solve is how the blockade runners shall be smuggled through the American cordon of revenue cutters and cruisers watching the American coast, and the Spanish gunboats blockading Cuba.

In the event of Cuba's achieving her absolute independence, the question of the future policy of the new Republic at once arises. Undoubtedly annexation is favoured by a considerable section in America, but a strong majority is opposed to it nevertheless; the prevailing opinion being that it would be more advantageous for both countries if Cuba maintained a separate existence. If America offered to receive Cuba into the Union, unquestionably the Cuban vote would be in favour of acceptance; but at present the opinion of the United States on the subject is well understood in Cuba, and she would be perfectly content to leave the solution of the question to time.

Her position as an independent state would be analogous to that held by Texas previous to her entry into the Union. Probably it is not generally known in England that Texas was at one time an independent Republic, acknowledging no connection with the United States. When those Americans who had settled in Mexican territory had risen against the oppression of the Mexicans and had won their independence by force of arms, they organised the Republic of Texas, which, while maintaining the most friendly relations with the United States, had no direct connection with them. After a few years Texas requested to be admitted into the Union, and her request was gladly acceded to. The admission of Texas was one of the causes of the war between Mexico and the United States, the result of the war being a large addition to American territory.

History tends to repeat itself, and of course it is not impossible that one of the stars in the American ensign should stand for the State of Cuba. It may be only a coincidence, but the emblem of the Texan Republic and the Cuban Republic is practically the same—the "lone star."

Most Englishmen, while admitting that the Spanish administration of Cuba has been unjust and unsatisfactory, are inclined to believe that the condition of affairs

will be still worse when Cuba takes her place among the Latin-American republics. And certainly there is much to justify this suspicion. The Latin-American republics furnish one of the strongest arguments that believers in monarchical institutions can bring forward against the extension of democratic principles. But on the whole, of late years, there has unquestionably been a slow but steady advance in the direction of good government even in the most backward of the Spanish-speaking republics. Nowhere is this advance more noticeable than in Mexico, whose marked progress has lately begun to attract notice even in Europe. Her industries, developed by English and American capital, are in a thriving condition, the infusion of the element furnished by her neighbour on the north has stimulated her activities, and her finances are in an excellent state. The revenue exceeded the expenditure last year by over \$5,000,000, and there seems every prospect that this favourable state of affairs is likely to continue.

Is it, then, too much to hope that Cuba, whose natural advantages are, in their way, quite equal if not superior to those of Mexico, should walk along the same path that Mexico is now treading? The nearest point of the American continent is only six hours distant from Cuba. American capital and enterprise will be quite as ready to aid Cuba in developing her resources as they have been to aid Mexico; American ideas are likely to exercise a still greater degree of influence than they have done in Mexico, for the relations between the United States and Cuba seem destined to be of the most cordial character.

Independent of the Great Republic, but enjoying her protective friendship, a new era of freedom and prosperity would dawn upon Cuba, and she would take her rightful place in the West Indies as the Queen of the Antilles, not only in name but in fact.

LEON ALDAMA DEL MONTE,
Captain of Engineers in Insurgent Cuban Army.







IT was growing late in the afternoon, and the good frigate *Prometheus*, with her sails flapping idly against her tall masts, met the almost imperceptible swell of the blue Mediterranean waters with a graceful inclination of her ports. Every plank of her deck was snowy white with holy-stoning, every piece of brass-work made vivid answer to the sun-rays, every gun was polished, and every rope-end coiled. Now and again a wandering zephyr would hold out her great white wings and send her skimming over the waveless water; it wanted only a breath to make her glide on, so sharp she was forward, and with such a clear run ast; and when she moved, her bows divided the dull water sweetly, and sent it rippling and foaming to sweep her sides.

On the south was the faint purple coast-line of Algeria, and a few native fishing-boats—specks of brown on the deep azure of the sea—rocked lazily on the rhythmic swell of the waters. Coming toward the frigate, but yet a good mile off, was one of the large Algerian galleys, propelled by great sweeps pulled by slaves. Like a huge centipede she came crawling on, reeking of the foul poison of slavery; and on board the *Prometheus* the sailors stood in groups watching, and every one had a hearty curse for the Barbary pirates who had enslaved and driven to death men of every nation—even those of British birth.

For long these corsairs had raided the opposite coasts unchecked, pillaged merchant ships and enslaved their crews, or killed, maimed and tortured them; but now the day of retribution seemed to be approaching. America had forced them to respect the flag of the United States, and in the spring of this year of grace 1816, Great Britain had roused herself, and Admiral Lord Exmouth, with a powerful fleet, had visited Tunis and Tripoli, bearing a message from the Prince Regent “that it would be very agreeable to him if slavery were abolished in the Barbary States”—a message which lost every shred of its bland civility in transition, for the blunt Admiral managed to get it interpreted into “The Prince Regent is determined that slavery shall be abolished in the Barbary States!”

The real message would probably have failed, but the one which was delivered, backed up by the resolute attitude of the Admiral and the strength of his fleet, took effect at these cities, and in each case the Dey submitted to what seemed to him the inevitable. Then the fleet proceeded to Algiers; but there the Dey was insolent, and refused even to consider the matter until Lord Exmouth threatened

to bombard the town. Then, and then only, did he give way at all ; but, pleading that he could not act without the consent of his suzerain, the Sultan, he proposed to send an ambassador to the Ottoman Porte immediately, who would procure the requisite sanction, and then proceed to England in order to complete the negotiation.

Having so far succeeded, Lord Exmouth and his fleet, with the exception of the *Prometheus*, returned to England, with a parting reminder to the Dey that if his ambassador did not quickly come and agree to the terms offered, the English fleet would revisit Algiers and force acceptance at the cannon's mouth.

Captain Bowen of the *Prometheus* received instructions to survey the bay and harbour, so as to ascertain where the fleet could anchor ; to carefully observe the town and the nature of its defences, but at all hazards to avoid a conflict with the Algerians, or with any of the Barbary States, and to do nothing likely to interrupt the peaceful negotiations then proceeding. And Captain Bowen, having discharged the duty allotted to him with great skill and ability, had left the bay for a short survey of the coast, with a view to finding, if possible, a safe harbourage where a damaged vessel might be re-fitted if necessary.

So, on this bright, still afternoon, the sight of the Algerian galley sent a thrill of fierce excitement through every British sailor on board of the frigate, and the feeling reached the quarter-deck, where sturdy old Captain Bowen, who had won his present position by work and not by favour, paced to and fro with Lieutenant Charteris, a younger scion of a noble clan, who had been sent to sea because the army and the Church were for the senior members of the family.

The captain, who might well have passed for a master's mate, so little polish had he, was short and stoutly built, bearded and bronzed, nearer to sixty years of age than fifty, with a roll in his gait, and a habit of swearing that was more suited to the middies' mess than the quarter-deck. And the captain's profanity was a source of great annoyance to his first lieutenant, for, as Charteris would say, "I can rap out an oath with any gentleman, but there is swearing as the Prince himself swears, and there is swearing as a bargee swears!" And in the latter category he placed the captain's efforts.

Nevertheless, the smart young sailor of three-and-twenty had a strong respect for his senior, and an admiration for his bull-dog courage, his seamanship, and his kindly, honest nature. The captain might consign a man to everlasting limbo in the strongest of terms, but any man of his crew would have gone there willingly to pleasure him, so great a favourite was he.

The old sailor looked at the approaching galley with a longing for vengeance in his stern grey eyes, as he lurched along.

"I'd give my right arm—aye, and both arms, and legs too—if those d——d pirates at Algiers would show fight!" he said.

"And I believe they will. What else are they strengthening their defences for?" asked Charteris.

"Brag,—all brag! I wish it wasn't; but when they see our fleet taking up position, with all its teeth showing, the beggars will turn tail!"

"Well, if they do, we shall have had our way, and those poor devils of slaves will be freed at last!"

"At last! at last!" burst out the captain wrathfully. "Why, we ought to have said to that grey-whiskered old devil of a Dey, 'D——n you, set those slaves free at once, or we'll make you!' Every minute must be a year to them, and here are we standing by and letting those brutes torture them. By God, sir, I can't talk of it!"

"Well, sir, there may be fighting yet, and the *Prometheus* in the thick of it. Let's hope so."

"That's it, my boy. You're an honest heart, though your brother is a lord. D——n the breed! Here am I, the representative of the finest navy in the world, an Englishman who fairly sickens at the sight of slavery, obliged to see it under my very nose!" and he pointed a stubby forefinger at the galley.

"Ah!" said Charteris, gazing in the same direction, "I wonder how many of the poor fellows who are pulling those sweeps yonder are wishing they were dead and out of their misery!"

"Don't say more, or, by Heaven, I shall forget my orders. I'm not to interfere with these devils whom Satan has surely let loose from hell to torment our fellow-creatures! Charteris, it'll drive me mad! I was the wrong man for the Admiral to leave behind under such orders. I shall get court-martialled yet, I know I shall!"

"Not if I can help it, Captain. The service can't afford to lose you."

On the fo'c'sle a fiddler was playing for the men, who were joining in the chorus of the song he was rendering, and the captain listened with much satisfaction.

"Keep Jack busy when there's work to do," he used to say; "and when there isn't any, keep him busy at nothing." This was what he called being busy at nothing.

The thin sweetness of the fiddle was flung sharply upon the air in the melody of an old sea-song:—

"Then the cook went down below;
Down below, boys, down below!
Said Davy Jones, 'What now?
It's you made all the row.
And I'll have no lubbers down below,
Down below, boys, down below,'
Said Davy Jones, boys, down below!"

Then came the chorus, joined in by most of the three hundred and fifty men and boys who manned the frigate, and the ready notes of the fiddle were utterly overwhelmed in the full-throated volume of sound that went booming across the waters, so that the Moors on board the galley came and leaned indolently over the side, and said to each other what good slaves these vigorous English sailors would make.

"Give 'em 'Rule Britannia,' Bob!" cried a voice from the crowded fo'c'sle, as the fiddler played over the last chorus for the second time.

"Yes, 'Rule Britannia!'" went up a general shout; and then, as the galley came nearly abreast, and within half a length or so, as though the insolent Moors had determined to take advantage of the impotence of the English, and to flaunt themselves before the teeth that might not bite, the fiddler obeyed the call for "Rule Britannia," and a mighty chorus took up the words, thundering them out in magnificent defiance and splendid pride:—

"Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!"

The sound of many voices ceased, and the fiddler played over the few bars between the first and second verse; and as he did so there came a feeble, quavering strain from the galley—a strain that went like an arrow to the heart of every man on board the *Prometheus*:—

"Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never——"

Then followed a yell, and the sound of blows and curses. There was an ominous hush from end to end of the *Prometheus*. Feeling was strung to the highest pitch, and many a man who was half-choking with rage found his eyes smarting with unshed tears. Then in a moment the British lion awoke, and, all ablaze with fury, the sailors swarmed to the side, with a deep, hoarse roar of execration, shaking their brawny fists at the Moors, who squatted on board the galley quietly smoking, and sneering at the din.

Then came the bo'sun's whistle, and with it silence, as every man rushed to quarters and stood ready.

"'Bout ship!"

"Hurrah!" went the tars, and with a will they hauled on the ropes, and, creaking and groaning, the great yards came round and the ship slowly began to circle. The men understood that they were after the Moor, and each one waited eager and alert for the next order.

More whistling, and the captain's gig with its crew of picked men was rapidly lowered into the water. Lieutenant Charteris and the Moorish interpreter took their places in the stern, and the boat was pulled off toward the galley, now nearly a quarter of a mile distant, the sailors rowing as though they were racing for the Admiral's prize.

As for the captain of the *Prometheus*, he was in a fever of unrest; now he leaned over the bulwarks, and again he paced up and down with impatient steps; and the galley swept farther and farther away, but was rapidly being overhauled by the gig. The surgeon was on the quarter-deck, and to him said the captain,—

"Doctor, this sun is getting too much for me! I'm ill!"

"You don't look it, Captain," answered the surgeon drily, with a glance at the hale and wrinkled face which the sun and salt water seemed to have conspired to preserve for ever.

"By gad, sir, this is mutiny!" roared the old sailor, turning upon the astonished Sawbones. "I tell you I'm d——d near dying, and I'm not accountable for my actions, sir!"

"I don't think you are!" observed the surgeon.

"Go and write that down, d'ye hear? Go at once, man—— By gad! they've boarded her!" and he relapsed into silence as he saw Lieutenant Charteris, accompanied by the interpreter, go up the galley's side.

After a short parley with a dark-skinned chief there came a scuffle, that was seen by all the hundreds of eyes watching from the *Prometheus*, and then the interpreter was thrown into the water, whence he quickly regained the gig. Lieutenant Charteris stood at the gangway with drawn sword before a crowd of furious, gesticulating Moors, whilst the crew of the gig appeared to be on the point of climbing up to give assistance to their officer. However, the lieutenant descended slowly into his boat, which was at once rowed back to the frigate.

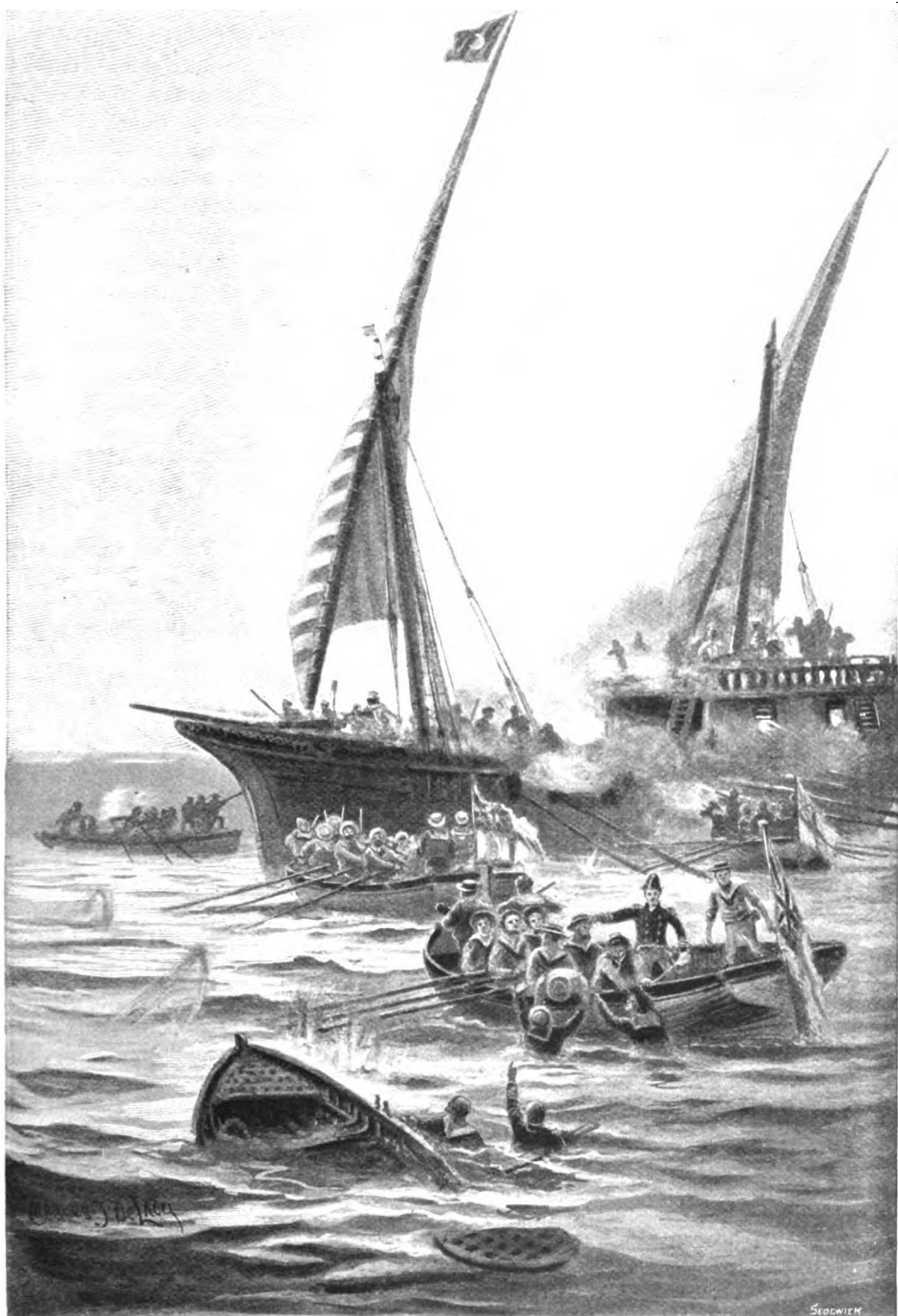
"Come on board, sir," said Lieutenant Charteris, a little later, when he reached the quarter-deck.

"Speak out!" shouted the captain; and the other officers crowded round to hear the tale, while the men came as near to the quarter-deck as they dared, or questioned the crew of the gig.

"I demanded to see the English slaves they have on board," said the young officer coolly, "and the black rascal in command swore by the head of Mahomet that he had none. I told Achmet to tell him that he was a liar, and I think he did."

"Damned good, that!" murmured the captain approvingly.

"Then the Moors threw Achmet overboard, and wanted to throw me after him,



but I showed them my toasting-fork and retreated as slowly as I could. They've got Englishmen on board, right enough, sir!"

"I'm sure of it!" roared the captain; "and here am I bound by my damned orders not to molest the murdering slave-drivers! Damn the orders and all the Lords of the Admiralty, every mother's son of 'em! What's to be done?"

"Look here, sir," and Charteris took his senior aside, and spoke in a low voice, "you've got a sunstroke, haven't you? Now you go to your berth, and leave me to disobey orders. I sha'n't be hanged for it—my family will see to that—and if I'm dismissed the service, they'll have to find me something else to do!"

"Good gad, boy! You're the stuff they make heroes of," said the captain warmly. "I'm damned if I thought it was in you! So you'll take command until I'm better, eh?"

"That's it, Captain!"

"Well, then, perhaps it's the best way, for the Government can make it their excuse afterward that I was ill. Only don't fire on the curs: just board in force, and persuade 'em."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"And God bless you, my boy!"

Then the captain turned about and bellowed,—

"I'll put every man of you in irons. I'll give you all the cat, damn you, d'ye hear?"

"Come, come, sir! go below for a time," said Charteris soothingly.

"Yes, I'll go, and I'll have you all down after me, d'ye hear?" he yelled, and then diving down the companion-way he abruptly disappeared.

"Bad sunstroke, isn't it, doctor?" asked Charteris.

"Seems like it," answered the surgeon grimly.

"Well, you'll have to give a certificate to that effect. Gentlemen," he added, turning to those on the quarter-deck, "the command devolves upon me until such a time as the captain is capable of resuming it. Bo'sun, pipe all boats out!"

Somehow the order seemed to have been anticipated, for the crew of each boat was standing at the lowering tackle. In an almost incredibly short space of time the boats were floated, and although no order had been given to arm, cutlasses and guns were handed down.

"We're going to see who chorused 'Rule Britannia,' that's all!" sang out young Charteris as he took his seat in the launch.

Scarcely had they pushed off when a deep voice hailed them from the deck.

"Gig, pull alongside: I'm coming too, and damn the orders!" and the burly captain climbed hurriedly down the gangway amid the delighted cheers of the ship's company.

"Sir, you're in no condition to go," remonstrated the surgeon.

"Sir, it'll take a plucky man to stop me!" was the answer, and away the gig raced after the other boats.

"Steady men, all," shouted the captain; "you'll want your wind! Steady all!" and then with a long, strong slashing stroke they pulled after the galley, which was now about a mile and a half away.

As they drew nearer they became aware that the Moors were ready for them; and the boats opened out, and prepared to attack at all points, swerving first to one side and then to the other, so as to disconcert the Moorish gunners.

"Bang!" A shot struck the water close to the launch, which had but that instant changed her course, and a loud hurrah from the tars greeted its failure.

"Bang! Bang!" Another and another, and the boats were only about a

hundred yards off, and racing for dear life. Then a musketry fire was hailed upon them, and men dropped their oars and fell back from their seats, or hung forward, lifeless.

"*Bang!*" This time a shot ricocheted and struck the gig in the stern, not hurting any one in her but sinking her almost immediately. The larboard cutter and the launch being nearest went to her assistance, unheeding the captain's orders as he struck bravely out:—

"Board her, you damned sons of a gun, board her, and don't wait for us!"

The starboard cutter with the senior master's mate had hooked on aft, and already the men in her were trying to board, whilst a disorderly mob of shrieking Moors with pike and gun and sword hacked and fired and hewed at the gallant fellows. Time after time the salts tried to gain a footing, only to be hurled back cut and bleeding.

Then of a sudden came a great hurrah from forward and an echo of an hurrah from the hold as another boat's crew came pouring over the bows. Immediately after, the launch and then the other cutter drew alongside, and amid cutting and thrusting and wild firing the British sailors and marines formed up on the deck of the galley, and led from forward by the captain and Lieutenant Charteris, and from aft by the master's mate Reilly, they fought their way until they met, driving the Moors either into the hold or into the water.

"After them below!" shouted the captain, fearing lest the slaves should be massacred by their desperate masters; and forty stalwart seamen, led by Charteris, dashed into the sweltering, fetid hold. They were only just in time, for the Moors had already murdered half a dozen Sardinians, and were attacking others of the chained and defenceless wretches.

"Rule Britannia! At 'em, lads!" shrieked out a voice from the gloom. "Quick, or it'll be too late!"

There was a roar of an explosion and a flame sprang up forward, where half a barrel of gunpowder had been thrown open and lighted. It blew up part of the deck and killed numbers of the slaves and Moors, but the sailors in the hold never paused in their task of freeing the slaves. First the shackles were knocked off the two Englishmen—there were only two of them, they said—and then they worked away at the chains of the rest in the blinding smoke until they heard the bo'sun's whistle, when came a rush for deck and the boats. The vessel was all aflame, and the British, maddened by the screams and groans of the wretched slaves who were still chained to the sweeps, made short work of those of the Moors who were yet swimming about.

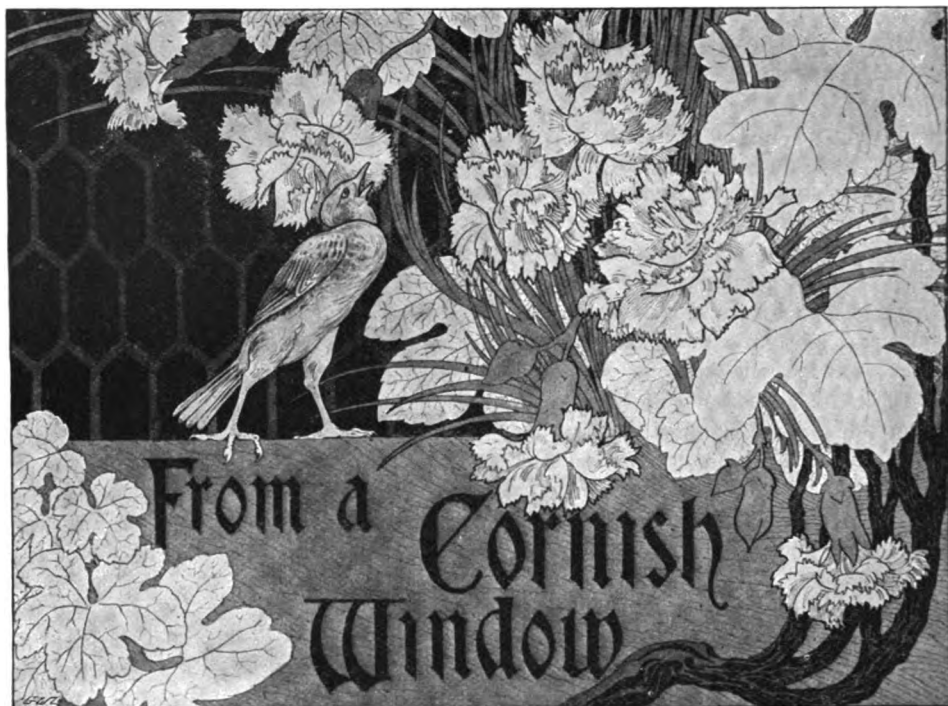
They left the galley wrapped in darting flame and smoke, and as they neared the *Prometheus* the strains of "Rule Britannia" greeted them in a great roar of welcome. Only Captain Bowen was unhappy.

"A pretty fine butcher's bill, damn me!" he growled: "four good men killed, and seventeen wounded. And though I love the old ship as my life, she and I must part now. But I couldn't help acting as I did, Charteris, and if I could have, I hope I wouldn't."

"Captain," said Charteris, baring his curly brown head and holding out his hand, "the Admiralty may degrade you for disobedience, but every Briton will honour you in that you carried out the boast of our song!"

In less than a month from that time Admiral Lord Exmouth, joined by the Dutch fleet, bombarded and reduced Algiers, and the butcher's bill of the *Prometheus* was added to the one incurred in the bombardment, and my Lords of the Admiralty never inquired particularly into the matter.

JOHN I.E. BRETON.



UPON LAUNCHING A BOAT, AND FITTING HER OUT—A CUPFUL OF ROMANCE, AND THE MORNING TUB—JOHN HOLLOND'S "FIRST DISCOURSE OF THE NAVY"—COMPARED WITH THE PROSPECTUS OF THE NAVY LEAGUE—MATERIAL STRENGTH AND MORAL STAMINA—THE LANGUAGE OF PANIC AND THE MISCHIEF IT DOES—"LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN"—FURTHER OBSERVATIONS ON MR. JOHN WILLIAMS AND HIS DREAM—THE VERSIONS—HAD IT A PURPOSE?—THE STRANGE ADVENTURE OF MR. MCCARTHY'S QUOTATION—CAPERS, PILLS, AND A PREVIOUS STATE.

"*SOLVITUR acris hiems grata vice veris et
favoni
Trahuntque siccas machinæ carinas . . .*"

—In other words, I look out of the window and decide that the day has arrived for launching the boat :



"This is that happy
morn,
That day, long wished
day !"

and, to my mind, the
birthday of the year.

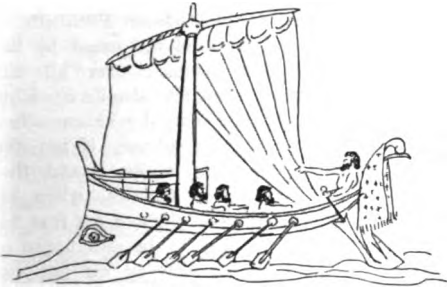
Potentates and capitalists who send down orders to Cowes or Southampton that their yachts are to be put in commission, and anon arrive to find everything ready (if they

care to examine), from the steam capstan to the cook's apron, have little notion of the amusement to be found in fitting out a small boat, say of five or six tons. I sometimes doubt if it be not the very flower, or at least the bloom, of the whole pastime. The serious face with which we set about it : the solemn procession up the river to the creek where she rests, the high tide all but lifting her : the silence in which we loose the mooring and haul off : the first thrill of buoyant water underfoot : the business of stepping the mast : quiet days of sitting or pottering about on deck in the sunny harbour : vessels passing up and down, their crews eyeing us critically as the rigging grows and the odds and ends, block, tackle and purchase, fall into their ordered places : and through it all the expectation running of

the summer to come, and "blue days at sea" and unfamiliar anchorages,—unfamiliar, but where the boat is home will be—

"Such bliss
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss."

Homer, who knew what amused men, constantly lays stress on this business of fitting-out. "Then at length she (Athena) let drag the swift ship to the sea, and stored within



it all such tackling as decked ships carry. And she moored it at the far end of the harbour. . . . So they raised the mast of pine tree, and set it in the hole of the cross plank, and made it fast with forestays, and hauled up the white sails with twisted ropes of oxhide." And again: "First of all they drew the ship down to the deep water, and fixed the oars in leathern loops all orderly, and spread forth the white sails. And squires, haughty of heart, bare for them their arms"—but you'll observe that it was the masters who did the launching, etc., like wise men who knew exactly wherein the fun of the business consisted—"And they moored her high out in the shore water, and themselves disembarked. There they supped and waited for evening to come on."

You suggest, perhaps, that our seafaring is but play: and you are right. But in our play we catch a cupful of the romance of the real thing. Shelley used to sail paper boats, and no doubt found romance in that. Also we have the real thing at our doors—not in the advertiser's meaning of 'Salt Water at Your Own Door,'—to keep us humble. Day by day beneath this window the statelier shipping goes by; and our twopenny adventurings and discoveries do truly (I believe) keep the greater wonder and interest awake in



us, from day to day—the wonder and interest so memorably expressed in Mr. Bridges' poem *A Passer By*:—

"Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails
crowding,
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,
Whither away, fair rover, and what thy
quest?
"Ah! soon when Winter has all our vales
opprest,
When skies are cold and misty, and hail is
hurling,
Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest
In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails
furling.

"I there before thee, in the country so well thou
knowest,
Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air:
I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,
And anchor queen of the strange shipping
there,
Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare. . .

* * * * *

"And yet, O splendid ship, unhailed and
nameless,
I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine
That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage
blameless,
Thy port assured in a happier land than
mine.
But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is
thine,
As thou, aslant with trim tackle and
shrouding,
From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line
In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails
crowding."

I CAN only tell you that I once had the pleasure of a conversation with a German



Professor, who after a three weeks' stay in this country (such is the thoroughness of the race) had mapped out a treatise on *English Characteristics*, on the lines—as well as I could make out—of Mr. Burnand's *Typical Developments*. And I gathered that under the heading "Aquatic-Proclivities-System," he had already provided for a sub-section to deal with the

Morning Tub. When you come to think of it, a dweller in Warwickshire or Bedfordshire may well be driven to seek in his morning tub the daily necessary reminder of inherited naval supremacy. And—name of Tidman!—is there no romance in that?

"And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white,"

singing, "Rule, Britannia!" Though in all human probability I shall never be the first to burst into a silent sea, I can declare quite seriously that I never steer into an unfamiliar creek or haven but, as its recesses open, I can understand something of the awe of the boat's crew in Andrew Marvell's "Bermudas"; yes, and something of the exultation of the great Columbus himself!



COLUMBUS

BY way of preparation, while the days have been lengthening, I have been amusing myself with a whole pile of books on our early naval history: Mr. Oppenheim's most learned tractate on *The Administration of the Royal Navy, and of Merchant Shipping in relation to the Navy*, Vol. I., 1509—1660; *Naval Accounts and Inventories of the Reign of Henry VII.* (also edited by Mr. Oppenheim), and Hollond's *Discourses of the Navy*, 1638 and 1659—two books published by the admirable Navy Records Society; Mr. Martin A. S. Hume's *The Year after the Armada*. I may add that I have been perusing a sort of prospectus or manifesto issued by the Navy League, and find that its language of appeal compares very poorly with that used by John Hollond in 1638. Let me give instances, and take them as my text for a serious word or two on what I conceive to be a serious matter—a matter hardly less serious, if less so to surface appearance, than that strengthening and confirming of the Navy which we all desire.

Listen first to John Hollond, and observe the attitude of mind in which he approaches his subject:—

"If either the honour of a nation, commerce or trust with all nations, peace at home, grounded

upon our enemies' fear or love of us abroad, and attended with plenty of all things necessary either for the preservation of the public weal or thy private welfare, be things worthy thy esteem (though it may be beyond thy shoal conceit), then next to God and the King give thy thanks for the same to the navy. As for honour, who knows not (that knows anything) that in all records of late times of actions chronicled to the everlasting fame and renown of this nation, still the naval part is the thread that runs through the whole woof, the burden of the song, the scope of the text? that whereby Queen Elizabeth of famous memory immortalised her name by her many great victories obtained over all her enemies, neighbours or remote dwellers; King James of ever blessed memory by almost silent commands commanded the silence, if not the love, of all neighbouring nations; and that whereby our ever blessed Charles, when his abused patience began to be slighted (as that his power on the seas and right to the seas began to be questioned), hath not only by his late expeditions of 1635, 1636, 1637 and 1638, quelled foreign insolencies, regained our almost lost power and honour, silenced homebred malcontents, but also settled his kingdoms in peace, commerce, and plenty, the common attendants of so wise and honourable a government?"

He proceeds to enumerate some particular commercial advantages due to our mastery of the sea; and sums up in these words:—

"Suffice it thus far, nothing under God, who doth all, hath brought so much, so great commerce to this kingdom, as the rightly noble employments of our navy; a wheel, if truly turned, that sets to work all Christendom by its motion; a mill, if well extended, that in a sweet yet sovereign composure contracts the grist of all nations to its own dominions, and requires only the tribute of its own people, not for, but towards, its maintenance."

"Second-rate and muddled eloquence," says Mr. J. R. Tanner, Hollond's editor. I am not sure that I agree. At any rate, the man at the piano seems to be doing his best, and we needn't shoot at him on a question of style. Mr. Oppenheim, again, describes the tone of Hollond's references to Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. as "one of fetid



adulation of the monarchy and the principles it represented." On second thoughts Mr. Oppenheim has scratched out "fetid" and substituted "fulsome." I submit that either epithet does some injustice to an imperfect scholar who, after all, was only following the literary custom of his day: but certainly his eulogy of James I. is not felicitous. As Mr. Oppenheim elsewhere proves, the naval administration of James and his officers was about the worst in English history. I hold no brief for Hollond, who appears, as a matter of fact, to have been a cantankerous official, quick enough to detect corruption in others, himself not entirely proof against the minor temptations of his position.

Nevertheless, and allowing all this, I claim of the reader some admiration for the man. Observe that he does not scold; he does not terrify. He lays his stress on the benefits of a strong navy—on the renown it has won for England in the past. He assumes his readers to be intelligent men, amenable to advice which will help them to perpetuate these benefits and secure this renown in time to come. His exordium over, he settles down to a practical and detailed exposition of abuses which have crept into naval administration and impair its efficiency; and suggests reforms, some wisely conceived, some less wisely, but all unfolded with the businesslike air of one who addresses men of sense and knows what he is talking about.

NOW I open the Prospectus of the Navy League, and come plump upon a page headed "The Meaning of Defeat," and upon language of this sort:—

"It is the close, let us suppose, of our second month of war. The fleet has been neglected, and has been overwhelmed, unready and unprepared. We have been beaten twice at sea, and our enemies have established no accidental superiority, but a permanent and overwhelming one. The telegraph cables are severed, one and all; these islands are in darkness, under a heavy cloud of woe. Invasion is in the air; our armies are mustering in the south. We are cut off from the world, and can only fitfully perceive what is happening. Our liners have been captured or sunk on the high seas; our ocean tramps are in our enemies' hands; British trade is dead, killed by the wholesale ravages of the hostile cruisers. Our ports are insulted or held up to ransom;

when news reaches us from India it is to the effect that the enemy is before our troops, a native insurrection behind. Malta has fallen, and our outlying positions are passing from our hands. Food is contraband, and may not be imported. Amid the jeers of Europe 'the nation of shop-keepers' is writhing in its death agony.

"COMMERCIAL COLLAPSE.

"And what of the internal, of the social position? Consols have fallen to nearly 30; our vast investments in India have been lost; trade no longer exists. . . . The railways have no traffic to carry. . . . Banks and companies are failing daily. . . . The East End of London is clamouring for bread and peace at any price. . . . If we fall we fall for ever. . . . The working man has to choose whether he will have lighter taxation for the moment, starvation and irretrievable ruin for the future. . . ."

—and so forth, and so forth. The language, you see, is no longer hortatory, but minatory—even comminatory. It is (as I suppose not even its author would deny) the language of panic, a deliberate appeal *in terrorem*, a calculated attempt to strengthen the material of the navy at the cost of playing on Englishmen's fears. Now, before going further, let me define my feeling towards the Navy League. As an ordinary English citizen I must heartily and gratefully approve its chief aim, of strengthening our navy and keeping it efficient. As an ordinary reasonable man I must admit that its efforts, if properly directed, may be of immense national service. In fact, I will fall in under its flag (or flags) to-morrow, *if its leaders will only stop this talk*. But while I can choose, I will not fight under men who appeal to terror, who employ the language of panic. It is demoralising, as the Council of the Navy League ought to perceive. They cry incessantly for more *material* strength. We are told that in material strength we should at least be equal to any two other countries; and "it does not appear that Nelson and his contemporaries left any record as to what the proportion of the blockading should bear (*sic*) to one blockaded," but experts have advised a proportion of at least five to three. So be it, by all means. When experts speak, let us be silent and obey. But it needs no expert to teach us that no amount of material can, or ought to, replace *morale*; and no great wit to discover that we are not assisting at a display of expert

opinion when a gentleman stands up and solemnly shakes under our noses a fifth-rate French squib called "*Plus d'Angleterre*" (a book of about the same calibre as "Those Foreign Devils," or "English as She is Spoke"; certainly of less calibre than "Ginx's Baby"), assuring us that it correctly prescribes the terms of peace we shall have to sign at the conclusion of our next war. Do you, by any chance, desire to know them? Well, then:—(1) Every English war-ship, afloat or on the stocks, is to be surrendered to France, and (2) we are to be allowed to maintain but fifty war-ships for the future. (3) Our army is not to exceed 50,000 men. (4) We must pay an indemnity of £560,000,000 (why not add a few more ciphers, if the type will run to it?)—and "put me down for one of them," as Thackeray, or somebody, said). (5) Dover must be surrendered to France in perpetuity. (6) France also takes the Channel Isles, Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, the Cape, Mauritius, the Seychelles, Amirantes, and Chagos, Aden, Perim, Socotra, Ceylon, Hong-Kong, New Guinea, New Zealand, Tasmania, Fiji, Vancouver, British Guiana, the British West Indies, Quebec and Newfoundland. (7) We evacuate Egypt. (8) The Egyptian Antiquities and the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum go to France. Meanwhile Russia has made



herself mistress of the best part of India, and Ireland has become an Independent Republic under French protection!

I am not jesting. All this is gravely set forth in the Prospectus, where "*Plus d'Angleterre*" is twice quoted, and with a footnote giving the publisher's name, to save all difficulty in acquiring this useful work, the only book honoured with such a reference. "When the terms were read out at the Guildhall, 'there followed

the deep silence of the grave, there were tears in the eyes of the English.'" "And well there might be!" sagely adds the writer who quotes this for gospel.

With the sincerest good will towards the Navy League, I suggest in the first place that this stuff does not lend weight to the serious calculations and arguments in its prospectus. The severest arithmetic loses its impressiveness when mixed up with wild and whirling talk. Secondly, I beg the Council to reconsider these appeals *in terrorem*, and ask themselves if it be not possible to gain their admirable ends without using arguments which, (if taken seriously) tend to sap their countrymen's moral stamina. For my part, I do not believe that Englishmen, Scotsmen, Irishmen, are cowards. I have seen our labourers and our fishermen at work, our public-school boys at play; and I remember Chitral. But I do believe that any one who works on the fears of a nation—and especially of a nation which declines Conscription and its one undoubted advantage of familiarising men with the possibilities of warfare—does a serious harm; a harm none the less serious because incalculable. You can see the war-ships growing: you cannot see the pluck, the adventurous spirit, ebbing away: you will never discover its loss until the actual fatal hour of trial. If our happy laws, our education, our traditions of conquest and present resources of wealth should teach us anything, they should teach us to keep our heads. We might learn, for instance, to repudiate, if we cannot suppress, the ignoble screams to which some newspaper-writers give vent when they hear of any fresh Anarchist outrage. Stamp out these assassins relentlessly, by all means; but composedly, as becomes men conscious of their strength. Allowing for the unscrupulousness of your assailants, you have still 7000 of the odds in your favour; and if, on the first attack, you fall to uttering cries suggestive of the rage of the sheep, you merely raise the uncomfortable suspicion that, after all, there must be something amiss with a civilisation which counts you amongst its successes.



I appeal then to the Council of the Navy League—if it will listen to a humble *causeur*—to put aside these appeals to terror, and trust rather to the commemoration of heroic deeds and the cultivation of a wide-eyed intelligence of the moral and material advantages of naval strength. The press praised them generously last October for the wreathing of Nelson's column; and the most captious can only put in a plea that these celebrations may be so managed as to give the least possible offence to the high-spirited nation with which we fought in 1805. The duel is over, and on the whole it disgraced neither of the opponents. Both have great deeds to remember, and the remembrance should be no bar to respect or tact or courtesy.

TO turn to smaller matters :—

It is high time for me to thank the many obliging readers who have supplied information or suggestions concerning the famous dream of Mr. John Williams of Scorrier. The list includes several descend-



ants and relatives of Mr. Williams; as well as Mr. Andrew Lang, who cheerfully assures me in *Longman's Magazine* that

I have come to the right shop for useless information, and handsomely proves his words. (There really ought to be a paper, on the lines of the *Bazaar*, *Exchange and Mart*, devoted to barter of this kind. "Advertiser, by doctor's orders, is giving up interest in Double Consciousness. Will exchange for derivation of 'Ostler,' Impressions of Drowning Man, or anything useless." *Notes and Queries* was designed, no doubt, to satisfy this crying need; but nowadays, if you write to *Notes and Queries*, the chances are that somebody like Professor Skeat will hint on the following week that you are an ass: which may be as accurate as it is funny, but is scarcely the exchange you invited.)

The one point on which my correspondents are unanimous is the integrity of Mr. Williams. This, at any rate, they put beyond doubt. I have copies, too, of obituary notices printed in the local papers, the *Royal Cornwall Gazette*, and the *West Briton*, of April 3rd, 1841. "His moral qualities were also of a high order," says the former paper. "His

integrity was proof against all temptation, and above all reproach." And the *West Briton* waxes positively dithyrambic: "Animated throughout his life by a deeply religious feeling, and rewarded by Providence with a length of days which seemed singularly in keeping with the patriarchal virtues of his character, he was supported in his declining age by the consolations of that faith which had guided him through his earthly pilgrimage, and which cheered him, when sinking into the grave, with the inspiring hope of a happy immortality"—a fine, sonorous English sentence, which does considerable credit to its unknown author.

Further, Mr. Williams was a man of no ordinary intelligence. "To his talent and enterprise, his industry and perseverance, the mining interest in Cornwall is most largely indebted. For fifty years, or more, he stood deservedly at its head—the greatest adventurer, the ablest manager, the best practical engineer and mineralogist of his time. In this, his own peculiar province, he had no rival; the most skilful miner was content to be taught, and the boldest speculator to be led by him. . . . In matters of science, as well as of business, the clearness and vigour of his mind were eminently displayed." The great Rennie consulted him; and when the construction of the breakwater at Plymouth had been given up in despair by a series of contractors, it was Mr. Williams who came to the rescue and carried out that great national work. Here, clearly, was not the man to palm off a lying story, or to bemuse himself over the evidence of his own senses. That he dreamed the dream, I, for one, don't doubt.

TO come to the dream, then. An account of it appeared in the *Times* of August 28th, 1812. Another was given by Dr. Abercrombie in his *Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers*; another by Dr. C. Carlyon (*Early Years and Late Reflections*), who stated that he had once heard the story from Mr. Williams' own lips: the same assurance accompanied a fourth account, written out for Dr. Carlyon by a Mr. Hill, a grandson of Mr. Williams. These four seem to tally on all important points with each other, and with the account in my grandfather's MS. *On the night of May 11th, 1812*, Mr. Williams dreamed he was in the lobby of the House

of Commons, *where he had never been*, and saw a man shoot, with a pistol, a gentleman who had just entered the lobby, and was said to be "the Chancellor." He wakened his wife, who told him to be composed and go to sleep again. He then dreamed the dream twice again. He talked of it next day at breakfast, and in the forenoon went on business to Falmouth, where he told a number of people. Next day (May 13th) he told his son-in-law, Mr. Tucker of Trematon Castle, who observed that it would do very well for a dream to have the Chancellor in the lobby of the House of Commons, but he would not be found there in reality. Mr. Williams then described the gentleman he had seen pistolled, and Mr. Tucker answered, "Your description is not at all that of the Chancellor, but it certainly is exactly that of Mr. Perceval, the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and although he has been to me the greatest enemy I have ever met with through life, for a supposed cause which has no foundation in truth"—or words to this effect—"I should be exceedingly sorry if what you describe should be the truth." Just then they heard a horse gallop up, and presently entered Mr. Michael Williams, son of the dreamer, who had ridden from Truro (seven miles) with the news of Mr. Perceval's assassination. The news had come by that evening's mail. The accounts say that, some weeks after, Mr. Williams went to London on mining business, and took occasion to visit the lobby; that he at once recognised it as the scene of his dream, and accurately pointed out the positions of the principal actors.

The assassination of Perceval took place in the late afternoon of May 11th. Observe that in the foregoing account it precedes the dream by a few hours.

BUT by the favour of a grandson of Mr. Williams of Scorrier, I have another account before me; or rather, two accounts which are practically the same, and may be treated as one. The first is dated "December, 1832," the second "December 9th, 1837": both were taken from Mr. Williams' own mouth, and were signed by him: one of the MSS. was written out by a Mr. Fisher of Calstock, and is (I understand) in the grandson's possession, and the other is, or was, the

property of Mr. Tremayne of Heligan, Cornwall. Putting the weight of the signatures aside, I should judge, on internal evidence, that these MSS. contain the genuine and more accurate story. It runs thus:—

"My dream was as follows:—About the *second or third* day of May, 1812, I dreamed that I was in the lobby of the House of Commons (*a place well known to me*). A small man, dressed in a blue coat and white waistcoat, entered, and immediately I saw a person whom I had observed upon my first entrance, dressed in a snuff-coloured coat with yellow metal buttons, take a pistol from his coat and present it at the little man above mentioned. The pistol was discharged, and the ball entered under the left breast of the person at whom it was directed. Upon enquiring who the sufferer might be, I was informed that he was the Chancellor. *I understood him to be Mr. Perceval, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer.* I further saw the murderer laid hold of by several gentlemen in the room. Upon awaking I told the particulars above related to my wife. She treated the matter lightly, and desired me to go to sleep, saying it was only a dream. I soon fell asleep again, and again the dream presented itself under precisely the same circumstances. After waking a second time, and stating the matter again to my wife, she only repeated her request that I would compose myself and dismiss the subject from my mind. Upon my falling asleep a third time, the same dream without any alteration was repeated, and I awoke, as on the former occasions, in great agitation. So much alarmed was I, and impressed by the circumstances above related, that I felt much doubt whether it was not my duty to take a journey to London and communicate upon the subject with the party principally concerned. Upon this point I consulted with some friends whom I met on business at the *Godolphin mine on the following day*. After having stated to them the particulars of the dream itself, and what were my own feelings in relation to it, they dissuaded me from my purpose, saying I might expose myself to contempt and vexation, or be taken up as a fanatic. Upon this I said no more, but anxiously watched the newspapers every evening as the post arrived.

"On the evening of the 13th of May (as far as I recollect), no account of Mr. Perceval's death was in the newspaper; but my second son, at that time returning from Truro, came in a hurried manner into the room where I was sitting, and exclaimed, 'Oh! father, your dream has come true: Mr. Perceval has been shot in the lobby of the House of Commons; there is an account come from London to Truro, written after the newspapers were printed.' The fact was that

Mr. Perceval had been assassinated on the evening of the 11th.

"Some business soon after called me to London, and in one of the printshops I saw a drawing for sale, representing the place and the circumstances attending Mr. Perceval's death. I purchased it, and upon a careful examination I found it to coincide in all respects with the scene which had passed through my imagination in the dream. The colours of the dresses, the buttons of the assassin's coat, the white waistcoat of Mr. Perceval, the spot of blood upon it, the countenances and attitude of the parties present, were exactly what I had dreamed."

So far the two MSS. agree almost *verbatim* : but here the Heligan MS. of 1837 breaks off, while the 1832 MS. (from which I suspect it was copied, to be submitted later to Mr. Williams and receive his signature) goes on to relate that two of the Commissioners of the Navy requested an interview, and met Mr. Williams at Rennie's house, when he told them the whole story while it was still fresh in his memory. Both MSS. conclude, "I forbear to make any comment upon the above narrative further than to declare solemnly that it is a faithful account of facts as they actually occurred."

I BELIEVE that this account agrees with a Report (which, however, I have not seen) in the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, vol. v. At any rate, I think it more likely to be genuine than the *Times*-Abercrombie-Carlyon version. In the first place, it was twice attested by Mr. Williams' signature. Secondly, it is simpler : the business of the dreamer's visiting the lobby, where he had never been before, and pointing out the positions, etc., looks like an embellishment. Bear in mind that he was a public man, and the assertion that the lobby was "a place well known to me" seems altogether more probable. In one version he goes to Falmouth on the day after the dream ; in the other, to Godolphin Mine. He might conceivably have visited both in one day, but I don't think it likely. Falmouth lies about nine miles S.S.E. of Scorrier House, and Godolphin Mine about twelve miles W.S.W., and there were no railways. If we must choose, "Godolphin Mine" looks less like a casual invention.

But the really important point of differ-

ence is the date. By the account we prefer, the dream happened, not on the night of the assassination, but *seven or eight days before*. (This again looks less like invention.) Now, I don't want to be led into idle speculating on the *purpose* of an apparition. But we see from the narrative that Mr. Williams was worried by this, and doubted if it were not his duty to journey up to London and warn Perceval. His son-in-law, Mr. Tucker of Trematon, as Surveyor-General of the Duchy of Cornwall, was in pretty constant official correspondence with the Ministry, and might have conveyed the warning. At any rate there was ample time, even in those days of difficult travelling.

MINORA canamus. Let me add a trifling experience of my own ; queer, but (as I think) explicable. In the spring of 1892 I attended a dinner of the Booksellers' Fund at the Holborn Restaurant. I was (if this be of any importance) very far from well at the time. Somewhat late in the evening Mr. Justin McCarthy stood up, at the far end of the hall, to propose the toast of "The Booksellers." I have never in my life had the pleasure to know Mr. McCarthy, or to exchange a word with him : in fact, I had never seen him before. But at once I felt certain that he would introduce a particular quotation in his speech, and my recollection is that I turned to Mr. C. L— on my left and said, "He is going to quote Kháyyám's



'I often wonder what the vintners buy
One-half so precious as the stuff they sell.'

A moment afterwards, out came the quotation.

You observe that it is a very happy quotation, and well worth inclusion in a Handbook of Compliments constructed on the lines of the famous Handbook of Repartees in *Happy Thoughts*. "Thus, A : what comes under A ? Armourer. Well, there you are, repartee (or compliment) for an armourer." B : Bookseller. "I often wonder," κ.τ.λ. The lines have a peculiar ring of sincerity, too, in the mouth of an author : which again suggests a system of cross-reference, thus—

Compliments proper to be paid by (A)uthor
to (B)ookseller on occasion of—

(C)harity (D)inner } or { (C)haffingly
(C)laiming (D)iscount } { (C)onscientiously

(D)iversifying (E)leemosynary (F)estivities.
(D)ischarging (E)lementary (F)unctions.

As for the explanation, I find a partial one in the following train of associated ideas—"Mr. Justin McCarthy: father of Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy—translator of Omar Kháyým: Fitzgerald's rendering of the same poet"—the quatrains chase each other in my recollection, and lo! two lines leap out as peculiarly appropriate to the occasion, here and now. What I cannot explain is the *certainty* with which I waited for Mr. McCarthy to quote them.

ONE explanation, at any rate, is easily disposed of. Let me draw upon the resources of my beloved Duchy. "Here's a very curious thing, now," said an old farmer to Doctor—: "I wonder if you can explain it? My missus is losing her sight, but one thing she won't do, and that is, let the servant-gel go rummaging in her store-cupboard. Sunday week, we had boiled leg-o'-mutton for dinner,—our own

five-year-old mutton, sir, with turnips *an'* caper-sauce over the j'int. Soon as I stuck fork in it, it comed over me that all this had happened afore—I can't explain it other—an' whenever that was, summat had gone amiss wi' the capers. 'What's wrong with these here capers?' I says. 'Whatever *should* be the matter?' says she. 'Well,' I says, tastin' one, 'they've turned into Cockle's Pills, that's all.' You see, we always keeps some handy, in a green bottle, an' she'd fetched it down by mistake. 'Twas a narrer escape. But what I wants to know is, how did I come to feel so certain about it, soon as I put fork in the joint?"

Dr. — suggested that these things were sometimes thought to be echoes of what had happened to us in a previous state of existence.

DOCTOR Q. — PALL
= IN A PREVIOUS STATE



"How could that be?"

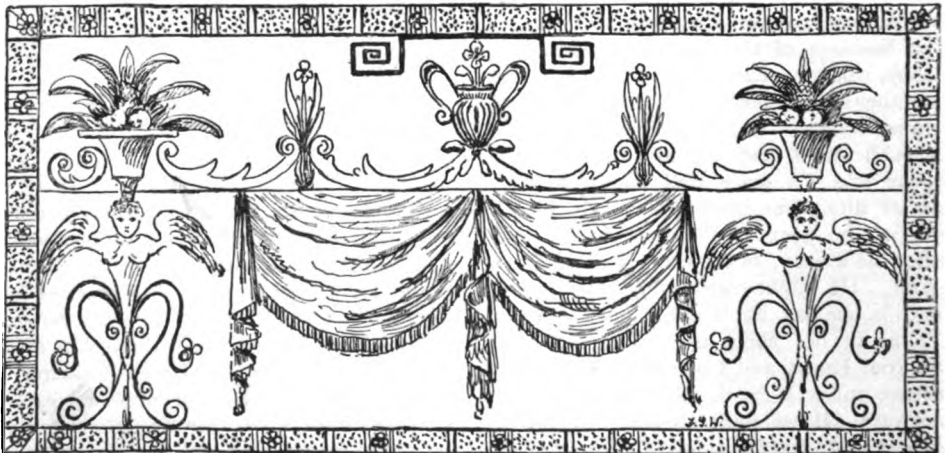
"'Twas a five-year-old sheep, I tell ee."

"But it might have been another leg—I mean another sheep. In your previous state of existence—"

"Pravious state! Pravious state! Look here: I be sixty-two, come July next. How long has Cockle been goin'?"

It is obvious that I could not, in a previous state, have heard Mr. McCarthy deliver his quotation. For how long has Fitzgerald been going?

A. T. QUILLER COUCH.



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PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

GREUZE, PINKIT.

END OF A GENTLE.

SLEEP.

THE SLEEPER

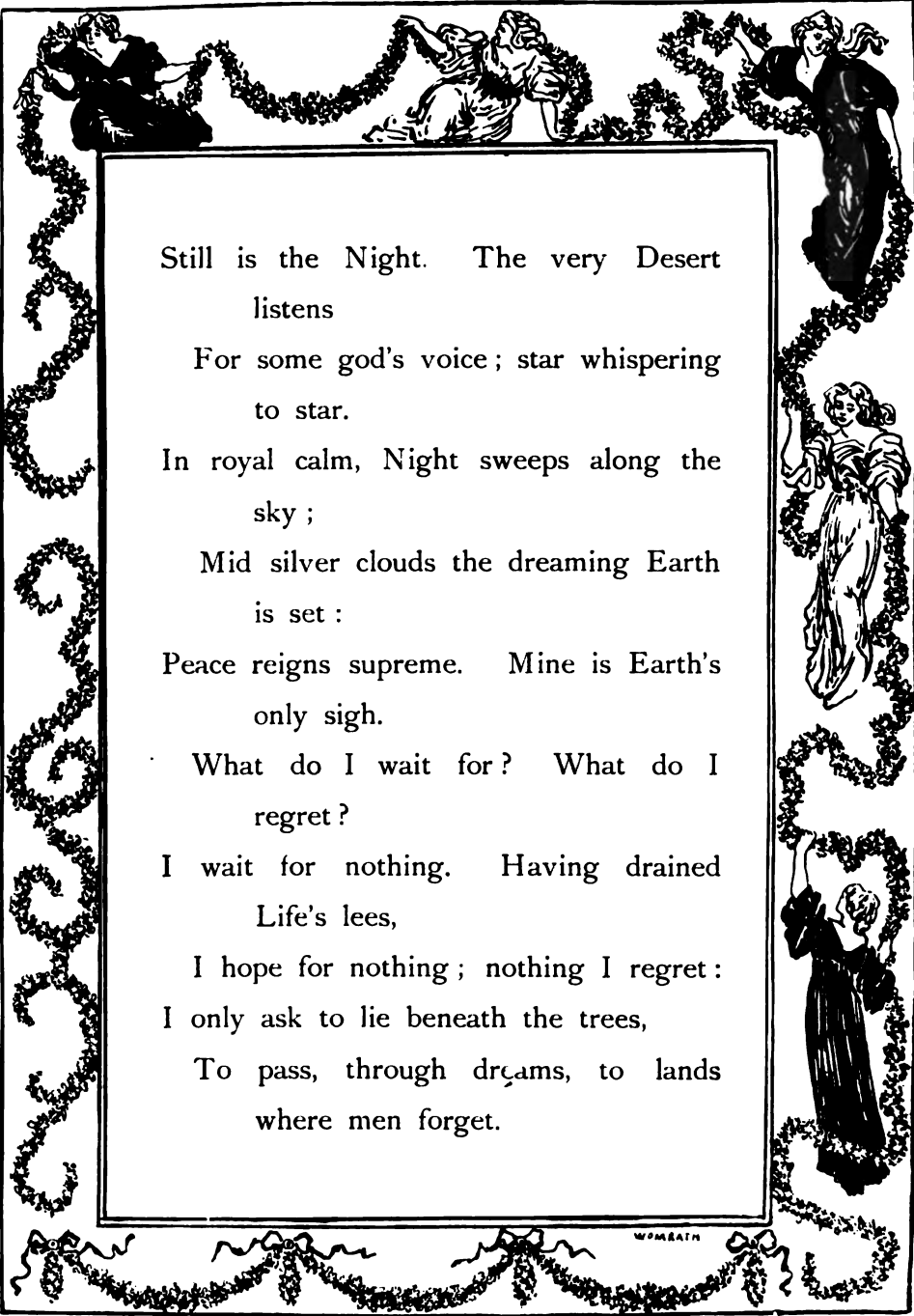
ONLY I was left with the white of my sheets
In dirty bed-room through the moon and star.

SLEEP.

(From the Russian of Lermontof.)



L ONELY I wander while the white road glistens
In flinty brilliance through the mists afar.



Still is the Night. The very Desert
listens

For some god's voice ; star whispering
to star.

In royal calm, Night sweeps along the
sky ;

Mid silver clouds the dreaming Earth
is set :

Peace reigns supreme. Mine is Earth's
only sigh.

What do I wait for ? What do I
regret ?

I wait for nothing. Having drained
Life's lees,

I hope for nothing ; nothing I regret :
I only ask to lie beneath the trees,
To pass, through dreams, to lands
where men forget.

WOMERATH



I ask for Sleep : for Sleep, but not for
Death—

Not that chill silence which is this
world's doom,

But slumber warm with life, stirred
by life's breath,

A summer slumber, in the
greenwood's gloom,

Where some girl's voice sings

to the drowsy ear

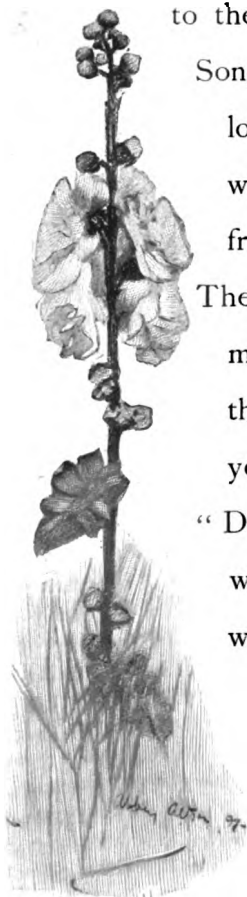
Songs of young
love : low songs,
whose slow re-
frain

The green leaves
murmur through
the endless
year :

“ Dreams without
waking ! Love
without love's pain ! ”

CLIVE PHILLIPS-WOLLEY.

VICTORIA, B.C.





North Front of Lyme.

LYME.

ILLUSTRATED FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY LADY NEWTON.



HIS old home of the Leghs of Lyme is situated in the county of Cheshire, and stands upon a spur of land eight hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, almost in the middle of the park, which is large and undulating, about nine miles in circumference. This park, which is really the beginning of the Peak range, Derbyshire, although nominally in Cheshire, has always preserved its bold and romantic character, and was long celebrated for the herd of wild cattle which were indigenous to the place, like those of Chillingham, of which they were the exact counterpart, being white, with large spreading horns, and red inside the ears. When the present owner was a boy he remembers a herd of from thirty to forty, and when he succeeded his uncle in 1857 there were still about fifteen or sixteen; but from having been allowed to breed in-and-in and from other causes they were very much deteriorated, and in spite of all the efforts made to restore them to their ancient form they gradually became extinct, and for several years there have been none in the park. There is, however, a fine herd of red deer as well as fallow. The former have always been famous for their size and wild nature. Many anecdotes are told of them, and have been handed down to the present time; and that they were renowned in the sixteenth century is shown by the following curious extract from the journal of Wilson, the historian, relative to what happened to himself when attending the Earl of Essex in a visit to Sir Peter Legh at Lyme, in the county

*The Italian Garden.*

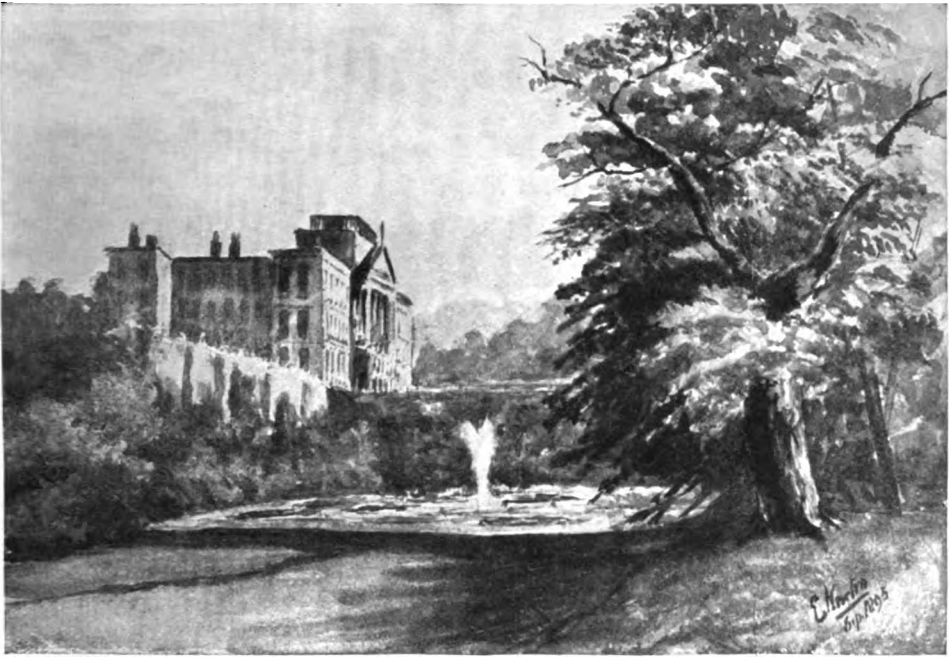
of Cheshire, 1590. It is transcribed from its original authority, Peck's "Desid. Car.," lib. xii. 10, edit. 1732.

"Sir Peter Lee of Lime, Co. Cheshire, invited my Lord one summer to hunt the stag. And having a great stag in chase, and many gentlemen in the pursuite the stag took soyle; and divers (whereof I was one) alighted and stood with swords drawn to have a cut at him at his coming out of the water. The stags there being wonderfull fierce and dangerous made us youtnes more eager to be at him. And it was my misfortune to be hindered of my coming near him, the way being sliperie by a fall, which gave occasion to some who did not know me, to speake as if I had fallen for feare. Which being told me, I left the stag, and followed the gentleman who had first spake it. But I found him of that cold temper, that it seems his words made an escape from him as by his denial and repentance it appeared. But this made me more violent in pursuit of the stag to recover my reputation. And I happened to be the only horseman in when the dogs sat him up at baye, and approaching near him on horseback, he broke through the dogs and run at me, and tore my horse's side with his horns close by my thigh. Then I quitted my horse and grew more cunning, for the dogs had set him up again, stealing behind him with my sword, and cut his hamstrings, and then got upon his back and cut his throat; which, as I was doing, the company came in and blamed my rashness for running such a hazard."

This anecdote is quoted by Sir Walter Scott in his notes to the "Lady of the Lake," canto first, note iii.

On the west side is a terrace, from which the ground falls about forty feet, forming a picturesque Italian garden having a fountain in the centre, as shown in the illustration.

The architecture of this ancient house is of several different dates, which, though in one sense adding to its interest, as showing the tastes as well as the alterations made by successive members of the Legh family, is in another sense unfortunate,



The South Front.

as it makes it very difficult, in the absence of documentary evidence, to determine by whom, or exactly at what time, it was first begun. It is thought that the north front (which is the principal entrance) was, if not built, at any rate designed, by John of Padua, who is known to have visited England by desire of Henry VIII., and to have furnished designs for some country houses, notably Longleat, to which Lyme bears a certain resemblance. The illustration shows the north façade, of which the centre portion remains intact, with the exception of the windows. These, like those of the rest of the house (originally mullioned), were altered when Leoni, the architect of Chatsworth (who died in 1746), Italianised the whole exterior.

There is an old bas-relief in coloured plaster in one of the rooms, called the Stag Parlour, in which these mullioned windows are clearly shown.

The house is built of a very hard stone from quarries in the park, and is of an oblong form, standing as near as possible north, south, east, and west, with a courtyard in the centre, which is paved with red and white marble. It was originally much larger, but Leoni added a covered gallery reaching to the second floor only. This forms a corridor giving access to the rooms on the first floor, which before opened one into the other only, and affording protection to those on the ground floor. The lower portion of the gallery (with unglazed arches), and the whole of the lower part of the exterior of the house, is of rusticated stone, after the manner of the Strozzi at Florence and other Italian palaces.

The south front, the great feature of which is a fine portico projecting ten feet, reaching to the top of the house, is purely Italian in design. The roof of this portico rests on six columns of stone springing from a balcony on the first floor surrounded by a massive stone balustrade, while its lower part is supported by arches of rusticated stone.

The house is ornamented by old leaden figures, which were often employed by

*The Terrace.*

Leoni to decorate his work, but which are now seldom to be met with, as in the early part of this century many were taken down and melted into bullets, when the fear of an invasion by Napoleon Bonaparte filled men's minds. There are three rather over life-size on this south front; the centre one, on the point of the pediment, represents Neptune with his trident, and on either side are, Venus with her cestus floating in the air, and Pan with his pipes. The founding of lead garden statues seems to have been a special industry in the eighteenth century; and the original figure-yard for this kind of statue stood in Piccadilly (now 102), and was kept by John van Nort, who came to England with William III. Besides this yard there were others—viz. Dickinson's, Manning's, and Carpenter's—in high vogue about 1740. There has been no leaden figure manufactory since 1787, when one Cheere died. Another reason why so few are to be seen is because many of the leaden figures in this country were exported to America during the American War of Independence, to become bullets, because the lead escaped the Customs as "works of art."

A further addition was made about 1818 by Wyatt, who built the Dining-room, on the east side of the house. On this side there are two more of the leaden figures—Diana with arrow and bow, her stag by her side, and Actæon with his dog. From the good taste and excellent workmanship displayed in Wyatt's work at Lyme, it is thought that he must have been the J. Wyatt afterwards knighted by George IV., and made Sir Jeffrey Wyattville in 1828, the "ville" being added to distinguish him from the J. Wyatt who is proverbially said to have spoilt more country houses than any architect in England, and is better known as "The execrable James."

A square tower, containing bedrooms, was also built by Wyatt, and replaced

an ancient lantern of stone, which was built up after its removal on some rising ground where fir trees were planted, and which is called "The Lantern Wood." This lantern figures in the bas-relief of the house already alluded to as being over the chimney-piece of the Stag Parlour.

A double flight of steps, in a purely Italian style, leads from the east end of the courtyard into the Entrance Hall, a large and lofty square room with pillars and high dado of oak. Above the dado hang family portraits and ancient armour. In this hall are two full-length portraits of the Black Prince and Edward III. at opposite ends. The portrait of the Black Prince is made to open outwards at pleasure, and discloses the Drawing-room, which produces a curious and picturesque effect. The accompanying drawings show the opening from the Hall and from the Drawing-room.



The "Lantern."

The portraits of the Black Prince and of Edward III. are specially interesting to the Legh family, because the former gave a grant of forty marks a year to Sir Perkyn Legh after the battle of Crecy, to continue until he should provide him with an estate. The estate was given by his son, Richard II., about fifty years afterwards, and is a slice of the royal forest of Macclesfield. Lyme is the old English word for a border, the estate being on the borders of Derbyshire, Lancashire and Cheshire.

Richard II. appears to have had more followers and adherents in Cheshire than in any other part of England, and was on terms evidently of great friendship with Sir Perkyn Legh, of Lyme. The following extracts from the Kenilworth Manuscripts are given in the "Archæologia or Miscellaneous Tracts relating to Antiquity," and in the publications of the Cheetham Society:—

"Cheshire abounded with bold and rapacious maintainers, many of whom were among the celebrated bowmen of the King's Guard. The men of this county were preferred for their known attachment to him. They made their appearance in London at that time (1397), and that it produced a strong impression is evident from the way in which they are spoken of by the early writers.

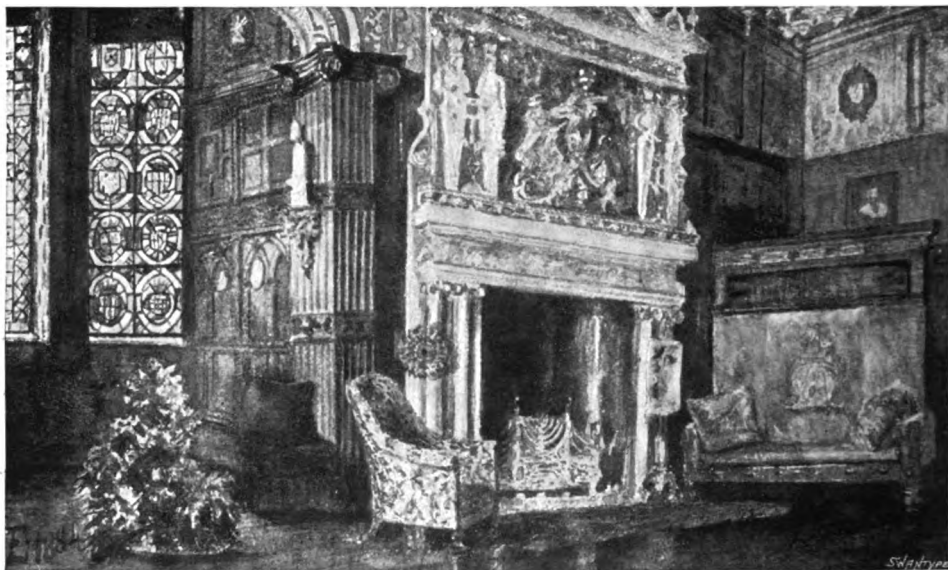
"Like all his other favourites, they obtained a complete ascendancy over him, and indulged in great freedom of speech towards him; a specimen of which the 'Chronicle of Kenilworth' gives in the original dialect.

"In tantum familiaritatem domino regi annectebantur, ut idem in materna lingua audacter confabularentur: 'Dycon, slep sicury quile we wake, and dread nought quile we lyve seftow; ffor zif thow haddest weddet Perkyn, daughter of Lye, thow mun halde alone day with any man in Chesterschire in ffaith!' This provincial discourse being turned into pure modern English may stand thus:—'Richard, sleep soundly while we watch, and fear nothing while we lie beside thee, for if thou hadst married the daughter of Perkyn of Lye (Sir Piers Legh of Lyme, near Macclesfield, beheaded by the Duke of Lancaster), 'thou mightest have kept Hallowtide with any man in Cheshire.'"

"Keep Hallowtide—*i.e.* Be as good and substantial a man as any in Cheshire.

"The head of poor Sir Perkyn (commonly called Perkyn a Legh) was ordered by Henry IV. to be set upon one of the loftiest towers of Chester."

The Drawing-room is on the first floor, and is an Elizabethan room with a bay window to the east filled with painted glass, very old and fine in colour, and



The Drawing-room.

interesting. Much of it consists of the arms of the Earl of Chester, other parts contain the names and arms of the different estates acquired at various times by the Leghs, some of which have unfortunately departed from the family. There is also a symbolical series of paintings of the months of the year, and one or two are portraits of the members of the family. There are three other windows looking to the north, also containing good old painted glass. This room is panelled to within four feet of the ceiling with oak inlaid with satin-wood. There is a frieze in plaster of a very elaborate pattern running round the top, divided into panels, each one being of a different design. The ceiling is of plaster strap-work, with bosses and pendants. The chimneypiece is of stone and plaster, and reaches from the floor to the ceiling. It is coloured, and is of very elaborate design, having the arms of Queen Elizabeth (the dragon instead of the unicorn as used before the Union) in the centre, supported by caryatides of a quaint form. The fireplace itself is a large open one, and contains a very beautiful grate—a basket—of cut steel, with fire-irons and fender to match. The doors and window-shutters are of delicate workmanship in inlaid oak.



The Drawing-room, with picture-panel open.



The Hall, with picture-panel open.

On the south side is the curious opening spoken of before. A part of the panelling opens at the back of the portrait of the Black Prince, and discloses a recess from which the Hall can be seen below when the picture is drawn back on the other side. No one would know of its existence unless they were told; and this curious feature was noticed and made use of by Sir Walter Scott when he wrote "*Woodstock*." He visited Lyme on his way to the Peak before writing "*Peveril of the Peak*."

The portraits in this room—one Kitcat, and the two of Lord Derby and his wife (Charlotte de la Trémouille, celebrated for her defence of Lathom House, 1651), are replicas of those at Knowsley, except that

they are not full-lengths. There are also portraits of Prince Rupert, Sir Steynsham, and Lady Master (Elizabeth Legh), Lady Arderne (Margaret Legh), Bertram Asburnham, and a portrait said by some to be Nell Gwynne, but traditionally a Miss Legh. In this room is an old settle, several interesting chairs of the period of Elizabeth, and a settee (covered with old embroidery) for two people, identical with one at Ham (Lord Dysart's place near Richmond). There is also in this room a curious red lacquer clock with brass mounts, of very early English workmanship, which plays a tune every three hours. The different barrels of tunes are in a very massive old box, and are not conspicuous for the beauty of the airs. They date from the time of the Stuarts, and as the names may be interesting to connoisseurs of old music, they are given: "*Gigue Lelebolu*,"* "*Joy to Great Cæsar*," "*The Eunuch's Song*," "*Trumpet Tune and Trumpet March*," "*Gavot Nameless*" (spelt Gaut), "*The Grenadiers' March*."

Here are also some curious specimens of old Jacobite wine-glasses, of those known as "*fiat glasses*." No doubt there was once a large number; but now, alas! only six remain to testify to the loyalty of the family. They are of a very graceful shape, and have the white rose engraved on one side and the word "*Fiat*" on the other, which by a liberal interpretation may be taken to mean,

* This air "*Lilibulero*" is well known in the North of Ireland as "*Protestant Boys*"—*Ed. P. M. M.*



The Stag Parlour.

"Let it be." When it was forbidden to drink Charles Edward's health in public, these glasses were manufactured for the Jacobites, and the toast was drunk in silence. On the foot of one of these glasses the Prince of Wales's feathers are engraved. There are likewise several of the old heel-tap glasses with toasts engraved round the rim, and the finger glasses to correspond with them, on which toasts are also engraved. Some of these are political, some refer to the family, but the greater number are sporting. One is decidedly amusing, having on it "Mrs. Legh's Delight." Let us hope she took her pleasures with moderation! Some of the toasts are given, and one or two may perhaps be explained by my readers. They have always hitherto baffled the intelligence of the family. One is "Daming and Sinking," the other "Maria and the Otters' Potter." The politics of the Leghs may be inferred from "May Aristocracy rise on the ashes of Democracy," "The Standing Forces of Britain," and "Blood over the Face of the



The Long Gallery

Earth" (a fine jingo sentiment!); while "Long Life to the House of Lime," "A Cellar well filled and a House full of Friends," "Long Life and Long Corks," "A Flatt Decanter and a Sprightly Landlord," "Any Toast but a Dry One," show at any rate a cheerful hospitality and an appreciation of the good things of life! The sporting ones comprise all kinds, from "The Stag Well Rouzed," "Bull Baiting," "Bear Baiting," "Falconry," "The Vermin Blood," down to "The Merry Harriers."

In connection with the Drawing-room may also be mentioned some fine silver guipure lace, still fresh and well preserved, which was found about twenty-five years ago, in an old chest, by the writer, bordering two coverlets of rose-coloured satin, both very yellow and discoloured by age. These coverlets were of oblong shape, one much smaller than the other, and the lace was about ten inches wide on the larger one and eight inches on the other. It appears it was the custom to use them on the bed of the mother and the cradle of the child when caudle-cup was

given to the friends and gossips in the bed-chamber, after an interesting event; and no doubt these coverlets had assisted at many a cheerful scene, and adorned the beds of many grandmothers and great-grandmothers of the Legh family. This lace was made in the reign of Elizabeth, who got Flemish lace-workers over to teach the art of both thread, and gold and silver, lace-making. There is also some lace of gold and silver mixed, but it is in a very dilapidated condition.

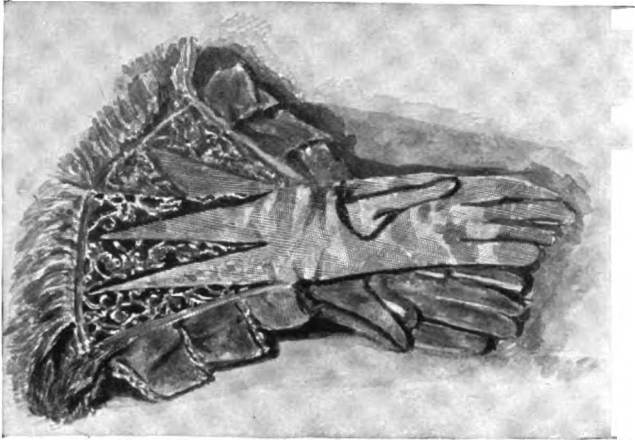
In the bay window of this room are six curious little oval pictures very well painted on panel, unframed, and fastened to the oak panelling. They represent the heads of Charles I., Charles II., James I., Anne of Denmark, William III., and Queen Anne.

The Stag Parlour communicates with the Drawing-room, and is so called from an

ancient coloured bas-relief in plaster running round the top of the room representing the hunting of the stag, from finding him in his lair down to his death, and even his preparation for the pot! There is an oak chimneypiece, in the centre panel of which is the bas-relief of the house already mentioned, just as it was before Leoni altered it. There are stags and horsemen represented here also, which are slightly comic, as the stags are about the same size as the house. The portraits in this room are, a life-size one of Charles I., seated, and wearing a large hat and the order of the Garter; Henrietta Maria, Charles II., and Charles Edward. In this Stag Parlour some relics are preserved. A pair of embroidered gloves belonging to Charles I., also a dagger of his with "Carolus" on it, an old miniature in oils of Sir Peter Legh, an Agnus Dei in coloured wax, in a needlework frame worked by Mary Queen of Scots, and presented by her when she stayed at Lyme. When she was a captive at Fotheringay, she went to Buxton for her health and from there paid a visit of some duration to Lyme. There is also



A Corner of the Saloon



King Charles I.'s Gloves.

a farthing of the first copper coinage (which was in the reign of Charles II.), and which was found quite lately in the chapel of the house, when a part of the flooring was taken up. It is marked "Carolus a Carolo." There are six chairs in the room made by Chippendale, and covered with old needlework which once formed the

cloak of Charles I., and the shape of which may be plainly seen. The monogram of the King, C. R. crossed (Carolus Rex), forms the back, and they are very good specimens of Chippendale work, and were no doubt thought a much greater ornament than the cloak of the poor king which was cut up to cover them.

On the other side of the Drawing-room are three rooms filled with tapestry, and which are known as the Yellow State-rooms. The middle one has a bed of stupendous height, in which James II. slept when he visited Lyme as Duke of York. Over the fireplace in this room is a good portrait by Jansen of the second wife of Sir Peter Legh, *née* Dorothy Egerton of Ridley, and widow of Sir Richard Brereton.

Another room (the most delightful in the house) is called the Saloon. It was built by Leoni, faces due south, and opens on the beautiful Portico. The walls are entirely panelled with oak, having very delicate and beautifully arranged carving by Grinling Gibbons. There are six large and two small panels. The six large contain emblematic carvings of the Four Seasons, and of Music and Painting. Of the two small ones, one has the ram's head with an olive branch in its mouth rising from a ducal coronet (the crest of the Leghs); the other has a group of flowers. This room has a very fine ceiling of Italian design in white and gold, and has four shields at the four corners, with the hand and banner and seven stars (argent on a sable field), a shield of pretence given to the Leghs after the battle of Agincourt. The carvings are in pear-wood on a background of oak. This is the only house, it is said, in England in which the carvings of Grinling Gibbons are treated as large trophies in the centre, occupying the entire panel. In all other instances his work forms borders and festoons only. There are Louis XV. mirrors and consoles of fine workmanship, and buhl cabinets, furniture of old Florentine mosaic, and many interesting drawings and other works of art in this room, which the writer uses as her own sitting-room.

The Long Gallery (which is generally a feature of an Elizabethan house) is on the second floor, and is approached by a broad oak staircase, leading from the Library. This gallery is 120 feet long and 18 feet wide, and has a bay window at each end looking east. It is panelled from floor to ceiling, and there is a fine oak chimneypiece at the south end. From these windows both south and east there are views of the terraced garden, and the park beyond, which rises to 1300 feet above the sea, and is of a very moorland character. In the middle of the Long Gallery on its east side is a large stone-and-plaster mantelpiece, very like the

one in the Drawing-room, and reaching to the ceiling. It is painted, and has the arms of Queen Elizabeth in the centre. The north windows at the farther end look on the entrance gates, from which there is a widely extended view of the Vale of Cheshire, as the ground slopes from the house to the north-west. On some rising ground to the right may also be seen a tower of stone (not the original one) built as this was by Leoni, known as "Lyme Cage," and which may be seen from almost every part of the county, and is marked in all the oldest maps. Why it was so named is not known, but it is thought that perhaps, as Lyme was part of a Royal Forest, this may have been a place of detention for deer stealers till they could be sent to Chester to be tried.

Parallel with the Long Gallery are bedrooms, in two of which are old plaster-and-stone chimneypieces built into the wall and each filled with coats-of-arms. One of



"Lyme Cage."

these bedrooms, which used to be called the "Ghost Room," has a large cupboard with a trap-door which on being lifted shows a staircase leading to a room below between the floors called "a Priest's Hole," in which the priest was hidden in persecuting days. In this was found long ago a skeleton, which has given the name of "Ghost Room."

There is another room on the ground floor panelled nearly to the ceiling, called the Stone Parlour, and this has for its chimneypiece almost the finest one in the house. It reaches to the ceiling also, is of stone-and-plaster, coloured, and has the arms and quarterings of the Molyneux family.

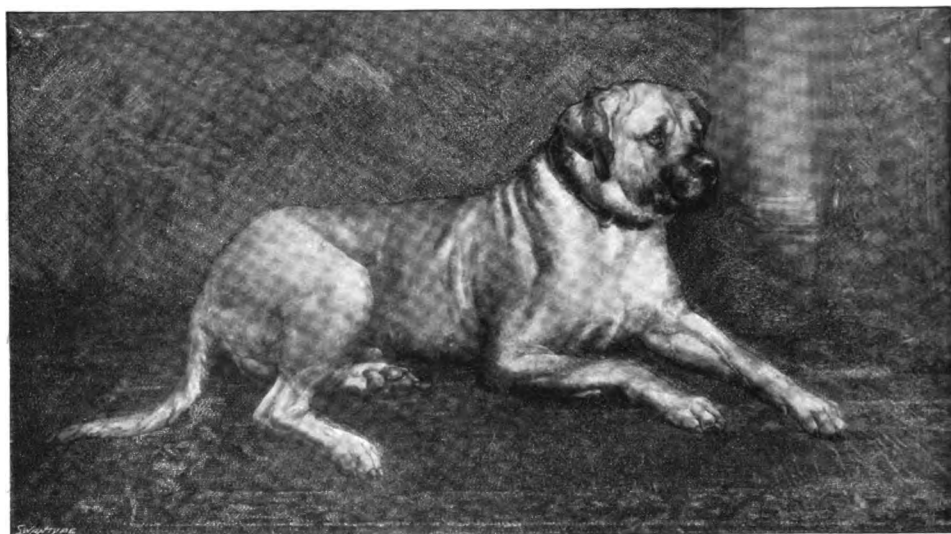
On the first floor is the Library, which contains for the greater part books of but little interest to the ordinary reader, but curious and no doubt valuable to the connoisseur of old and apparently musty volumes. A Caxton of very early date has been lately discovered here.

There is a great deal of panelling in the house, and two rooms are rather interesting, as they are panelled from floor to ceiling with Spanish mahogany. There are many interesting family and historical portraits, amongst them a full-length picture of an old keeper, with the following inscription :—

“Joseph Watson, who in the 26th year of his age Anno Domini 1674 commenced keeper of Lime Park, in whose service he continued 70 years, and A.D. 1750, in the 102nd year of his age, he hunted a buck a chase near six hours long, at which one Gentleman was present whose ancestors he had hunted with for 4 generations before, he being the 5th generation he had hunted with.”

With him is associated this story, which is told in the words of the chronicler :

“In the reign of Queene Anne, Squire Legh was at Macclesfield with a company of gentlemen among whom was Sir Roger Mason, then one of the members for the County of Cheshire. They being merry and free, Squire Legh said his keeper should drive 12



A Lyme Mastiff. (After the painting by J. T. NettleSHIP.)

brace of stags to Windsor as a present to the Queen. Sir Roger opposed this with a wager of 500 guineas that neither his keeper nor any other person could drive 12 brace of stags to Windsor on any occasion. Squire Legh accepted the wager from Sir Roger, and immediately sent a messenger for his keeper, who directly came to his master, who told him he must immediately prepare himself to drive 12 brace of stags to Windsor Forest for a wager of 500 guineas. So he gave his master this answer, that he would at his command drive him 12 brace of stags to Windsor, or any other part of the kingdom by his worship's directions, or he would lose his life and fortune. He accordingly undertook and accomplished this most astounding performance, which is in the annals of history. This keeper (Joseph Watson) was a man of low stature, not bulky, of a fresh and pleasant countenance, and he believed he had drunk a gallon of malt liquor one day with another for about 60 years of his time ; and at the latter end of his life he still drank plentifully, which was agreeable to his constitution and agreeable to himself. He was allowed by all who knew him to be as fine a keeper as any in England.”

As this Joseph Watson lived to the age of 104, and hunted and killed a buck in his 103rd year, we must conclude that the blue ribbon is not the only passport

to longevity. He is buried in Disley churchyard, with a long epitaph on his tombstone.

There is an old engraving called "A View of Lyme Park, with that extraordinary custom of driving the Stags, the property of Peter Legh, Esq., 1745." The picture shows the stags swimming through a pond; some already through are fighting with their front feet (the horns being still in velvet), while ladies (in hoops) on their horses and gentlemen in court dress are looking on. The pond was always known as "the Stag Pond," and was only done away with in 1863, when Lord Newton built new stables near it.

There is a fine picture painted for Lord Newton by Mr. Nettleship of a Lyme mastiff, a breed peculiar to the place. In Stow's "Annals" is to be found a reference

to them which shows that they were then sufficiently highly prized to be considered worthy of forming part of a royal gift sent by James I. in 1604 to Philip III. of Spain. The incident related by Stow is as follows (with spelling modernised):—

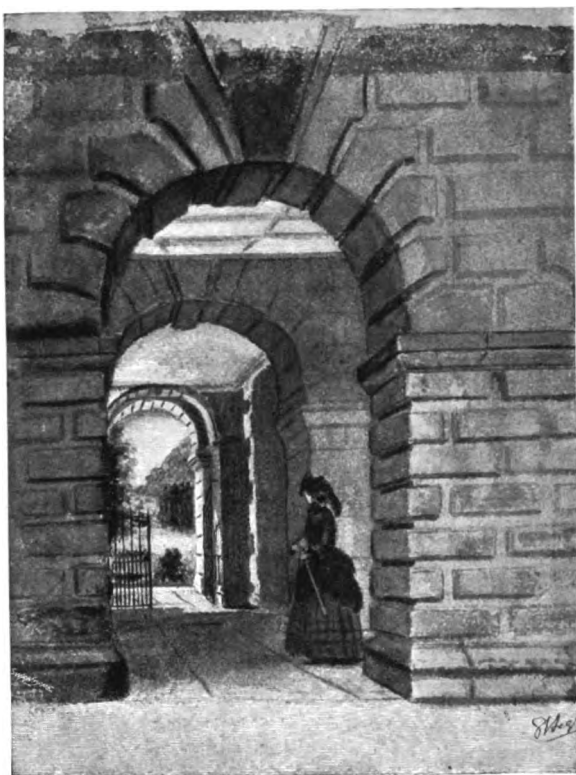
"On the 28th March, 1604, Charles, Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral of England, being accompanied and attended with one Earl, three Barons, 30 Knights, etc., etc. . . ."

(Here follows a long and particular account of the embassy, which consisted of six hundred persons besides horses and coaches, and of their reception in the various towns until the month of May, when they reached Valladolid, where the Court was; and then the chronicler proceeds.)

"At the delivery of the presents by Thomas Knoll Esq., the King and Queen came in person to view and receive them with a very kind and princely acceptance. The presents were 6 stately horses with saddles and saddlecloths very richly and curiously embroidered, that is to say, 3 for the King and 3 for the Queen; 2 Crossbows with sheaves of arrows, 4 fowling pieces with their furniture very richly garnished and inlaid with plates of gold, and a couple of Lyme hounds of singular qualities.

"These were all the presents."

Here may also be mentioned some early Greek sculptures brought back from Greece by the late Mr. Legh (the uncle and predecessor of Lord Newton), and some ancient bronzes of Greek and Etruscan workmanship in the Library. There



In the Court.

is also in the Bright Gallery a bas-relief of the Phygalion marbles in plaster, which was given to Mr. Legh by the British Museum as a mark of gratitude for the help he gave the authorities in discovering and bringing them to England. The original bas-relief is in the British Museum.

This imperfect history of an ancient house shows how much remains to be known and appreciated in the ancestral homes of England, and may perhaps induce others to look more closely into their own dwellings, and so make discoveries not only interesting to themselves but perhaps important to the world at large. There is an old story, in a book known but little now, called "Eyes or No Eyes," where the same walk taken by two boys resulted in the return of the one with his pockets full of treasures, and of the other bored and fatigued by having seen nothing to amuse or interest him. If the readers of this article imitate the boy with eyes and look at the relics of the past around them, they will find a new charm in their lives, perhaps a treasure hitherto undreamt of in their family records, and most certainly an interest which will go on increasing with every fresh research.

Written and Illustrated by E. NEWTON.

TO PHŒBE IN TEARS.

WHEREFORE will liquid sorrow pour
 From out those reservoirs of woe?
 Why is thy fair brow clouded o'er,
 Thy quiv'ring lashes drooping low?

Altho' thy beauty still appears
 Bewitching as it e'er could be,
 I would thou wert without those tears,
 Appealing to my sympathy.

Dear Phœbe, to the winds thy sorrow fling,
 'Tis but scant store of pleasures Life will bring.
 Come! let the Sun be victor o'er the Rain—
 Dispel thy tears, sweet maid, and smile again.

LEONARD GREENWOOD.

A LOVE STORY.



HE is, I think, as good a man as I ever met; but perhaps it is more his wonderful knowledge of others, than anything in himself, that makes me take off my hat to Howard Kerr.

We were standing together on the upper deck of a homeward-bound Messageries Maritimes boat, in the saloon of which there had been, when we left Mauritius, only four English passengers, including our two selves. Now there were only three; for young Smedley, the travelling companion of Ronald Farley, had been buried that afternoon. He had come aboard a doomed consumptive, and died before we entered the Red Sea. Ronald Farley, a wealthy man, whom I had met once or twice at Scott's in Melbourne, and once on board a P. & O. boat, had been standing beside us smoking an evening cigarette; and Kerr, thinking, I suppose, that the man was depressed, owing to the death of his friend, had endeavoured with considerable tact to cheer him and divert his thoughts.

Farley had listened for some time with cold indifference to what Kerr had to say, and then remarked, as he tossed his cigarette over the ship's side, "Yes! He had no more stamina than a mouse to begin with, you know. Excuse me! this weather makes me sleepy, and I think I'll turn in. Good-night! Steward, bring me a squash to my cabin!"

So the rich man had sauntered off, followed by the English-speaking steward; and, turning to Kerr, I said, "There goes a man whose money does not seem much good to him! 'Wandering Farley,' they called him in Melbourne, and I don't think any one was ever accused of being a friend of Farley's. I hardly fancy friendship comes within the scope of his philosophy. What do you think?"

Kerr looked up from his cheroot end to my face, and said thoughtfully, "It's not good to judge a passion-fruit by its skin; but to judge a man by his appearance is a huge mistake."

"True; but, hang it! I have always found Farley the same whenever I have met him, and one cannot help receiving impressions. Do you think he is the sort of man to have ever felt real friendship?"



"'Excuse me . . . I'll turn in.'"

"Amigo, don't be too ready to condemn men!" I was not quite clear as to whether Kerr was serious or not till I caught a glint of moonlight shining across half his face. "Farley knows more of friendship than I ever hope to know; and—and—has had one friend. Yes, he has had one friend!"

"I am sorry! Tell me about it, will you? You are always making me feel ashamed of myself, Kerr." And, with feet resting on the ship's rail, I settled down in a deck chair and lit a fresh cheroot, that I might the better listen to my friend.

"You know, I suppose, how Farley made his money?" said Kerr, drawing his chair a little closer to mine.

"Indeed I don't," was my reply. "I fancied he was born rich, and was far too languid a man to have ever made any money."

"Ah! the cover of the book is very deceptive in this case," said Kerr. "Farley's father was a Lincolnshire farmer, the greater part of whose life was spent on the verge of bankruptcy. There were two other small farms close to Farley's—one owned by Mrs. Carroll, a widow with one daughter; and the other by John Carter, a widower with two sons. When a boy of twenty-one, Bob, the younger

of these two sons, was youthfully, devotedly in love with pretty Florence Carroll, the daughter of the widow. Ronald Farley, then aged twenty-three, also loved Florence; and he and Bob Carter were chums. The three families were as poor as church mice, and the two chums, when they allowed themselves to think of marriage, were each forced to regard it only in the light of a very far-off ideal. Then came an evening when, as Carter and Farley were walking home together from the widow's house, each suddenly realised that the other loved Florence. Probably both regretted the circumstance, but it did not in the least interfere with the friendship which had grown between them since childhood. Leaning that night over the gate leading into Farley's farmyard, these two made a solemn compact, and swore to keep it with an even mind. Neither had up to that time spoken of love to Florence Carroll, and they swore then that neither should till after two years had elapsed.

"'We'll go away together for two years, Bob,' said Ronald Farley, 'and see what we can do in the world. Then, at the end of the second year, we'll come back here; and whoever is in the best position to do it shall have first chance of speaking to—her.'"

"Young Carter agreed, and so shortly afterwards the two set sail for Australia, some relatives of Farley's having put down a hundred and fifty pounds for him, and Carter's people making shift to start their son on his travels with fifty pounds in his pocket. Pretty Florence said good-bye to both, her soft eyes filling as much with wonder as regret, and dwelling perhaps a little more tenderly on young Farley than on his friend.

"Arriving in Sydney, the two went straight out west beyond the Lachlan river, where several gold diggings were then in full work. They stayed awhile at a big mining camp near Narrannulla, and then, having picked up some little knowledge of the life, they rode away together, prospecting in the Wydah country. Out amongst the Warroo Hills, eighty odd miles from the mining camp, they struck a little alluvial colouring; and the rich look of that part of the country made them determine to establish headquarters there and settle down to work. They did not want all the Lachlan to know what they were doing, and were anxious to avoid having to bring rations from the mining township. So they rode into Narrannulla, and, having purchased a few head of sheep, drove their little flock out to the Warroo Hills, with two or three packhorses and a good flour supply, thus giving the impression that they intended taking up land for squatting.

"Farley's notion was to keep fossicking away at the alluvial find, which brought in a little more than good wages—say six or seven pounds a week apiece. Young Carter, however, was keen on prospecting amongst the hills farther back, and after a few months had passed he came gradually to putting in three days in the saddle for every one spent in fossicking with Farley. This, of course, was all in the hope of striking something which would place them both beyond the reach of worry; and it raised no shadow of difference between the two friends.

"At last there came an evening when, after waiting for hours in the comfortable humpy they had built, Ronald Farley was, for the first time during his life in the bush, obliged to eat his evening meal alone. His friend did not return that night. Farley felt lonely and a little worried; but supposing that Carter had ridden farther than usual, and camped out for the night, he went about his own work the next day expecting at any moment to see his friend riding towards him, or to hear a familiar cooey from the direction of One Tree Gap. Another night passed, and a third and a fourth, and still there was no sign of Carter's return. Then Farley concluded that under some peculiar circumstances, of which he knew nothing, his partner had

ridden into the mining camp. So, locking up the slab-and-bark humpy, he saddled his horse and started on his way into the camp. Arrived there, he rode straight up to the long one-storey hotel, which he knew Carter must visit, and asked the landlord when his friend had arrived.

"Haven't seen a sign of him since he was here with you!"

"That was how the landlord put it, and that was all the information Farley could gather in the township. The two young Englishmen had been rather popular during their stay in the camp, and when it became known that Carter had disappeared a good deal of regret was felt and expressed. The day happened to be a Saturday, and work not being brisk, a dozen mining bushmen readily laid aside their tools and offered to form a search party under the guidance of Ronald Farley. The Englishman was glad enough to accept this offer, and so it happened that a party of thirteen rode out of the camp early that Saturday afternoon, intending to reach Warroo Hills by daylight next morning, and camp there before beginning the search.

"And I reckon we'll find the boy if he's anywhere this side of the border," said a shaggy old bushman who rode a blood chestnut, handsome and well bred enough to have stood in a royal stable.

"Farley felt more comfortable with these rough, good-hearted fellows riding at his side. They had for the most part been born in the bush, and could read the shape of creeks and gorges, ridges and gullies, that were all more or less alike to the Englishman. Then again, as the night wore on and the party drew nearer to the Warroo country, which Farley had begun to look upon as belonging to himself and his friend, it struck him that they might find Carter at the humpy, and his spirits rose accordingly.

"The party travelled faster than they had intended, and shortly after midnight reached the heavy timber, and dense scrub, which began some ten miles to the eastward of Farley's humpy.

"Say, boss," said a man who rode a little weed of a brumby pony, 'might as well walk the prads through this, mightn't we?'

"There was nothing to be gained by hurrying, so the pace was slowed down to a walk; and when the party was crossing a little bare ridge on which the moonlight shone, white and clear, several of the men were filling their pipes, and all were lounging carelessly in the saddle. On the crest of the ridge, the bushman who rode a blood chestnut reined in his mount with a half-suppressed oath, and with the stem of his pipe pointed towards the gully which sloped away on his right. In an instant the horses were at a standstill, and some one said, 'What the ——'s up now?'

"Hold on a minute, boys!" muttered the old bushman; and, bending low over his horse's mane, he cantered loosely down amongst the grey boulders on the side of the ridge, towards where the moon's bright light was cut off abruptly by the gully's line of black shadow. The rest of the party sat quietly on their horses waiting.

"Two minutes afterwards the chestnut came loping up the ridge-side again, and the bushman drew rein by Farley.

"Boys," he said, in hushed and almost reverential tones, 'we needn't go any farther.' Then he stretched out his brown hand to the mane of Farley's mare, and said, as though speaking to a child: 'Sonny, you must take things as they come in this God-forsaken bush! We can none of us do anything for the boy now; but I reckon he's being taken care of right enough!'

"At this, two or three of the men dismounted and hitched their horses to a sapling, before walking down to the big kangaroo acacia, in the shadow of which they had seen the old hand pause. At first they tried to prevent Ronald Farley



"The bushman reined in his mount with a half-suppressed oath."

riding down there, but he went in spite of them, and knelt bare-headed by the side of the thing under the acacia bush."

Kerr paused in his story, as though recalling to his mind the picture of some such sight that he had witnessed. Then, turning towards me in the moonlight, he continued.

"The hawks and the crows had been there before Farley, you see; and there were marks of dingoes' paws all round the acacia bush; but the old bushman recognised the body at once as that of young Carter, and the soft doeskin gaiters he wore were things no one had ever seen round Narrannulla way anyhow. After a while two or three men rode on to Farley's humpy to fetch some shovels; and, just as day was breaking, they buried the remains on the side of that white ridge. Farley took a locket from his neck, and, kneeling down by the body, he laid it on the dead man's breast where the crows had not been. There was only an old piece of torn lace in the locket, but Ronald Farley said he reckoned Bob would as soon have that there with him as a heap of wreaths, or any sort of coffin."

Kerr paused again, and this time began to roll a cigarette. Fancying that his story was told, I said: "Yes, I misjudged Farley. I did not think there was anything like that in the man."

"Ah!" Kerr inhaled the first puff of his cigarette, and then said: "Well, the men from the mining township had a little food with them, so they camped in the next gully, after burying the body; and young Farley lay down with them, and smoked. Everything seemed very empty to him, and he had no thought of the girl in Lincolnshire. When the men woke, towards noon that day, some of them offered to ride out to the humpy with Farley, but he just thanked them for all they had done to help him, and said he would rather go alone. So they parted, the twelve men starting for the camp and Farley for the humpy among the Warroo Hills.

"'Good-bye, Sonny,' said the old bushman, as Farley mounted his horse; 'and if you feel lonesome out there any time, come in and stay with us in the camp. We'll always be glad to see you.'

"Then Farley was left to himself, and in the humpy that night he began to realise what being alone in the bush meant. He was eighty miles odd from the nearest house, you know, and that Wydah country is wonderfully desolate. Day after day went by, and instead of growing accustomed to the loss of his friend, Farley seemed to feel it more and more keenly as time went on. Every morning he went out to his work feeling tired and indifferent. All through the day he worked in a languid, half-hearted way, never troubling to eat his midday meal, though he carried it out with him; and his big kangaroo dog lay watching it with big, wondering eyes. Then in the evening he would wander back to the humpy and sit there, thinking of England and of his dead friend.

"He grew at last to dread the setting of the sun, and so to fear the long night in the lonely humpy that he took to latching the heavy door on the inside, instead of, as the custom of the friends had been, leaving it wide open, so that when they lay in their bunks at night they might be able to see the trees and sky. One evening, when three weeks had elapsed since Farley had spoken to any one, he returned to the humpy with his dog rather later than usual; and feeling so lonely and miserable that the great tall gum trees frightened him with the rustle of their dead skins, and the chuckling of the jackasses and the far-off howling of dingoes among the hills made him shudder and long for companionship. He had no appetite for the evening meal of mutton, damper, and tea; and having spread out the eatables, he sat for hours without touching them, thinking sadly, longingly, of the friend he had lost.

"In the early days of their camping in the Warroo Hills, when dingoes and snakes had looked upon the humpy as a happy hunting-ground, Farley and Carter had put a latch on the inside of their door, from which a cord passed through a rafter above, and was attached to an iron weight outside. The iron weight rested on a ledge under the eaves of the humpy, and when lifted down and pulled from the outside would, of course, open the door. On this particular night Ronald Farley sat staring at the greenhide latch-cord, and thinking how often, when he had allowed the door to close after him, he had seen that cord rise noiselessly, as his dog had sprung forward barking to welcome Bob Carter after a day's prospecting; how they had hooked the door back then, and over their little meal chatted about their prospects and the life of the old country. The cord fascinated him, and, as he sat there, the eerie, lonely feeling which had grown upon him during the past few weeks seemed to reach an unbearable pitch of intensity.

"His eyes were fixed staringly on the greenhide cord, and suddenly he gasped out, 'God in heaven above!' The kangaroo dog jumped up, with a whine, from where it had been lying at Farley's feet. It seemed to Farley that the greenhide had twitched in an upward direction, and that he had heard its iron weight scrape the door outside.

"For a moment the man's lonely, saddened mind was simply paralysed by the weird horror of the thing, happening there among the hills, eighty miles away from any habitation. Only his dead friend knew of that cord. 'Bah!' The man tried to laugh, and the sound of his laugh made him sick with very terror. Still his eyes were fixed on the cord. 'God, God, God above!' Farley screamed aloud, for the cord was slowly, firmly rising, and the latch with it. Then the kangaroo dog took two steps forward and howled dismally.

"The door moved an inch. Farley fell back in his chair half fainting in the nausea of sheer physical and mental fear. Then instinct made him cry out weakly, 'Hullo, there! Who's there?' An answer came, and such was the horror of it that Farley woke with a trembling shiver from the stupor of his fear, and advanced shakily towards the door. This answer was a thin, cackling laugh—a laugh that suggested madhouses and dying men, and which yet was the voice of Bob Carter.

"As Farley rose from the box upon which he had sat, the door was flung wide open, and a great stream of clear white moonlight flooded the entrance to the humpy. There, in all the silvery shimmer of that ghostly white light which draped the mysterious bush in added mystery—there stood Bob Carter; one blackened finger raised to his grinning lips, and jibbering madness glistening out of his two sunken eyes. His clothes were torn in strips and rags, covering no more than half his body; his face was sunken and so thin as to be almost fleshless; his skin was shrivelled and colourless as that of a dead man; and on his legs—Farley noticed it with curious, horror-stricken wonder—Bob Carter still wore his old doeskin gaiters.

"'Bob!' said Farley, in a low, gasping whisper—'Bob! are you alive?'

"Again came that horrible laugh; and, still with one finger on his grinning lips, the madman beckoned with the fingers of his other hand to Farley to follow him. 'Hush!' was the one word he uttered; and then, with long swinging strides, he stepped backwards in the moonlight, still beckoning to his friend to follow on.

"Farley trembled, and walked after the madman, with arms outstretched. 'Bob, Bob dear!' he said, 'don't go away again! Come into the humpy and let me take care of you.'

"'Come! come!' said the madman, in a hoarse whisper, pressing the bent forefinger of his right hand to his lips, as he moved towards the thick scrub. Farley quickened his pace, as he realised with horror that his friend—this grinning madman,



"In all the silvery shimmer of that ghostly white light . . . stood Bob Carter."

whose bones almost showed through his wrinkled skin—was striding backwards towards the verge of a rocky gorge, one side of which was a sheer precipice. The appalling weirdness of his position in that glistening, moonlit bush, was swallowed up in his fear for his friend's danger; and Farley began to run.

"Bob Carter quickened his swaying steps; but, as they crossed the outer line of the scrub, Farley stretched out his hands, and felt his finger-tips touch the warm flesh of his friend's breast, where tall sword-grass and hanging twigs had scratched it.

"'Bob! dear old Bob!' he cried, 'for God's sake stop, and——' He never finished the sentence, for there came a tearing, crashing, sound over his head, like thunder booming down the Snowy Ranges. Perhaps you've heard it?"

Kerr paused; and I nodded, to hasten him on with his story.

"Only the upper half of a giant black-butt, grown too heavy for the trunk below. But the sound makes one think of the end of the world; and to Farley the world did end, and he knew no more. One tiny outstretched limb struck his head, after tearing through three hundred feet of moonlit space. Senseless as a stone he fell, and was pinned under a green tangle of shooting twigs. Afterwards, waking into

dreamy half-consciousness, with warm blood trickling from his wounded forehead into his eyes, he heard faintly, and as though from under the ground, the sound of that hideous laugh—the mad, jibbering laugh with which Bob Carter had answered his cry in the humpy.

“He listened, and very faintly, as with the laugh, he heard the sound of his friend’s voice, and of the words he spoke—the unconnected words of a madman’s raving. ‘Gold! hundreds of thousands of tons—enough for me and Ron to marry on! Poor old Ron! poor old Ron! But I must bring him—bring him, fetch him—fetch him before it melts. Ha! ha! The gully with the crucifix—the crucifix in iron-bark! Hush! Come quickly, Ron! Bushed? me bushed! Why, I know every inch—every inch. . . . But mustn’t forget! The gully with the crucifix in iron-bark, right down in the centre; and the grey boulders—the grey boulders, the big blazed gum, on the crest of the slope! Hush! Come quickly, Ron!’

“It seemed to Farley, as he lay there, half-conscious, horror-stricken, struggling sometimes to free himself, but always falling back into his network of green, that again and again, in the same mad chuckling tone, he heard his friend repeat all this, and much more of the same kind. Then came a sudden access of pain, and again the world ended as far as Farley was concerned.

“On the afternoon of that day something had moved Jack Webster, the old bushman who had discovered the body which he pronounced to be that of Bob Carter, to wonder how Farley was getting on all alone among the Warroo Hills. In the evening Webster saddled his chestnut horse, for the first time since his ride with the search party, and started alone for Farley’s humpy. Finding it empty on his arrival there, he followed the fresh tracks which led towards the scrub, and wondered a little at these having been made apparently by two men. He was confused, too, by the fact of the footprints pointing in opposite directions; but, having found Ronald Farley, lying bleeding and insensible under the leaves of a fallen tree, he thought no more of the nature of the tracks he had followed. Having cut away the little branches that lay over the lower portion of the wounded man’s body, Webster carried him to the humpy, and proceeded to wash and dress his head.

“When the Englishman recovered consciousness he stared fixedly at his grizzled old nurse for a moment, and then, muttering the name of his friend Carter, lapsed at once into delirious wanderings. Webster was puzzled for some time as to what course to adopt; but finally, when Farley was in a lucid interval of weak and silent indifference, the bushman saddled the younger man’s mare and his own chestnut, and managed to get Farley into the saddle. Then, riding close beside the Englishman, and supporting him with one strong arm, Webster started at a fast walking pace on the eighty-mile ride from Farley’s humpy to the mining camp. With frequent rests seventy miles were covered in just twenty-two hours, and then, leaving Farley lying fainting under a hastily-constructed shelter, Webster galloped into the camp, to return two hours later with a spring-cart and a bed.

“For weeks, hovering between life and death, Ronald Farley lay in the little hospital of the mining township. He passed through a fever resulting from concussion of the brain, and then began slowly to regain his old good health. He remembered absolutely nothing about the cause of his accident, and did not even know, until Jack Webster told him, that he had been injured by a falling tree. Once, thinking of the queer double tracks in the scrub, Webster asked him if he had had a visitor at the humpy before his accident. Farley stared at the man. ‘Visitor? No. Why, who should visit me?’ That was all the reply Farley made, so the bushman learned nothing about the backward tracks he had seen.



"Supporting him with one strong arm, Webster started.

"After a month of outdoor convalescence in the mining camp, Ronald Farley came to the conclusion that he did not care to remain any longer in Australia, since his friend was dead. He had made enough money to be able to repay the loan which had first enabled him to leave home, and so he decided that, for the sake of its familiar faces and associations, he would return to England. Old Jack Webster was sorry to hear of this, for he had grown fond of the young Englishman, as rough men generally do of any one they have nursed. Before making final arrangements to leave the country, Farley wished to bring in a few odds and ends that had been left out at the humpy; and so, on a glorious early summer afternoon, he and Webster started together, driving a couple of packhorses before them, to ride out to the Warroo Hills.

"After sleeping during the day of their arrival at the humpy, the two men spent the evening in chatting and putting together Farley's belongings; and when next morning came, the Englishman asked Webster if he would mind wasting another day, whilst he, Farley, took a last ride round the country, which he and Carter had worked together. The old bushman raised no objection; and so, in the early morning sunlight, when bright pearls of dew, fragrant with the rich perfume of the

bush night, sparkled over all the country's face like foam-washed jewels in a mermaid's hair, Ronald Farley rode out alone towards One Tree Gap, the place from which Bob Carter had been wont to start on his prospecting trips.

"The damp and laughing babyhood of day disappeared, and then the throbbing, sparkling youth of morning gave place to the lusty glare of noonday's manly prime, whilst Farley still rode dreamily on. Later on, the sensuous glow of afternoon held all the bush clasped in its sleepy embrace; and Farley, raising his eyes suddenly as he woke from rapt abstraction, noticed that he was riding through a part of the country he had not before visited. He turned sharply to the right, and began to follow the winding course of a dry creek bed. Half an hour passed, and something caused Farley to rein in his horse, with a muttered exclamation of surprise. Sitting there, with one knee raised on to the pommel of his saddle, the man who had lost his friend gazed up and down the desolate gully that stretched before him.

"Huge grey boulders lay scattered about, like unused materials in one of Nature's foundry yards. Away down in the centre of the gorge, a giant iron-bark, withered and splintered by lightning, stood with its upper half held balanced horizontally across the top of its lower stem, the whole forming a rude but very striking picture of a cross. Close by Farley's side, a ragged blue-gum raised its wrinkled, knotted arms toward heaven, as though in supplication; and its bare trunk was blazed as the Englishman had never before seen a tree-trunk blazed.

"Farley raised one hand to his hot forehead, half in fear that he had not lost the remains of his fever, for his brain seemed reeling through a mist of half realities. 'God!' he muttered; 'where have I read of this place, or seen it, or . . . A crucifix in iron-bark, and grey boulders all round! A blazed gum; and . . . Hush! Come quickly, Ron! Great Heavens! it was Bob—dear old Bob! The night I was hurt, he came to the door, and I followed him into the bush! Then he must have——' Farley wheeled his horse round so sharply as to almost throw the startled brute, and, with spurs pressed home and his head bent low, he galloped furiously over the stony ground, by the way he had come so leisurely.

"Two hours brought him to the front of his humpy, though he had spent six in riding from it. 'Webster—Jack Webster!' he shouted, as he sprang from the saddle. The old bushman came out into the sunlight with his hands to his eyes, for he had been dozing. 'Come with me quickly,' said Farley. 'I want to find Bob Carter. It was not him we buried! That was all a mistake—some one like him. Bob came to me, and I followed him into the bush, the night I was hurt. Come on!'

"The old man followed the young one, with a half-articulated expression of regret for having left alone one who had evidently fever still in his blood. 'Ah, man, you don't know,' said Farley, as they hurried along towards the scrub. 'I tell you I spoke to him—touched him, and heard his voice, though he was mad. See, here's the tree that fell on me. Isn't it so?'

"'Yes,' said the old man wonderingly.

"'Well, and here Bob was walking backwards in front of me.'

"'Backwards, did you say?' queried Webster.

Farley nodded.

"'Ah! that explains the track. Lord, but it's queer!' And the old man dropped on his knees, touching the grass deftly with one hand like a black tracker. 'Hold on!' he shouted. 'Don't walk about! I've got those tracks!'

Rain had fallen some few hours before Ronald Farley's accident had occurred, and since then the summer drought had been unbroken. So it happened that,



"Hold on! I've got those tracks!"

to the old bushman's eyes, those tracks in the grass were as clear to read as any printed page. Step by step he followed them, tearing away the dead twigs of the fallen black-butt, till he reached the spot where he could detect the hollow made by Farley's body in the ground. 'There you lay, Sonny,' he said, looking up at Farley, who was gazing at him anxiously.

"Yes, there I lay; but go on, Webster. For God's sake, what happened to Bob?"

"Farther and farther Webster crept along amongst the dead and scattered twigs, puzzled sometimes for a minute, but again quickly picking up the trail. 'My oath,' muttered the old man, 'you'd think he must 've known what was coming, by the way he jumped from here!'

"At last, his eyes still following the trail, Webster crept so close to the edge of the deep gorge, behind the fallen tree, that Farley was forced to lay a warning hand upon his shoulder. 'Never fear, Sonny: I won't go that way; but—I'm sorry, mortal sorry—but that's the way Bob Carter went!'

"There was no mistaking the old man's meaning look over his shoulder; and, without glancing at the side of the gorge, Farley shivered as he remembered the sheer precipice of rock which ran down to a stony hollow a hundred and fifty feet below. Together the two walked round the side of the ravine, and found their way to the bottom. There they hunted over every inch of ground, but not a sign could they see of anything suggesting what they felt must have occurred. Weary and disappointed, they turned at last to leave the desolate place; and then, happening to look up on the side nearest the fallen black-butt, Jack Webster caught sight of a jutting, scrub-covered shelf of rock, sloping upwards almost in a parallel line with the side of the gorge, and rising to within a few feet of its summit.

"Snakes!" ejaculated the bushman. 'Come up here with me, Sonny!' And, hurrying up the far side of the ravine, the two men made their way back to the place where the fallen tree lay. Whilst Farley waited wonderingly, Webster ran across to the humpy, and returned carrying on his arm a coil of stout green-hide. Then Farley saw the drift of it all, and insisted on being himself the first to descend on to that jutting shelf of rock. So Webster lowered him slowly down—the distance was not more than twice the length of a man—and, after a minute

or two had elapsed, the bushman lashed his green-hide to a sapling, and followed his friend on to the ledge below.

"Ronald Farley sat on a projecting piece of stone, gazing at the whitened skeleton of Bob Carter. Two months of early Australian summer had passed since the starving madman had fallen over the side of that gorge; and in the first few days the all-devouring ants of the bush had finished their work of destruction. The scanty flesh covering of the dead man's frame had long disappeared, and even the ants had now forsaken the spot where the scrub grew over his remains. Particles of clothing still clung to the huddled bones, and by their side lay a small sheet of stout blue paper, with a lead pencil across it.

"For some moments the two men sat gazing at this ghastly relic, and then Farley leaned forward and picked up the sheet of paper and the pencil. Barely discernible, and tremulously outlined, he yet was able to trace the words, 'Give my belt to Ronal . . .' And there the writing ended, and a jagged pencil line, drawn upwards across the page, showed that here the writer had fallen back, fainting or dead. Among the white bones of the skeleton, and clasped still, was the solid pig-skin belt and pouch, intact and unharmed.

"'Poor old Bob!' muttered Farley, under his breath: 'thank God his reason came before he died!'

"Farley would not leave the remains, so Webster climbed up the side of the gorge alone, and walking across to the humpy, returned shortly afterwards with a blanket and a sheet of bark. Then, together, the two men reverently lifted the remains of the dead Englishman on to the ground above; and, having removed the belt and pouch, they buried the skeleton at the foot of the fallen black-butt tree."

Kerr leaned back in his deck-chair, exhausted by the effect upon himself of the story he told. A sleepy-looking steward stepped up to warn us of lights being turned off; but I begged Kerr to continue, and so, bending forward again, he said: "Well, later on in the day, Webster and Farley examined the contents of the dead man's pouch, and found them to be nothing but a few pieces of rough gold, and the pocket diary which Carter had always carried when prospecting, for the purpose of note-taking. That diary, however, contained two stories. First, in the concise and technical phrases of a miner writing of his work, was the story of a marvellously rich gold find, in the gully where stood the crucifix in iron-bark; and full particulars of the exact position of the gully itself. Then, in language of growing incoherence, ending at last in unintelligible wanderings, came the pathetic story of a man who was bushed—the history of a man who was lost in the wilderness, and recognised the fact. Every line in this second story spoke of but one anxiety, one longing desire, in the mind of the man who wrote it. No sign was there of fear on his own behalf, nor of dread of the horrible death which awaits the man who is bushed: but in every word one read the impatient longing of the dead man to clasp again the hand of his friend, and to tell of the newly-discovered wealth which to him had seemed as much Farley's as his own. Later, when his own death had seemed certain to him, and exhaustion had almost turned the brain of the man, his anxiety to leave some clue by which his friend might find the gully, in discovering which he had forfeited his own life, this had evidently become the one motive of Carter's daily struggles.

"Then, under the strain of it all, when he had chewed sassafras bark, and even managed to kill and eat a few birds, the lost man's reason had left him—perhaps only a few hours before he pulled the greenhide cord of the humpy door, and stood before his friend a laughing, starving maniac. Even then there was only one desire in the crazed and unhinged mind; only one half-formed thought of

something—the weak brain could not tell the loving heart what—that made him want to lead his friend to some place he had seen.”

Kerr paused, and sighed.

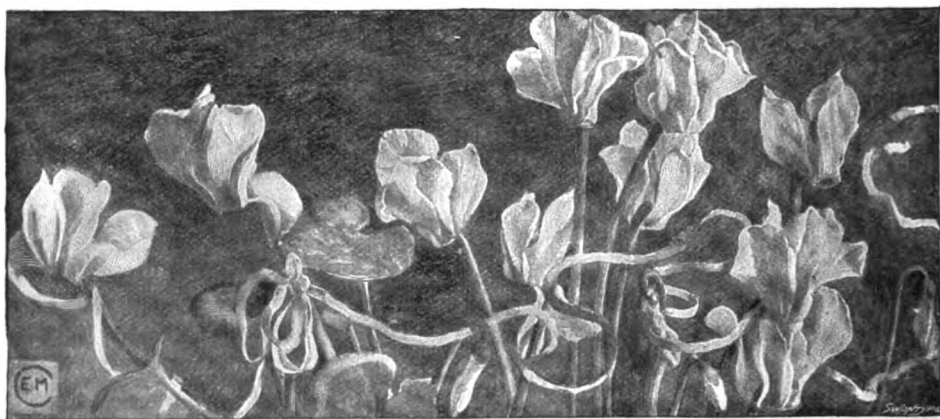
“Well, what followed then you know ; and, whilst Farley lay unconscious under the black-butt tree, Carter, too utterly exhausted to move, must have recovered his reason—for a few moments, at all events—and managed to scribble the words I told you of before he died. The rest is history. Ronald Farley, with Jack Webster, took up ‘Crucifix Gully,’ as it was called ; and before they sold their right in it had each cleared a very considerable fortune. Then Farley came home to England and placed his people in a comfortable position.”

“And the girl, Florence?” I said questioningly.

“Ah! Florence Carroll!” Kerr raised his thin brown hands and clasped them behind his head.—“Farley settled a handsome sum on the widow, her mother ; and he went to see Florence once, to tell her of Bob’s death. And—— Yes, that was all. He said he could not take advantage of his friend’s death. Truth to tell, I think he buried his heart along with those white bones that are lying now in the Warroo Hills. Anyhow, he seems to have known no rest nor content since ; and, as far as I can tell, has spent his life in wandering. But—no, I should not say that friendship did not come within the scope of his philosophy.”

Then Kerr said good-night, and left me ; and whenever I have met Ronald Farley since that night I have felt like baring my head before him and asking for his pardon.

A. J. DAWSON.





KAFFIR MUSIC.



IF one were to ask the average inhabitant of South Africa whether the Bantu tribes have any national music, the reply would almost surely be in the negative. It is known that the mission-trained native sometimes develops remarkable singing powers, and that he picks up part-music with strange facility; but in his natural state the native is supposed only to exercise his vocal powers in the "tshotsha," which is a lugubrious sound generated deep down in the throat, and suggests a commingling of the notes of the corn-crake with the noise made by the wind in streaming over the open bung-hole of an empty barrel.

Nevertheless, the Bantu possesses a music of his own; but this can only be heard, as a rule, if one frequent the celebration of his tribal ceremonies.

Many of the native songs and chants are very intricate compositions, in which the different parts are adjusted to each other with ingenious nicety. Such part-songs are probably extremely old, and have reached their present development very gradually.

It is not, however, with these that this article will deal, but rather with simple tunes which it has been found possible to note down as opportunity offered. Such may be of interest for purposes of comparison with the rudimentary music of other savage peoples.

The tunes given are mostly battle-songs, each probably struck out like a spark upon the occasion of some great tribal emergency.

In giving the following specimens of tunes collected among the Hlubi tribe, it may be of interest to indicate shortly, where possible, the historical episode to which each relates. The Hlubi tribe was one of the first to move in the great migration which took place from what is now Natal, early in the present century, before the onslaught of Tshaka, the Zulu king. The Hlubis were not, as a matter of fact, driven forth by the Zulus, but by another tribe, the Amangwanè, whose chief—Matiwanè, "the destroyer"—had evidently been incited by Tshaka to declare war. They fled across the Drakensberg Mountains to what is now the Orange Free State, and there led a life of continuous warfare for ten or twelve years.

The Hlubi chief Umti'mkulu* was killed, with nearly all his household. It was believed that not a single member survived. Afterwards, however, it transpired that his great wife, with her infant son, Langalibalèlè,† had escaped. The latter eventually died in exile, having rebelled against the British Government in Natal, in the early seventies.

Upon the death of Umti'mkulu, the chieftainship temporarily devolved upon his nephew, Sidinanè. This chief had a short and tragic career. His memory is revered among the adherents of the "right-hand house" of the Hlubi tribe, of which he was the head, and his pathetic story even now brings tears to the eyes of the old men.

It appears that after the death of Umti'mkulu, the Hlubis for a long time wandered about, in a great disorganised mob, over the wide plains lying between the Vaal and Orange rivers. They were exposed to attacks from the Zulus, the Matabele under Umzil'igazi,‡ and the Amangwanè under Matiwanè "the destroyer." A number had already submitted to the Matabele chief, and been incorporated in his regiments. One night the Hlubis were attacked by a Matabele force, but they scattered under cover of the darkness, without making any resistance. Next morning they opened negotiations with the Matabele induna, and eventually agreed to submit to Umzil'igazi. The Matabele force was returning, laden with booty, from a raid upon the Basuto. Messengers were despatched to Umzil'igazi, informing him of the submission of the Hlubis, and asking whether they were to be destroyed or spared. Umzil'igazi sent back a message to say that the submission of the Hlubis was to be accepted, but that Sidinanè and every member of his family were to be killed. The latter part of the message was supposed to be kept secret, but it was communicated to Sidinanè by one of the Hlubis belonging to the Matabele force.

Sidanànè was a young man; his family consisted of a wife and an infant son. In the night he fled, accompanied by his wife and child, leaving the tribe in charge of his younger brother Sondaba, who agreed to personate him.

Sidanànè fled to Swaziland. On the way his child died of the hardships of the journey. He was kindly treated by the Swazi chief, but he could not rest. He departed for Zululand, and went straight to Tshaka's kraal. His wife refused to accompany him. Tshaka received him with civility, and agreed to accept him as a vassal. An ox had just been slaughtered, so Tshaka ordered Sidinanè to skin it. Sidinanè, after indignantly refusing to perform such menial work, wandered forth once more. We next hear of him as captured by the Amangwanè, and brought before the cruel Matiwanè. Tradition states that he was put into an enclosure in which a lot of bulls were fighting, and that he stilled them with a word. This raised the jealous wrath of Matiwanè, who at once caused the captive to be strangled. The chief Zibi, who is at present at the head of the right-hand house of the Hlubis, is looked upon as Sidinanè's son, but he is really the son of Sidinanè's brother, in terms of the practice as defined in the fifth verse of the twenty-fifth chapter of Deuteronomy.

Sondaba found it impossible to keep up his impersonation of Sidinanè. Umzil'igazi, however, forgave him the deception, and located him at a large military kraal which was situated about two days' journey from the "great place," and was under the command of a favourite induna, or general, called Soxokozela. Here he remained for upwards of a year.

Umzil'igazi sent for his new vassal. The great place of the Matabele chief was close to the present site of Potchefstroom, in the Transvaal, at a spot then called Ezinyosini, which means "the place of bees."

* "Big tree."

† "The sun scorches."

‡ "Bloody trail"—father of Lo Bengula; usually called "Moselikatsé."

A great feast was held in honour of the guest. When Sondaba was led before Umzil'igazi, the latter was struck by the size of the young man's eyes, so he at once gave him the name of Mehloimakulu.* This name quite superseded the original patronymic.

Mehloimakulu was of splendid physique, and had all the bearing of a chief and a leader of men. Consequently he at once incurred the jealousy and hatred of Umzil'igazi. The latter was particularly struck by the superiority of his guest's dancing, as well as the clever way in which he flung his club into the air in the course of the dance and caught it again as it fell. The Matabele chief was heard to say, as he lifted his head to follow the course of the club as it soared: "You are blinding me,—you are breaking my neck." The death of Mehloimakulu was determined on, but he was allowed to return home in the meantime.

Shortly afterwards Mehloimakulu heard from a spy that he was to be killed immediately,—that an impi was even then assembling to fall upon him. He thereupon called together his principal men in order to discuss the situation.

A number of Soxokozela's soldiers had left the kraal to meet the advancing impi. It was now only a question of hours: whatever was to be done must be done quickly.

With tears and many protestations of sorrow, the majority of the Hlubi councillors and headmen decided to leave their chief to his fate. "We are tired of wandering," they said; "Umzil'igazi is strong and able to protect us. Let Mehloimakulu go forth if he will; it is against him that the hate of Umzil'igazi is hot. We have lived for years gathering roots under the spears of Matiwanè; we will now remain as subjects of the chief of the Matabele."

While this was going on, an uncle and devoted adherent of Mehloimakulu left the meeting quietly and assembled his followers. With these he surrounded the kraal of Soxokozela, and killed the induna with every member of his family. The killing party then hastened back, flung down their blood-stained spears before the assembly, and told what they had done. The matter was now plain and clear: they knew that the killing of Soxokozela would never be forgiven by Umzil'igazi; that unless they fled the lives of all would be sacrificed.

So the war-cry,—a long "g" of the second line of the treble clef, which is wailed out with piercing shrillness,—was raised. All the other Matabele within reach were killed, the cattle were quickly collected, and the Hlubis fled to the eastward.

In commemoration of this episode the following song was composed by the tribal bard:—



The words run as follows:—

"Sondaba has killed Mehloimakulu: Mehloimakulu has killed Lihlongo (the latter being another of Mehloimakulu's names): Lihlongo has killed Sondaba."

* "Big eyes."

This somehow suggests "Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor, etc."

The Hlubis managed to escape to a fairly strong position on the western bank of the Caledon River, before being overtaken by the pursuing Matabele. The latter came up just at nightfall. They were hungry and tired, but they nevertheless attacked without delay. There were a number of Hlubis in their ranks, but these at once deserted to Mehloimakulu's side. Then the Matabele fell back for a few hundred yards and halted. The Hlubi deserters told Mehloimakulu that the enemy would most probably make a night attack, so the Hlubi chief, with the pick of his force, stole quietly back and took up a position in some broken ground, which the enemy, if they attacked, would have to cross.

They had not long to wait,—the whole Matabele impi advanced stealthily towards the Hlubi encampment, but it fell into the ambush and was cut to pieces. Next morning the battle-field was found to be thickly strewn with the shields and spears which had been thrown away in the flight. The shields were piled together and burnt; the spears proved a welcome and much-needed addition to the Hlubi armament.

Then the following song was composed in honour of the victorious chief :—



The words are :—

"Spotted leopard, come out so that we can see you."

The next song also dates from this occasion :—

The words are :—

"Run off with your plunder, Chief!—Houti ma-e-a."

The concluding portion is rather obscure; in fact, it has been found quite impracticable to trace its meaning. Possibly,—and this is a suggestion on the part of a very old native,—it represents an attempt to reproduce the lowing of the looted cattle when being driven off.

With varying fortune Mehloimakulu waged a war which lasted for about eight years with the Amangwanè, as well as with the different expeditions which Tshaka sent against him and Matiwanè. It was a curious situation, the Hlubis and the Amangwanè locked in a deadly struggle with each other, and being attacked, together or in detail, from time to time by Tshaka. It does not appear that the notion of combining against the common enemy ever suggested itself to either the Hlubi or the 'Mangwanè chief.

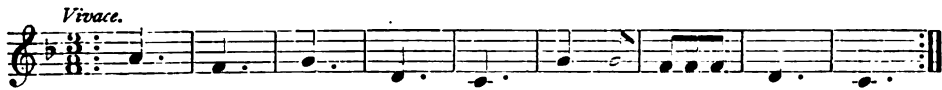
After a successful raid against Matiwanè's cattle, the following song was composed :—



The words are :—

"The Chief is pregnant with the number of cattle he has taken. — Ho, ho, ho, aha ; ho, oho, ho, ho !"

At one period of their wanderings the Hlubis were driven into the mountainous, inhospitable country that lies near the source of the Orange River. The following song is connected with this episode :—



The words of this song are :—

"The Orange River : It is far away : It flows : The Orange River : I see the mountains of the Zulus."

What follows is the last of the Hlubi series :—



Its words are : —

"Ho, ho !—We call to the chief. He is as great as the ocean."

Within a few years of the flight of the Hlubis, the Baca tribe was driven from its home, on and about the present site of Maritzburg, Natal. The reigning chief was Madikanè. Around his memory hangs an accretion of many legends. There is some ground for thinking that Madikanè's mother was a European, possibly a waif from one or other of the vessels which are known to have been wrecked on the east coast of Southern Africa toward the end of the last century. The words of one of the songs composed in his honour run somewhat as follows :—

"Mngcanganè (one of Madikanè's) names is an animal, —

Ho !—What shall we do with him ?

There is no chief who can conquer a white chief, —

Hi ! -What shall we do with him ?"

These words clearly indicate the peculiarity of Madikanè's appearance, as well as that he was light of colour. The air to which these words are sung does not merit reproduction.

All authorities agree that Madikanè was of great stature, that he was light in colour, and that his hair and beard were long. It was his habit to carry his snuff-spoon stuck in the hair of his chest. One of the writers has examined a number of his male descendants, and found about one in every four with traces

of hair on the chest. It is, it may be stated, very unusual to find any hair on the body of a Bantu.

Madikanè placed himself at the head of his own shattered tribe, together with the fugitives from some forty-four broken clans, and led them southward. He was killed on December 19th, 1824, in a combined attack made by the Tembus and Gcalekas, and on the next day there was a total eclipse of the sun.

The Baca women and children were all either killed or captured. Many of them wore ivory armlets, which had been put on when they were children, and which, consequently, could not be drawn off. For the sake of the ivory, the savage victors cut the hands off the unfortunate creatures and turned them abroad to die. Some few managed to make their way back, for over a hundred miles, to the valley of the Umzimvubu River—one of the former sojourning places of the tribe—and lived for many years. The last of these died only about eight years ago.

The eclipse on the following day was taken as a tremendous portent. All the fighting men were called up to the great places of the Tembu and Gcaleka chiefs, respectively, for the purpose of being doctored. The Bacas, in their flight, came upon an immense number of Tembu women and children who were proceeding, with cattle, with the intention of occupying an uninhabited piece of country under the Drakensburg range. These the Bacas captured and took away, so as to rehabilitate themselves for their losses, domestic and other.

The following is the tribal war-song of the Baca tribe. It is a tune held in great veneration, and is never used except upon important occasions. Sung in slow, stately unison by a number of men on the war-path, it has an indescribably impressive effect:—



This song is apparently of great antiquity. Its words have quite lost their meaning. They are simply:—

“Eye ya how, eye ya yow yow yow.”

Tradition relates that when Madikanè was a boy he disappeared mysteriously. The witch-doctors told his father Kalimetsh not to be uneasy, as the boy would come back. After an absence of eight months he returned, saying that he had been in the forest learning the magical use of roots. He called to his uncle and two of his brothers, and they accompanied him to the place of his secret sojourn, driving with them a black ox. When they arrived at the specified spot the ox was slaughtered. Portions of the meat were then spread about for the use of the “imishologu,” or ancestral spirits, and then the tribal song was sung. After this the young man asked the others what they would like to be “doctored” for. The uncle suffered from a dread of being poisoned, and asked to be so doctored that poison should have no effect on him. The others asked to be so doctored as to become great fighting chiefs.

At the annual “incubi,” or “feast of the first-fruits,” which is held by the Bacas—when the chief rushes out of his hut after being doctored, and flings an assegai towards the rising sun—the tribal song is sung in full chorus by the assembled lieges.

Each individual chief adopts a song composed specially in his honour, and which is ever afterwards associated with him. In Madikanè's song there is an undertone of sadness, as well as a finish, which, in view of the fact that his mother was probably a white woman, might almost lead one to think that it had a civilised source. Possibly it may be a sort of reflection of some melody of her childhood which the mother had been heard singing. It is as follows :—



These are the words :—

“An assegai thrown among the Zulus, plays. You are a young animal to the Zulus.”

Madikanè's peculiar appearance is apparently again referred to in the foregoing.

The next is the song which was dedicated to the present chief, Makaula, upon his accession :



The words are :—

“All the chiefs opposed Makaula by name ; they said he would never be a chief. He is the youngest of all the chiefs. Orange River” (with the last syllable repeated several times).

Makaula succeeded to the chieftainship when quite a boy, upon the death of his father, 'Ncapai, who was killed in a war with the Pondos in 1845. The mention of the Orange River has reference to the fact of the Bacas having wandered to its inhospitable source after being driven southward before the spears of Tshaka.

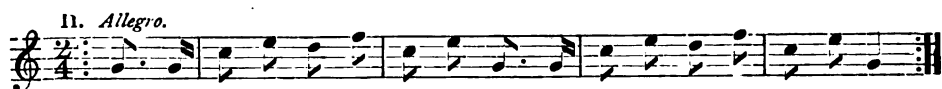
The two airs next following are danced to by the Bacas :—



The following air is common among all the tribes between the Shangaan country, north of Delagoa Bay, and Pondoland:—



The three last examples given are songs heard by one of the writers among the Tongas and Shangaans:—



In their songs the Bantu have never got beyond a few words set to a tune of a few bars, these being sung with monotonous repetition. In spite of their monotony, the songs have a wild charm which is all their own. The Kaffirs are as loyal to their chiefs as were the Scottish Highlanders of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Probably among no other people in the world is the sentiment of loyalty so strong. In each of these simple melodies a treasured story lies embalmed and fragrant. Up to the present the habiliments of civilisation sit but ill upon the savages of South Africa, whose waning ideals are clustered around the leafless tree of ancestry as a swarm of belated bees cluster over the portals of a ruined nest. In singing their songs the natives reconstruct the departed glories of the grand old "houses" which have, as they themselves say, "withered," for a few fleeting and pathetic moments.

NORA SCULLY.

WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY.



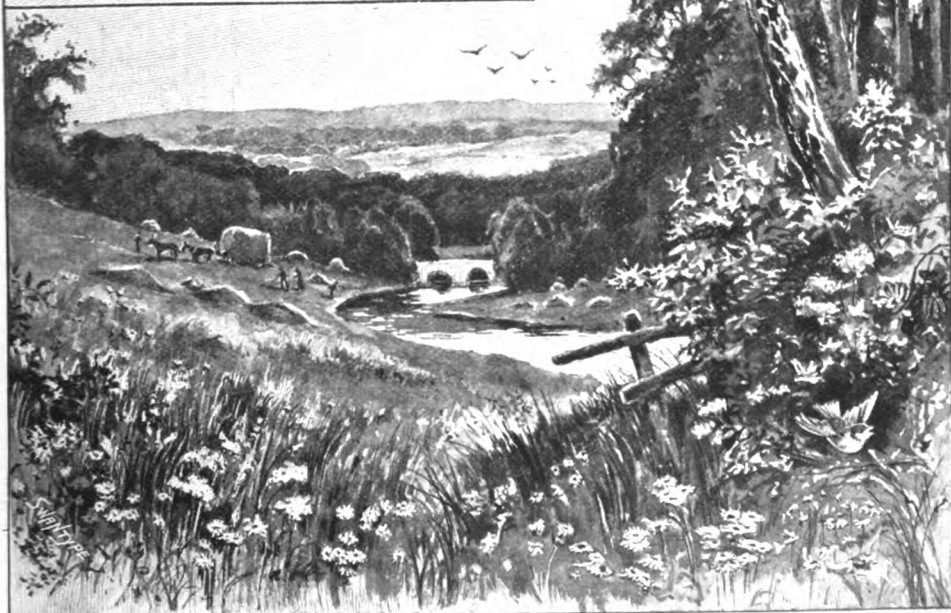
Now from the red heart of the opened year
Sweet Summer steals in rosy richness clad,
And all the Earth begins to be more glad
At touch of her warm footsteps drawing
near :

The balmier skies reflect, serene and clear,
Her bright, soft smile; and even Night
that had
Long sentinelled the hours, a silence sad,
Glow with a charmed moon in perfect
sphere.

The thirsty Earth lifts up her lips to meet
And breathe the coming breath of life's
full boon,
Feeling her heart expand in larger beat,
While all her flowers make haste to
blossom soon

In rainbow-pathways for the radiant feet
Of fragrant, flying, rose-encircled June.

A. L. BUDDEN

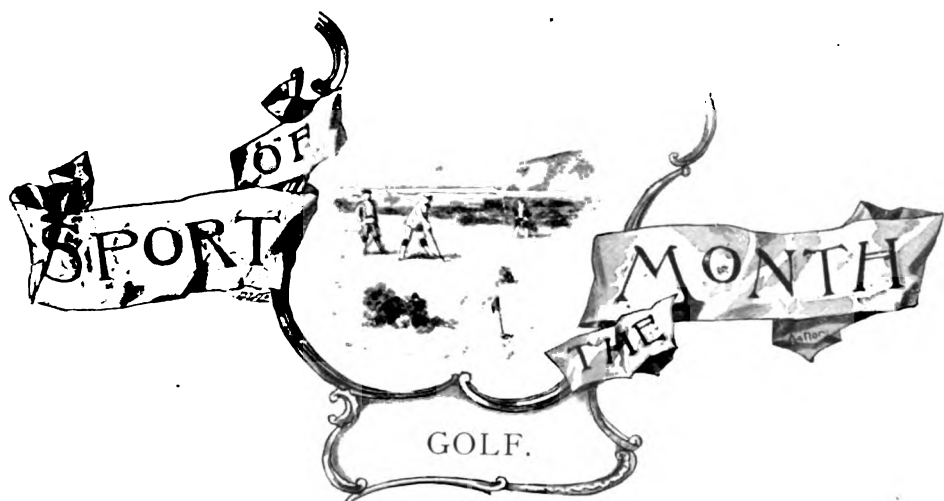


John B. Robinson del.

JUNE.



GOLF.



ESSAYS, articles, and treatises upon the art of playing the recognised games of this country are almost invariably entrusted to experts or to gentlemen who have achieved the highest distinction in the particular branch which they affect. But the majority of mankind are not experts, nor destined to excel, and most of us have realised long since that we are condemned to stagnant mediocrity unrelieved by the faintest suggestion of brilliancy. The views and sensations of these obscure thousands pass altogether unrecorded ; yet are not the joys, the hopes, the fears and the tribulations which agitate the third or fourth class golfer as real and vivid as those of his superiors ? Are not his pangs as acute as those occasionally experienced by champions and ex-champions—even as, according to the teachings of our youth, the sufferings of the crushed beetle equal those of the dying giant ?

It is not one of the least attractions of the game of golf that the incompetent derives as much enjoyment from it as the finished exponent. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the former does not derive more ; for inasmuch as he requires double the number of strokes to complete the allotted round, he experiences twice over all the varied emotions alluded to above.

The playing of golf has now extended to persons of all classes, of all ages, and of both sexes. Amongst its votaries are to be found poets, publicans, peers, parsons, princes and politicians : so numerous, indeed, is the latter category that, bearing in mind the magical virtue attached by a large section of the House of Commons to the figure 8, it is a matter for congratulation that no Act has yet been passed limiting the number of a player's clubs to eight, and inflicting severe penalties upon any one who takes more than eight strokes to a hole.

Links, which formerly were practically confined to the inhospitable eastern shores of Scotland, have now spread to the uttermost portions of the globe : to the Far East (except where Chinese mandarins have detected in the digging of holes clear evidence of infernal machines !); to Australia ; to America ; to Egypt, where one-eyed caddies with prehensile toes deftly transfer their employer's ball from bad to good lies. At home the suburbs of every big town in the United Kingdom offer every variety of substitute for the genuine article in the shape of a green. Well, then, may the golfing world have been thrown into convulsions of fury when Mr.

Alfred Lyttelton asked a short time ago, with well feigned innocence, "whether golf was a first-class game."

In what, it is often asked, consist the attractions of a game which to the uninitiated spectator appears inexpressibly futile and uninteresting? Where is the pleasure of endeavouring to force an unresisting ball into a small hole with instruments which often appear singularly ill adapted for the purpose? Why do thousands of otherwise inoffensive persons daily make hideous exhibitions of their incompetence and infirmities of temper? What strange perversion of intellect causes men distinguished in science, in the arts of peace and war, nay, even Cabinet Ministers themselves, temporarily to abandon their judgment, their reasoning faculties, their very volition, to the mercy of small boys? To provide the inquisitive sceptic with any reasonable explanation of these problems is beyond my powers. Personally I am inclined to attribute much of the popularity of golf to the proverbial allurements of Hope. In no other outdoor game does hope play so prominent a part. Often, alas! illusory, it dogs the golfing devotee at every turn; day after day ecstatic visions of attaining unprecedented dexterity float before him; prosaic persons pass their night dreaming of balls propelled to fabulous distances: on the battle-ground itself the man struggling with adversity buoys himself up with the chance that his next stroke may redeem all previous failures. But the chief material attraction of the game probably lies in the fact that it adapts itself to all ages. Cricket, football, tennis, rackets—all these belong to the period of youth, and cannot be played with success when youth is past; but so long as his legs consent to carry him, and his arms to perform their allotted circle or half-circle, the golfer may continue to enjoy himself, and generally succeeds in doing so until overcome by final decrepitude.

"Linquenda tellus et domus et placens
Uxor."

It is often urged that the engrossing nature of golf is a fertile source of corruption: that married men in particular are induced by its attractions to neglect their domestic duties, and that it thereby contributes to domestic infelicity. The exact opposite is the case, and the game is in reality a potent promoter of connubial bliss. The latter is most frequently endangered when husbands under the specious plea of business or duty affect too closely the society of feminine acquaintances. Now, no self-respecting golfer, unless hopelessly infatuated, ever plays with women when male opponents are available. On the contrary, he usually regards them as obstructive interlopers, frames rules with the express object of keeping them at a distance, and at most tolerates their presence with an absolutely brutal indifference.

Consider, on the other hand, the obvious advantages of the game. It is healthy: that at all events its bitterest opponents cannot deny. It is economical: the usual wager on a match does not exceed half a crown, and a man might lose half a crown every day of his life for fifty years, not excluding Sundays, and yet be in an infinitely better financial position at the end than after one bad Ascot or Epsom week. Why, the price paid for the privilege of an indifferent view of the Great Bilkem or Swindlem Handicap would alone cover the losses of months! Consider too what a godsend it ought to be to the depressed land-owner of to-day, who at vast expense finds it necessary to rear large numbers of tame pheasants for the delectation of his acquaintances, and who, for a sum representing the wages of one under-keeper, could construct and maintain an excellent links in his park, which would probably produce at least equally satisfactory results. Similar instances might easily be multiplied. These, it may be urged, constitute but sordid arguments.



"Ce monde est fou !
 Les voilà tous, bouche béante,
 Admirant un grand sot qui se tourmente
 A taper dans un petit trou."

FLORIAN'S "*L'Ane et la Flûte*" (slightly altered).

Can nothing else be advanced? Well, yes: golf is eminently calculated to develop the true Christian virtues, for no game is more apt to provoke a stronger sense of legitimate exasperation; and the feelings with which Dives in the latter stage of his existence regarded Lazarus can scarcely have been more pronounced than those which a player wallowing in a bunker entertains towards the opponent whose ball lies safely upon the putting green. Patience, nerve and judgment—all these will meet with their due reward; nor is there any instance in which a rigid adherence to the unwritten code of honour is more necessary. These, I submit, are no mean merits; and while conscious that adequate justice cannot be rendered within the exiguous limits of this article, it appears to me that the case for golf cannot be put more concisely than in the words of the gentleman who has probably done more than any one else to popularise it—namely, Mr. Arthur Balfour—when he expressed the opinion not long since that “a tolerable day, a tolerable green, a tolerable opponent, supply, or ought to supply, all that any reasonably constituted human being should require in the way of entertainment.”

T. W. LEGH.

VICTOR.

WITHIN a week we were to wed.
 Oh false! who thus to Fanny said,
 While passion stirred her:
 “Hush, dear! I’ve such delightful news—
He’s come! You know Jack’s jealous views,
 So I must mind my P’s and Q’s.”
 My own ears heard her.

“Victor is perfect, fully grown,—
 To think he’s mine, dear, all my own!”
 Shall he be kick’d, or
 Horsewhipt, thought I: what fools are men
 To love aught female over ten!—
 All, all are false, the jades,—but then
 My name’s not Victor.

She little dreamed that Jack was near,
 The while she murmured, “Mine, my dear,
 My duck, my poppet,
 Here shall he bide my room to grace—”
 In raging wrath, within an ace
 I cried, “He shan’t, Miss,” to her face,
 “If I can stop it.”

“But, ah! he lacks—” “What lacks he, Miss?”
 I sudden burst. Quoth she, “Why, this,
 Sir: what he lacks is
 A black eye.” “He within the hour
 Shall have it.” “Nay, don’t look so sour:
 ’Tis only, Jack, a novel flower,
 A rare Sparaxis.”

JAMES MEW.

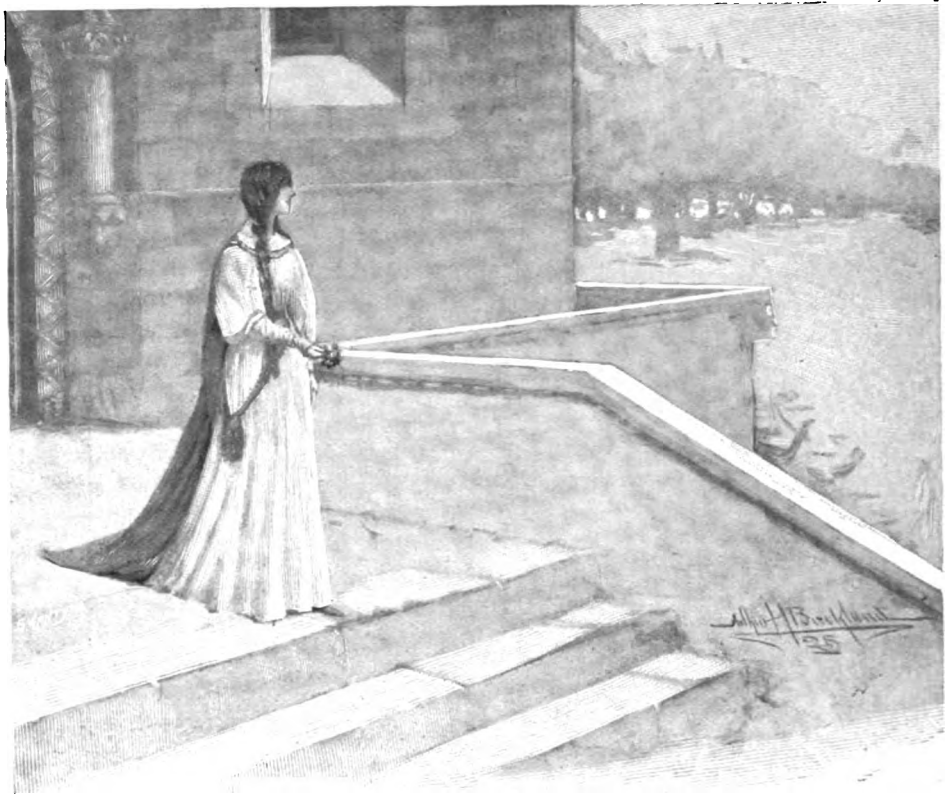


Orwell Hall.

THE light of a love that lifts the heart from earth to the
gates of heaven,
That looses the bands that chafe the hands or ever their
cords be riven ;
The sting of a sin that hales the soul from life to the floor
of hell :
Though the sin be strong and the love be long, they are
linked in the tale I tell.

By night and day the cedars tall
Keep watch and ward over Orwell Hall ;
The lark swings up to the sun-flushed sky,
And the meadows ring to the plover's cry,
Down in the thickets the thrushes sing,
And the hawk hangs high on his pulseless wing :
Witnesses all from day to day,
Of the love that lighten'd those turrets gray.

Sweet and pure as the thrushes' tune,
Bright and fair as a morn in June,
The Lady of Orwell shows to all
In the old-world framing of Orwell Hall :



Never a cloud on that fairy face,
 Never a shadow to mar its grace,
 Beauty such as a Greek might find
 In the murmuring music of wave and wind :
 "Jesu, Maria, shield her well,"
 Prays, as it swings, the old church bell.

Why doth the lady blush so deep,
 As she hies her down from her tower so steep ?
 Why doth the lady look so white
 As she steps forth into the dewy light ?
 A horn rings out on her listening ear,
 And her heart is cold with a nameless fear.

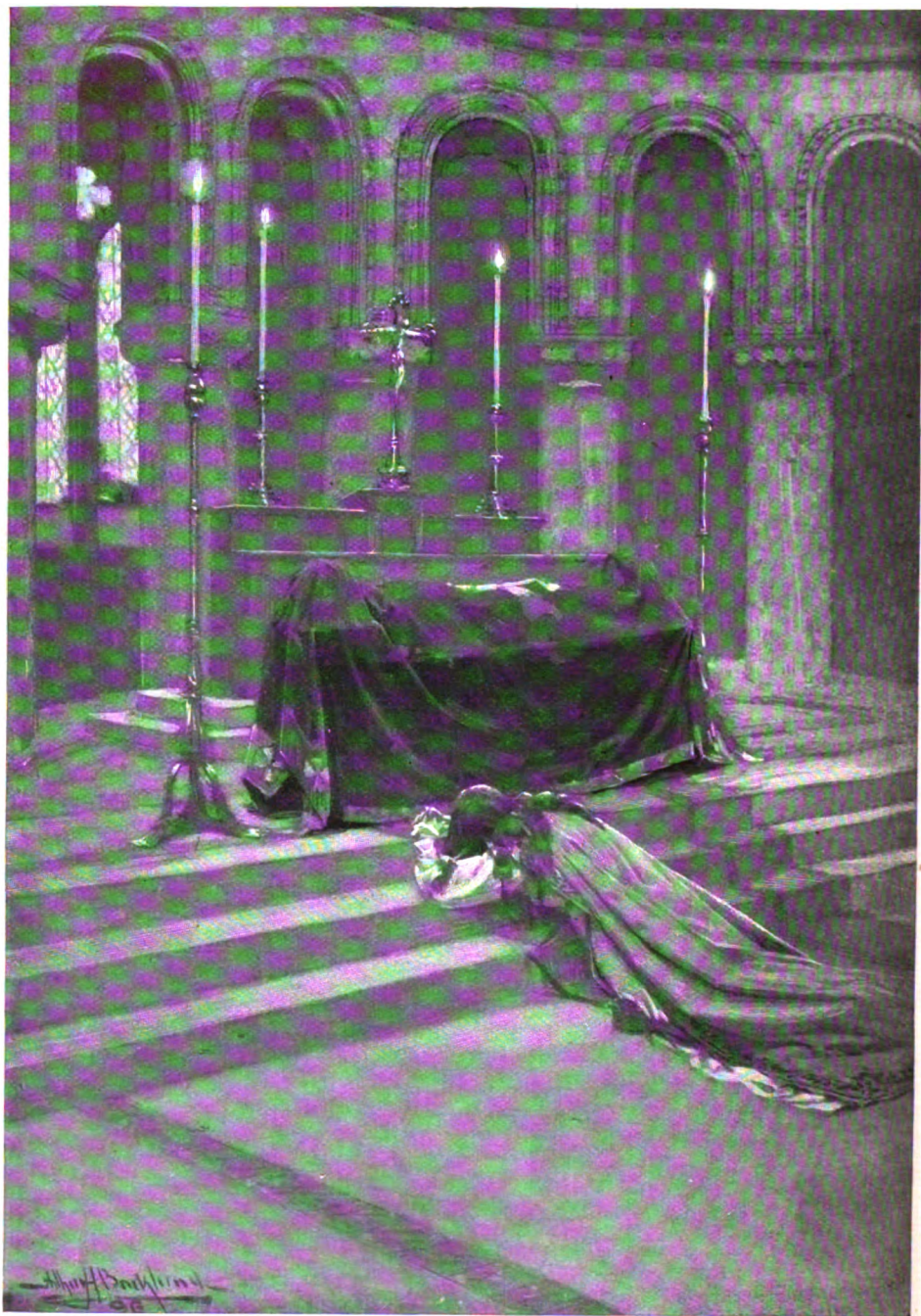
Past the cedar out through the gates
 She glides to the grove where her true lover waits :
 Stretched in the sunshine lies her knight,
 With his laughing eyes and his armour bright :
 "Mother of mercies, shield her well !"
 Hushed and still is the old church bell.



The lord of Orwell, proud and tall
 Moodily paces the terrace wall ;
 Master he of her grace and youth,
 Never the lord of her heart in truth :
 Old and worn when he knelt to woo,
 Older now that the end he knew.

Rupert de Madingley knows full well
 The trysting note of the old church bell :
 Weary of waiting, idly he
 Blew on his horn that blast of glee :
 Knowing not that the lady's lord
 Rode last even from Oxenford.

Few and short were the words they spoke
 Ere a voice of thunder the echoes woke :
 The Master of Orwell, clothed in steel,
 A shining terror from head to heel,
 Raging with shame and fury, quoth :
 " Traitor and wanton, turn ye both ! "



Turned they both at the stern command.
The sword flashed out in Sir Rupert's hand :
The lady swooned at her husband's knee,
And he laid her down right tenderly,
Bent on her lover his burning eye :
"Rupert de Madingley, guard or die !"

Never a pause in the thrushes' song,
Though the heart be hot and the steel be strong,
Never a cloud in the sky above,
Though the sun has set in the land of love :
The Master of Orwell lies full low,
And Sir Rupert kneels by his dying foe.

Faint is the voice that once did ring
Like the clarion call of a soldier king ;
Dim are the eyes that once did shine
Like stars in front of the charging line,
Yet or ever the life's eclipse
The love speaks forth from the ashen lips.

"Rupert de Madingley,—on thy life,
I give to thy keeping my name—my wife :
All that I have or hold is thine—
And she, thou knowest, was never mine.
Lo, I—God help me !—while yet I live,
As Christ our Saviour forgave—forgive."

Dark as night is the purple pall
That covers the Master of Orwell Hall ;
Slowly rises the requiem hymn,
As the lady kneels in the chancel dim :
"Jesu, Maria, shield her well,"
Sighs, as it swings, the old church bell.

The light of a love that lifts the heart from earth to the
gates of heaven,
When the pain is known at the great white throne, and the
past is cleanly shriven :
The sting of a sin that hales the soul from life to the floor
of hell :
Though the sin be sure, if the love endure, there is truth in
the tale I tell.

E. A. NEWTON.



“WITH PIPE AND TABOR.”

A STREET SKETCH.

“Why, with pipe and tabor,
Fool away the night?”



AM not sure that these are the right words, but something like them has been humming in my head ever since I took Mabel to St. Ethelgiva's, two Sunday evenings ago.

I was not allowed to sit next to Mabel: St. Ethelgiva is too great a stickler for Church etiquette for that! but I was near enough to hear her voice—Mabel's, I mean—carolling away in a hymn that had almost a dance measure, and the tune has hummed in my ears and haunted me incessantly; I walk down to the office to it every morning.

I have fooled away a good deal of time myself, over a pipe—though not a musical one; but a tabor, I am entirely ignorant about a tabor, and don't know anybody that has one.

At the corner of the Square there is a little old man with one eye who plays a pipe: I have seen him a thousand times, of course, but if it had not been for St. Ethelgiva's warning, I should never have noticed his instrument or his art; he twiddles away so perseveringly at the intricacies of a popular melody of the music halls, that I am irresistibly reminded of Bishop and Purcell and the school of musical flourish. He has a lidless tin coffee-pot fixed on his breast, into which my penny clatters ostentatiously; finishing his tune with a hasty twirl, he tips the coin into his withered paw, and thence to his pocket: “the boys 'ud jostle me about an' git it, if I didn' nob it at oncst,” he says in explanation.

“I like to hear you play,” said I, for I am always in a cheerful humour while Mabel is in town; “you ought to do something better than ‘Hit 'im when 'e's down,’ and rubbish like that—I'm sure you could.”

“To be sure I could,” he answered, “but the general public wouldn't like it. D'ye know this?” and he began to tremble out that gem of purest water, “Tell



me, my Heart." An old gentleman on his way to the "Oriental," and a girl with a portfolio, both stopped to listen; they were not the general public plainly, any more than myself. His breath gained strength and assurance as he went on, and "nature smiles" in its final roulade was clear and precise, and piercing sweet.

"Haven't heard that since I was a boy!" said the old Indian, putting a sixpence into the coffee-pot; and we all three thanked the musician, who was dabbing his forehead after his exertions: assuredly we did not belong to the "general public."

Nearly every morning since, I have stopped for a tune.

I hope St. Ethelgiva will excuse me: I really don't waste much time, and work all the better for it afterwards; one day we had "I attempt from Love's sickness to fly," and "The soldier, tired of War's alarms," another.

I have a silly hankering that my old man should learn that hymn-tune that Mabel sang—one of the "Hymns of the Eastern Church" she calls it, and I diffidently propose to whistle it to him. "You come round to my place, an' I'll pick it up in two twos," he says confidently. "No, I don't want no money for doin' that: the obligation's mine, sir,—it ain't many people 'll take the trouble to go over a toon for me now, not what I calls real music, an' them low toons is all I can git hold of, in consequence. My gurl's a beautiful player, sir, on the violin, like her mother before her; but she's too busy to play to me more'n once in a way,—shy, too, wonnerful shy before me, knowin' me to be a bit critical."

My piper's "place" is in East Street, Baker Street: I found my way there last Saturday, and sat for ten minutes on his broken-backed chair humming and whistling "Pipe and Tabor," while he, opposite me, on the edge of his bed, followed and noted the tune, squeezing up his lips and nodding his head in sympathy. I never felt such an ass in my life—if Mabel could have seen me she'd have died with laughing. At the end of the tune he took out the pipe, wiped it on his knee, and played the tune slowly through.

"Pretty, sir, very pretty indeed. A little thin, perhaps, as them High Church things is apt to be, but sweet an' melodious, I will say. Heard it in church, did you now, sir? Well, nothin' short of a full cathedral service 'll do for me. Not but what this ain't very nice, very nice an'—an' cheerful!" He went through it again, less slowly, with a little more *abandon*. "I've got it now, sir, I think?" turning his best eye, which is little more than a narrow red slit, questioningly towards me.

"Perfectly! I must bring Ma—my cousin down the Square some day to hear it,—it's her favourite hymn, you know."

I felt that I was giving myself away somewhat, but I didn't want him to think that in my real musical opinion it compared with "Tell me, my Heart."

"Ah, I see." Perhaps it was fancy, but I thought he looked relieved. "Any day, sir, that the young lady can come. I've got it, you see, now, for good an' all."

To give a fresh turn to the conversation, I ventured to ask him if he knew what a tabor was.

"No ideer, sir. I've heard an 'em, I don't doubt, when I was in the musical world, so to speak, but not to reco'nise 'em now. But I dessay my daughter knows. She plays the violin, an' brings me the toons from the theayters. I'll ask her, if you like, an' let you know."

I believe I am on the track of a tabor at last!

Yesterday morning my piper was not at his corner, and last night there came a message through my landlady as I sat smoking after dinner: "Could I speak to a young person?" My landlady's manner was sniff-ful and ominous.

"A young person?" I questioned.

"Well, certingly neither a lady nor a respectable servant-girl," was the reply.

"Miss Maude Bell," the name sent up, did not enlighten me further, but "from the musical gent in the Square" gave me a clue. Good gracious! had Miss Maude, the "wunnerful violin-player," thought it necessary to introduce herself on the strength of the tabor? I went out into the entry, and found a half forward, half shrinking miss, in a scarlet silk blouse and some mangy fur wraps.

"Pa's been knocked over by a keb," she explained. "I allays knew how it would be if he would persist in playin' as he walked along. He didn't know if he was off the kerb, an' of course, follering the toon, he didn't hear w'at was be'ind him. Oh, yus, he's hurt: ribs broken, an' internal injuries. There wasn't much hope, Doctor said, but he wouldn't be took to a 'orspital. He was took to his own place, an' she was sent for. If it was to be a long business she didn't know how she was to manage to be away from the 'All to nurse him, she was sure!"

Much of this was jerked out in the hansom as we drove towards East Street, for as soon as I knew my piper's condition I was determined to go to him, in spite of Mrs. Bundy's tacit disapproval. Once set wagging, Miss Maude's tongue ran freely if irrelevantly.

"You are musical too, aren't you?" I asked presently, and her simpering "Yus, I'm in the theatrical line myself," sent her off on fresh explanations as to her inability to give up her profession to nurse the old gentleman, which lasted to the end of our drive. Then she let herself in with "Pa's" latchkey, and we went down to the basement.

He was in the bed this time, my old piper, his face turned away from the light, his body an inert mound, as the doctor had strapped it; but his ears were stretched for my coming, and he greeted me joyfully.

"A bad business, sir, but might 'a been worse. The pain ain't so very great now I'm laying quiet, an' I ain't likely to lay long, Doctor says. I knew you'd come, sir. I says to 'em, 'He's been afore, an' he'll come if I arsk him!' No,

there ain't nothin' I wants, an' nothin' you can do, sir: w'at I arsked you for is to hear a treat. You bein' here, an' Milly, my gurl, too—which mightened 'a happened if I'd kep' well, no, not in twenty years—we'll have a little good music! Nothin' modern, like you brings me from the theayters, Milly, but one o' your mother's old pieces from the opera, dear—*Larshee Darem* or *Voychy Sapeet*; some o' the old music that you an' me understands, sir!"

Milly's mouth was full of excuses in a moment—she was flaunting Miss Maude Bell no longer, but a terrified, hysterical girl—she had not brought her fiddle, coming off all in a hurry like that, and "Pa" was so critical, an' a strange gentleman too: it was ever so late, an' they'd get into a pretty fuss with the neighbours, screeching on the fiddle at that time of night—and so on, and so on.

Her evident terror of having to play before us was absurd under the circumstances: I could not believe her shy, and I doubted how far she was telling the truth, and what was her real objection; but the old man persisted, and I sided with him, not because I cared to hear the girl play, but in order to quiet and comfort him. I saw how the idea had taken hold of his imagination, stimulated by pain and weakness—and I signed to his daughter to drop her tactless opposition and play anything, anyhow, to satisfy his whim.

At last, with a bounce and with an incomprehensible grumble of assent, she dashed out of the room, and I heard her plunging up the dark stairs and out of the street door.

"Gone to get a fiddle, I think," I said to the old man, who lay back, suddenly appeased and dozing off, as those do who are very near their end. I hoped Milly might return fairly quietly, for I felt he could not bear any startling awakening. Nature, when you get back close to her, is never startling.

And back came "the gurl" in ten minutes or so, very quietly for her, stealing into the dim room on tiptoe, followed by the dark figure of a man, that stood at the back of the bedhead and made no sign beyond breathing heavily. Milly herself came close to the bed, and looked at me meaningly with her finger on her lip. I do not know what I understood from her look, but I held my peace, and she leant over her father and said softly: "Now Pa, I'm goin' to play, and you've just got to lay still an' listen," and then, as her father whispered back an alert "All right! I'm listening," she retreated into the shadow behind us, and the stranger hitched his fiddle to his chin and began to play "The Lost Chord."

Very slowly and "feelingly" he played it, and the old man on the bed followed every note.

"It's good," he whispered to me—and I had to lean over him to catch his comment; "it's good, but it's too modern for me: can't you play '*Voychy Sapeet*,' dear, same as mother used to?"

"I'm afraid I've forgotten it, Pa, but I can do 'Home Sweet Home,'" came Milly's voice from behind me, and it almost seemed as if there were a suspicion of tears in it.

Then we sat silent again as the soft notes fell round us—vulgarily accentuated perhaps—here drawn out unduly, there scamped in false *staccato*, but still beautiful and touching and true, as such a melody must ever be.

"*Bravo! bravo!*" came from the bed in faint accents, as the last sounds died away. "I told you she could play, sir; so could her mother; but she haven't got her mother's light touch. But I promised you should hear a treat, an' my gurl——"

There came no more words after. I do not know what crisis we reached unconsciously—perhaps the crisis of a desire gratified—but there the old man's words ceased for ever: there was some gasping, some shifting of his position, a squeeze of the

clammy hand that I had shaken once before on leaving "his place," after our musical afternoon; and then—Miss Maude Bell was quite free, as far as her father was concerned, to carry out her professional engagements without fear of interruption.

"No, I can't play. I give it up long ago, and disposed of my instrument," she blubbered, as I was going away. "Poor Pa used to arsk me to play, an' I put him off one way and other when I came to see him. I could allays sing him the songs from the 'Alls, which was w'at he earned his living by, an' this old music he used to talk about has quite gone out in the profession. But when he got bothering on for me to play to-night, I was 'most at my wits' end, and I wouldn't have told him then, not for anythink you could 'a give me. I've heard that there chap playing down at the 'Salisbury,' an' it came over me all on a sudden to get him in. Poor Pa, it pleased him; an' I don't see where the harm was, so as he didn't find out."

Neither did I, exactly.

As I went homewards the "chap" with his fiddle was hurrying back to the "Salisbury," to disburse some of the half-crown which I had seen Miss Maude Bell count out to him—a shilling, two sixpences, and six coppers from the depths of a grimy jacket hanging behind her father's bed.

She was honest, as far as she went—resourceful I knew her to be; as Miss Maude Bell she was doubtless an ornament to that vague institution "the theatrical line." But she was not an artist, as her father had been, and I had no wish ever to see her again.

I miss the old man at the corner of the Square, though when Mabel asked me his name I could not tell her,—somehow I don't think it was Bell.

And now I shall never know about a tabor.

G. B. STUART.





BRITISH ARMY TYPES.

1. A SUBALTERN, GRENADIER GUARDS.



THE STORY OF 1812.

PART VI



At last, though reluctant to disturb the sense of security in which the French seemed to be lulled, Kutusof deemed that the time had arrived when, taking advantage of their helplessness and of their negligence, he might deal them a destructive blow. The corps of Murat and Poniatowski, still facing him at Winkowo, seemed to offer the desired opportunity; and, making all his preparations secretly on October 17th, he attacked their encampment early on the 18th, taking them so completely by surprise as to drive them into a precipitate retreat, with the loss of upwards of two thousand men killed and wounded, many prisoners, thirty-eight guns, and all their baggage. Had General Beningsen, to whom the conduct of this affair was intrusted by Kutusof, shown a little more dash and enterprise in his conduct of it, it is probable that Murat would have been cut off from Moscow altogether, and captured with the whole of his command. However, it was in any case a sufficiently disastrous incident for the French; and when the tidings reached Napoleon the same day, he was quickly roused to a perception of the danger of the situation, and immediately issued orders for the army to evacuate Moscow and to march on Kalouga.* At daybreak on the 19th the whole of his troops moved out of their bivouacs, taking the old road, *viâ* Taroutino. Mortier only, with ten thousand men, was left behind to guard the Kremlin, the Emperor announcing that he was merely making an expedition to punish Kutusof, and would return in a few days to reoccupy his old positions! As a matter of fact, it is probable that when Napoleon made this sudden resolution to march out of Moscow, he had *not* determined to finally abandon his conquest, and that the definite idea of *retreat* was not by any means *then* in his mind. His immediate object was, of course, to meet and defeat Kutusof, and open the way to the well-stored magazines of Kalouga and the rich and untapped provinces beyond; and had a great victory crowned his encounter with the Russian general, it may be conjectured, knowing his great aversion to such a step, that he would not then have considered a retreat either desirable or necessary. It was for this reason that Mortier was left in Moscow, where he was enjoined to preserve strict order, and to guard carefully the sick and wounded, and the stores, which remained behind.

The near prospect of some decided engagement seemed to stir the Emperor out

* "Marchons sur Kalouga, et malheur à ceux qui se trouveront sur mon passage!"—*Séjour*, p. 250.

of the state bordering almost on indifference in which he had passed the last few weeks.* A brief consideration of the present military situation showed him that by transferring his army from the old to the new Kalouga road, and making a dash at Malo-Jaroslavetz, he might completely outflank Kutusof, who was still at Taroutino, and gain Kalouga, by manœuvre rather than by battle, before he could interpose. This success would at once place his army in the midst of plenty, and in a position from which, should it be necessary, it might well make a safe and steady retreat on Smolensk, through a fertile and untouched country. His mind made up, orders were at once sent to Mortier in Moscow, and to Junot, who throughout had remained with his corps at Mojaïsk, to evacuate their positions forthwith; the latter to fall back on Smolensk by the direct road, and the former to make for the same place *via* Wereia, so as to keep in touch with the main army. To execute successfully the contemplated manœuvre against Kutusof, it was necessary to keep him in ignorance as long as possible of the outflanking movement that was being attempted. To attain this end, the corps of Ney was ordered to continue its direct march on Taroutino by the old road, and even to make demonstrations to the east of it, in order to avert the Russian general's attention from the vital quarter. The rest of the army, Prince Eugène's corps leading, changed direction soon after leaving Moscow, gained the new Kalouga road on the 20th, and reached Borowsk on the 23rd, while the bulk of Kutusof's troops still lay unsuspecting in Taroutino. Fortunately, however, for himself, Kutusof had pushed out one corps, Doctorof's, some distance to his left front, and learning now from that general's reports the imminence of the danger which threatened his left flank, he ordered Doctorof to hasten by a forced march to Malo-Jaroslavetz, and to hold it at all costs, while the main army from Taroutino, taking ground to its left, established itself firmly astride the new Kalouga road on the wooded heights to the south of the town.

It was no doubt a most critical situation in which Kutusof found himself at this moment; but once more his star prevailed, and his own resolution and the devotion of his troops saw him safely through. The brave Doctorof thoroughly appreciated the responsible task with which he was charged, and marching all night on the 23rd, he reached Malo-Jaroslavetz at daybreak on the 24th, to find the town already occupied by two French battalions. These he at once attacked and drove out, and then made dispositions to hold the place *à outrance*, which were hardly completed when, Eugène's whole corps arriving on the scene, a furious assault was delivered, which was the precursor of a sanguinary struggle that lasted with varying fortune throughout the day. The Russians, however, aware of the vital issue at stake, and with some advantage of position, fought with such desperate purpose, that they held their own till the evening, and when at last compelled by exhaustion, and the very superior numbers which assailed them, to give way, the object for which they had struggled so bravely was accomplished; for though the French were victors indeed, in so far as the smoking ruins of Malo-Jaroslavetz were now in their hands, yet on the heights beyond the town now stood Kutusof himself, with close on a hundred thousand men and seven hundred guns, drawn out in battle array, barring effectually the road to Kalouga.

What could Napoleon do now? All his high hopes were shattered by this last

* "Ses aides-de-camp le voient passer ces dernières journées à discuter le mérite de quelques vers nouveaux qu'il vient de recevoir, ou le règlement de la comédie-Française de Paris, qu'il met trois soirées à achever . . . Il cherchait à s'étourdir. Puis s'appesantissant, ils le voyaient passer ses longues heures à demi-couché, comme engourdi, et attendant, un roman à la main, le dénouement de sa terrible histoire."—*Ségur*, p. 247.

misfortune, for that in truth was the right name for this dearly bought victory. It had cost him more than five thousand of his best troops, and yet his object was not attained ; while now, cut off from Moscow (which had been occupied by Winzingerode's corps directly Mortier had evacuated it), and encumbered with a train of something like forty thousand followers laden with spoils and plunder of every description,* with Kutusof's well-ordered army standing across his path, and Cossack swarms threatening him on every side, he found himself in a predicament out of which it required all his courage and judgment to see a way. His agitation was extreme when he realised that he had been out-marched and out-maneuvred by Kutusof. 'Is it indeed true?' he asked Bessières, whom he had sent to make a special reconnaissance of the Russian position the same evening. "Have you examined it well? Is it really impregnable?" Bessières assured him that it was hopeless to venture an attack: "In such a position," he said, three hundred grenadiers could stop an army!" The Emperor seemed crushed by the announcement. Oppressed by painful thought, he passed a sleepless night, and at earliest dawn rode out to see, and judge for himself, what was the actual state of affairs.

Attended by Berthier, Rapp, and others of his staff, and escorted by three squadrons of cavalry, he was making his way towards Malo-Jaroslavetz through crowds of carriages, waggons, and stragglers, when suddenly an alarm was raised that the Cossacks were upon them. It proved to be true, and almost before the danger was realised, Platoff himself at the head of some six thousand men charged across the plain, and as nearly as possible effected a capture which would indeed have put an abrupt termination to the war. The squadrons on escort were overthrown by the rush, and many were killed; General Rapp was himself unhorsed, and the Emperor's own escape was solely due to the fact that the enemy had no idea what a prize was within their grasp, and were more intent on taking plunder and booty than on capturing prisoners. As it was, they carried off eleven guns and other trophies, while their raid spread panic in every direction, and had the effect of making the 1st and 4th Corps turn out and stand to their arms.

This humiliating incident interrupted Napoleon's reconnaissance for the time; but later in the day he completed it, and then, returning to his miserable quarters at Gorodnia, held a council of war, at which Prince Eugène, Berthier, Davoust, Murat, and Bessières assisted, to decide on his future course. All present felt that the occasion was one fraught with momentous issues, and no one seemed so impressed with this sentiment as the Emperor himself, who, with head bowed and buried in his hands, maintained a long and painful silence, which was at last broken by the impetuous Murat exclaiming that at all hazards he was in favour of advancing and maintaining a vigorous offensive. "There are," he declared, "occasions when prudence is rashness, and rashness becomes prudence. What signify the threatening attitude of the Russians and their impenetrable woods? I care not for them! Give me only what remains of my own cavalry, and of the cavalry of the Guard, and I will plunge into their forests, overthrow their battalions, and open the road to Kalouga at the point of the sword!"

* From Moscow to Malo-Jaroslavetz is about seventy miles. Under ordinary circumstances Napoleon would have covered this distance in four days. As it was he took six. "Where," says Ségur, "were the rapid and decisive movements which preceded Marengo, Ulm, and Echmuhl? Why this slow and trailing pace at a moment so critical? Was it not that the army was over-weighted with its long artillery and provision trains, and swamped by the hordes of stragglers and followers who accompanied it, laden with every description of booty? It resembled indeed a caravan, a nomad nation, or rather one of those ancient armies returning from a plundering foray, laden with spoils and with slaves."

Napoleon, however, at once dispelled his enthusiasm by remarking that the thing was not to be thought of. "Hardihood," he said, "has had its day. Too much has been already done for the sake of glory. It is time now to think only of saving the army." Bessières warmly supported this view. He commanded the cavalry of the Guard. He knew how Murat had systematically overworked and squandered his own horse, and he was loth that the few squadrons still fit for work should be intrusted now to such a reckless leader, for such a desperate enterprise. He concluded his address by saying with emphasis that a *retreat* was the only course open to them now; and the Emperor by his silence showed that he assented to this painful proposition.

Davoust then suggested, if a retreat was decided upon, that it should be *viâ* Medyn-Juknow-Jelnia to Smolensk. This was immediately opposed by Murat, who said it would be certain destruction to the army to venture into a strange country without guides, and to expose the long and trailing flank of the retiring columns to the constant attacks of the enemy. But Davoust pointed out that this route was really far the safer of the two, for whereas the old road was now a track of sand and ashes, distinguishable only by *débris*, by blood, by skeletons and by famine, that by which he now proposed to march lay through a fertile and untouched country, by a road along which villages were still standing, and abundant supplies could be still obtained. It was, however, in vain that he pressed these views. The Emperor, after listening in silence for some time to the heated discussion between his marshals, decided to adopt the old road *viâ* Mojaïsk, Gjatsk and Wiasma. After a painful hesitation his final orders were issued the same night, and at early dawn on October 26th the fatal retreat commenced.

What it must have cost Napoleon to have formed a decision so painful to his pride we can only conjecture, but, his mind at last made up, he lost no time in setting his columns in motion. Davoust was intrusted with the command of the rear-guard, and directed to mask the first movement in retreat by an advance against the Russian position at Malo-Jaroslavetz. The Emperor himself with the Guard Corps led the rearward march. He was followed by Ney, after whom came Prince Eugène, and finally Davoust, each corps moving at about half a day's interval from that next to it. On October 27th Wereia was reached, on the 28th Mojaïsk, on the 29th Gjatsk, and on the 31st Napoleon with the Guard arrived at Wiasma.

Up to this point little had been seen of the Russians, and the Emperor had no certain information of the whereabouts of Kutusof, to whose movements since the action of Malo-Jaroslavetz we must now advert. Strange as it may appear, at the very time that Napoleon had decided to retire, the Russian Generalissimo had formed a similar resolution. Caution was his most strongly marked characteristic; and despite all the advantages on his side, and the many proofs he possessed of the demoralisation and distress prevailing in the French army, the mere fact that Napoleon in person was his antagonist, made him now, and more than once again in this campaign (as we shall see further on), halt and hesitate, and put in peril, through excessive prudence, all that had been gained by a wise strategy and by the valour of his troops. In this instance he could not apparently divest himself of the idea that Napoleon was determined to work round his left flank and gain Kalouga *coûte que coûte*; and the forward movement of Davoust on the 26th confirming him in this belief, he abandoned his strong position on the Louja on that day, and fell back on the Kalouga road as far as Gonczarowo, covering his withdrawal by a strong rear-guard under Miloradovitch. On the 27th he took ground to his left, to more effectually cover the Medyn-Kalouga route. On the

28th, convinced at last that after all the French army was in full retreat on Mojaïsk, he despatched Platoff with his Cossacks, and a strong detachment of all arms, under Miloradovitch, to follow them up closely; and on the 29th he commenced himself his famous parallel march *viâ* Medyn, Kremenskoe, and Silenki, on Wiasma, at which place he confidently reckoned on anticipating their retreating columns, and cutting them off from Smolensk. And there is little doubt that had his vigour in execution been equal to his sagacity in planning he would have done this most effectually. On November 1st he was at Dubrova, within one march of Wiasma, and in a position to co-operate with Miloradovitch, who, marching by cross roads, had so far outstripped the retreating French columns that on the morning of the 3rd he was able actually to thrust himself across their road, between the corps of Ney, already in Wiasma, and those of Prince Eugène and Davoust, which had not yet reached that place. Napoleon himself had passed through Wiasma and was pushing on to Dorogobouj. He was by no means relieved of his anxiety as to what Kutusof might be doing, by finding no signs of him at Wiasma; so leaving Ney there to wait for Prince Eugène and Davoust, he hurried on himself with the Guard, dreading that Kutusof might be plotting to cut him off at Dorogobouj.

At daylight on November 3rd, Prince Eugène, continuing his movement on Wiasma, found his way barred by the troops of Miloradovitch, while at the same time the Cossacks of Platoff assailed his flanks and rear. The Viceroy was, however, a man of energy and resource. Undismayed by the difficulties of his position, he conducted an attack on Miloradovitch with such judgment and vigour that, aided by a timely flanking movement by Davoust, he opened a passage for both their corps, and after some desperate fighting, his troops, supported now by Ney, got through Wiasma, and bivouacked beyond for the night in the vast forest to the west of the city, which was set on fire during the sanguinary struggle and burned to the ground.

The French loss in this affair was upwards of four thousand killed and wounded, several thousand prisoners (for the most part stragglers), many guns, and a vast amount of baggage. What it would have been had Kutusof been as energetic on this day as his lieutenant, it is impossible to say; but beyond making a feeble demonstration against Ney with the artillery of his advanced guard, he did nothing, and an opportunity to crush the enemy at a blow was undoubtedly lost through his dilatoriness and over-caution.

The truth is, the Russian general felt that Fate was delivering his enemy into his hands by surer methods than any that he could employ himself; and he judged it wiser to leave famine and the frosts and snows of winter to do their deadly work, and to complete by themselves the disintegration of the French army, however deliberately, than by costly efforts and sanguinary engagements to seek to precipitate the inevitable end, or to secure trophies, however brilliant. From the moment the fatal retreat commenced, demoralisation and indiscipline, already rampant in the French ranks, had been more and more pronounced; and as the columns receded from Malo-Jaroslavetz, the difficulty of obtaining food and forage had become more and more marked. After Mojaïsk, where the army struck into the already traversed and widely desolated Moscow-Smolensk route, it was impossible to procure provisions of any kind without travelling far outside the wasted zone. This meant a divergence of several miles from the road they were pursuing, and not only were the troops too exhausted for such efforts, but also they were surrounded on every side by Cossack swarms, who almost certainly cut them off when, driven by hunger, they attempted such distant expeditions. Their principal

subsistence under these circumstances was horseflesh. The Guard indeed received some distributions of flour at Gjatsk and at Wiasma, but for the other corps there was none, and for the horses nothing, but what might be obtained by forage; so that hundreds perished, men and animals, from hunger and exhaustion, literally at every step, and guns, caissons, and baggage waggons were abandoned in numbers daily for want of horses to draw them. The corps of Davoust alone had lost, from the causes indicated, *even before the action at Wiasma*, ten thousand men and twenty-seven guns. "The army in all had lost forty-three thousand since the retreat commenced, and it was now (at Wiasma, on November 4th) only sixty thousand strong. Two hundred and forty thousand men had perished, therefore, in the centre, under Napoleon's immediate command, before a fall of snow had taken place."

For up to this time the weather, though latterly cold and frosty by night, had been clear and pleasant by day, and a bright sun had helped to cheer the stragglers on their way. But after Wiasma there was a change. On November 4th the first snow fell—a slight fall only; on the 5th it continued, still gently; but on the 6th, driven by an icy northern blast, it developed into a furious storm, which announced that the dreaded Russian winter had at last commenced in earnest. In a few hours the country was wrapped in a dazzling sheet of white. Roads and landmarks were obliterated, and hundreds lost their lives by wandering off the track, and falling into concealed hollows and treacherous drifts. The cold became intense; arms were abandoned which the frozen fingers could no longer hold, horses and men fell at every step to rise no more, and the rear-guard, under the heroic Marshal Ney (who after Wiasma had been deputed with his corps to this post of danger and honour, in place of Davoust's exhausted troops), found its way marked for it by the broad track of corpses that encumbered the road, and the heaps of dead which surrounded the smouldering fires and the deserted bivouacs.

Amidst such sufferings the army reached Smolensk on November 9th—13th, the last to arrive being the corps of Eugène, which from Dorogobouj had been diverted by the Emperor's orders towards Vitebsk to assist Oudinot, who, opposed to Wittgenstein and Steinheil on the Dwina, was unable to bear up against their numerical superiority. The Viceroy's troops were not, however, in a condition to undertake an expedition like this. A close and harassing pursuit by the enemy, and the severity of the weather, further demoralised them, and a disastrous attempt to ford the river Wop, which was filled with floating masses of ice, coupled with the discovery that the town of Dukowchina was already occupied by the enemy, completed their discomfiture. Having lost the whole of his artillery, and nearly all his baggage, Prince Eugène abandoned the enterprise, and made for Smolensk, which he reached with the feeble remains of his corps on November 13th.

Leaving the unfortunate French in Smolensk for a while, let us turn to the wings, and see how Wittgenstein in the north, and Tchichagof in the south, had been carrying out their share of the operations for enveloping Napoleon on his rearward march. The former general, whose strength had been raised by recent reinforcements to fifty thousand men, assumed the offensive in the middle of October, and moving on both banks of the Dwina, attacked St. Cyr at Polotsk vigorously on the 18th, whence, threatening his communications with Smolensk, he forced him back on Smoliantzy, where Victor with twenty-five thousand men joined him (St. Cyr). Wittgenstein, however, continued his forward movement (detaching a force which captured Vitebsk on November 7th), and, in accordance with the instructions he had received from the Czar, established himself firmly on the Oula. Here on the 14th he was, in his turn, attacked by the French, but after severe fighting he drove them off, and maintained the positions he had taken up.

In the meantime Tchichagof, in the south, had effected his junction with Tormasof, behind the Styr, on September 14th. The corps of Schwartzberg and Regnier, unable to face this strong combination, now recrossed the Bug, and retired on Warsaw, thus practically renouncing all co-operation with the Grand Army. The Austrian alliance with France had never been more than a passing expedient to serve the interests of the moment; and it is probable that Schwartzberg, in marching on Warsaw, rather than on Minsk, which at this crisis should have been safeguarded at all hazards, was influenced by secret instructions from his own Government. However, seeing that little was to be apprehended now from the Austro-Saxons, Tchichagof left General Sacken, with a small force, to hold them in check, while he himself pushed on to Minsk, which was taken, with all the vast stores that it contained, on November 16th. Following on, the Beresina was reached on the 21st, and Borisov, with all its stores, and its important bridge, captured on the same day.

Thus did the great plan traced for the envelopment and destruction of the Grand Army approach completion. Vitebsk on the north, and Minsk in the south, were now in the hands of the Russians: Wittgenstein was firmly established on the Oula, and Tchichagof on the Beresina; all the passages across these rivers were watched and guarded; and Napoleon with a shattered and starving army was yet at Smolensk, Miloradovitch and the Cossacks of Platoff still hanging on his rear, while Kutusof with the main army still maintained his parallel pursuit, and threatened at each moment to interpose on his line of retreat and head him off. Truly the situation was a desperate one, though even now the full measure of disasters and horrors which were to come could not be imagined or realised. Yet throughout this dreadful period, surrounded by shocking spectacles, environed by innumerable dangers, and oppressed by a thousand anxieties, Napoleon preserved an attitude grave, impassive, and resigned. Wrapped in a fur-lined coat, with a birch staff in his hand, he marched through the snow on foot, "suffering physically probably less than others, but mentally infinitely more, and accepting his fate with a stoic calm." Berthier marched by his side: the staff followed at a little distance, a part on foot and a part on horseback. An escort protected them, formed of officers whose regiments had disappeared. It was named the "sacred squadron," and it was mainly owing to the devotion and exertions of those who composed it that a way was opened, and the Emperor brought safely through the disorganised multitudes that thronged the frozen track. The Horse Artillery of the Guard, reduced to twelve pieces, closed the mournful procession, and some battalions of the Old Guard which still kept their ranks marched on either side of the road and averted flank attacks.

PART VII.

It was just before Smolensk was reached that news was received of the extraordinary, yet very nearly successful, conspiracy of Malet in Paris. This astounding intelligence revealed to Napoleon on what a slender foundation his empire was based. Yet his features betrayed little emotion, though it is certain that from that moment his thoughts were rather of possibilities in Paris than of actualities in Russia. But his only words on reading the ominous despatch were, "*Well, what if we had stayed in Moscow!*"

However, the military situation demanded energetic action before everything.

The disorganisation of the army, the bitter and increasing cold, the want of supplies, the activity of the Russians, and the alarming reports received from the wings, all demonstrated to the Emperor the impossibility of maintaining himself any longer in the enemy's country. Accordingly, on November 14th the retreat was resumed on Krasnoi, the same order of march being observed as before—that is, the corps moving at half a day's march behind each other, Napoleon with the Guard still leading, and Ney with the 3rd Corps still forming the rearguard. In the meantime, Kutusof, after the actions at Viasma, had directed his march on Jelnia, which he reached on November 8th; and, bent on cutting the French off should they issue from Smolensk by the Krasnoi road, he planted a detachment astride that route, and himself taking up a position at Jorowa, one short march from Krasnoi, awaited the development of events. Such, however, was the moral effect of the mere name of Napoleon,* that, despite the prompting of his generals, who urged him to take bolder action, the cautious Kutusof allowed the Emperor and the Guard to pass, and to occupy Krasnoi, without attempting anything more against them than a distant cannonade. The veterans closed their ranks round their monarch as they passed the Russian batteries, and played in the hottest fire the celebrated air, “*Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille ?*” “Say rather,” exclaimed the Emperor, “*Veillons au salut de l'Empire !*” Words better befitting the preoccupation of his own mind, and the position of all.

But the other French columns were not to be let off so easily: as soon as the Guard had passed, the corps of Miloradovitch was again thrown across the road, and a strong position taken up to cut off Prince Eugène, who, never wanting in resolution, attacked with vigour as soon as he appeared upon the scene. The Russians were, however, too strong for him; so, finding force could not prevail, the Viceroy changed his tactics, and by demonstrating strongly against their right, he induced them to believe that he meant to break through on that side. Then, prolonging the affair until darkness covered his movements, he drew off to the other flank, and marching round their left effected a junction with Napoleon near Krasnoi on the night of the 16th.

Foiled in his attempt to stop Eugène, Kutusof made the most elaborate preparations on the 17th to crush Davoust, who would be the next in order to arrive. But Napoleon, gauging the situation, and feeling that a supreme effort was necessary to save his lieutenant, faced about to his support, exclaiming, “I have acted the Emperor long enough. It is time for me now to play the General!” The most desperate fighting ensued; but the French line of retreat being threatened by the corps of Tormasof, detached by Kutusof for that purpose, the Emperor was compelled to withdraw to Liady while the road was still open, and though Davoust eventually got through with him, it was only after his corps had been practically destroyed. The Russians took in this battle upwards of six thousand prisoners, forty-five guns, two standards, and an immense amount of baggage, which included the bâton of Marshal Davoust and a part of the imperial archives.

There still remained the corps of Ney to pass. Ignorant of the danger into which they were marching, his columns approached the Russian position on the 18th in a thick fog, and were received by a terrific artillery fire which shattered their formations and drove them back in confusion. Ney's whole force consisted of some six thousand men, three hundred cavalry, and twelve guns. Perceiving the futility of prolonging an unequal contest, and disdaining to surrender, the heroic

* “Dans une situation si critique, ce conquérant n'avait rien perdu ni de sa fierté, ni de cette impassibilité, qui le distinguait. Au défaut de forces réelles, son nom, et les souvenirs, combattaient pour lui.”—*Chambray*, ii. 449.

Marshal rallied what troops he could and, favoured by darkness and a slack pursuit, made his way to the Dnieper, which was just frozen enough to admit of his infantry crossing it. Then, marching down the right bank of the river, surrounded always by hordes of Cossacks and undergoing innumerable hardships, he reached Orcha on the 21st with barely two thousand men—all that now remained to him. Napoleon had already arrived in this place, and great was his joy on learning of the escape of his brave comrade in arms, whom a cruel necessity had obliged him to abandon at Krasnoi, and whom he had given up for lost. "I have three hundred millions," he exclaimed, "in my coffers in the Tuilleries. I would willingly have given them all to save Marshal Ney!"

These combats at Krasnoi, with a total loss to the Russians of only two thousand men, cost the French ten thousand killed and wounded, twenty-five thousand prisoners, and nearly all their remaining guns and baggage. It is certain, had a Napoleon been in the place of Kutusof, that not a Frenchman would have escaped; but the colossal reputation of the great Emperor preceded him, and "weighed upon the mind and chained the arm" of the Russian Generalissimo; and in the fame of Napoleon, in the daring leading of Prince Eugène, and in the stern courage and readiness of resource of Marshals Davoust and Ney, as exhibited in the desperate fighting of November 16th to 19th round Krasnoi, we see notable examples of the value and preponderance of moral agencies in war.

At Orcha, where the miserable remains of the Grand Army were now collected, Napoleon had to consider what line he should next pursue. Should he unite with Victor and Oudinot and St. Cyr, who were now on their way (followed, however, by Wittgenstein) to join him with forces still in tolerable condition, which included some two hundred and fifty guns; and, by overpowering Wittgenstein, force the passage of the Oula and march direct on Wilna? Or, should he continue his movement on Borisov, and endeavour to anticipate Tchichagof at that place? Fearful lest Kutusof, who was now at Kopys on the Dnieper, should be before him if he delayed, he decided to make for Borisov at once; though had he known that it, and Minsk too, were already in Russian hands, and the bridge in the former place in their possession, there is little doubt he would have braved the great physical difficulties of the Oula route and marched against Wittgenstein. By the junction of the troops of Victor and Oudinot, and by incorporating with the remains of his own army the garrison of Orcha and some small reserves which joined him about this time, the Emperor still had a force of nearly forty thousand fighting men at his disposal, supported by a powerful artillery. But Tchichagof was in front of him with thirty thousand men, Wittgenstein with another thirty thousand threatened his right flank, and Kutusof with the main Russian army, fifty thousand strong, still pressed on his rear and continued his unrelenting parallel pursuit. In instant action, therefore, lay his only chance of escape. Accordingly, having given his army a much-needed rest of one day in Orcha, he resumed the movement on Borisov. Victor was ordered to Studenki, and Oudinot directed to proceed by forced marches to Borisov, to secure the passage of the river at that place. But though, on the 23rd, that Marshal severely defeated Tchichagof's advanced-guard, which had rashly pushed beyond the town, and drove it pell-mell to the western bank of the river, he was too late to save the bridge, which the Russians destroyed effectually as soon as they had recrossed it. The news of this misfortune greatly perturbed the Emperor, who however continued his march, and on November 25th had all his army assembled at Borisov, with the exception of Victor's corps, which had missed its road, and was now behind him at Lochnitza.

"Never," said Napoleon afterwards, "was I placed in such a desperate situation.

Pressed on all sides, I found my further progress barred by a river difficult to pass and defended by an entire army. My task was to conquer, with soldiers half dead from cold and hunger, obstacles which would have terrified the best organised army. Fortune seemed to take pleasure in heaping horrors upon us during this fatal retreat. The severe cold which had come on just before we reached Smolensk had about the time we quitted Krasnoi yielded to a milder temperature, and the ice on the Beresina was broken up. This was a double misfortune. Had the river been frozen sufficiently, we might have crossed *en masse* and crushed the army of Tchichagof. But on the contrary, filled with blocks of drifting ice, the construction of the bridges was greatly impeded, and the floating masses, coming down with violence, endangered the bridges when established."

The first essential in this sore strait was to find a point that might be successfully bridged; and the next, to deceive Tchichagof as to the spot selected. By a happy chance, a ford was discovered opposite the village of Studenki, and the Emperor at once determined to effect the passage of the river at this place. At the same time, troops were sent ostentatiously *down* the stream; and, at Borisov itself, and at more than one point below it, great demonstrations and preparations for bridging were made, which had the desired effect of drawing all Tchichagof's attention to this quarter, and induced him even to recall the division of General Tchaplitz, which had been posted at Brill, just opposite Studenki, and was preparing to dispute the passage at that point. Oudinot's corps and Dombrowski's Poles were posted on the heights above this village, to cover the construction of the bridges, which were built so rapidly by General Eblé and his Engineers that of the two begun on the early morning of the 26th, one was ready before nightfall. Some infantry and cavalry were passed over at once, and driving off the rearguard of Tchaplitz, the second bridge, a stronger one, designed to take the artillery and *matériel* of the army, was completed during the night without opposition.

Throughout the night of the 26th the French troops closed to their right on Studenki; and by daylight on the 27th, Oudinot's corps, and a portion of the Imperial Guard, had crossed to the right bank of the river, and secured the entrance to the defiles (long wooden bridges) traversing the dangerous marshy strip of country between the Beresina and Zembin. Had these been destroyed by Tchaplitz, as they ought to have been, the successful passage of the river would have availed the French little, for they would have been still cut off from the only road by which they could have attained Wilna.*

By this time, though all too late, Tchichagof realised what was going on; but even now, instead of attacking vigorously with his own corps, he lingered near Borisov, seeking to establish communication with Wittgenstein and with Kutusof. The Russian Commander-in-chief, however, seemed to think, after his successes at Krasnoi, that he had done enough for the present, and he contented himself at this important juncture by sending forward some ten thousand men only, under Miloradovitch, to co-operate with Tchichagof in the operations on the Beresina. A more vigorous action on his part would have probably ensured the utter destruction of the French army at this river. In the meantime, Wittgenstein approached Borisov just as Victor (who, in consequence of his false move on Lochnitza, had now taken the place of the rearguard of the army) evacuated it, and succeeded in destroying or capturing the whole of one of his divisions

* "Zembin is built on a broad marsh crossed by the road to Wilna. In the causeway which carries this road there are twenty-two wooden bridges, which the Russian generals might have reduced to ashes in a moment. . . . Had Tchichagof taken this wise precaution, the French army must have been irrevocably lost."—*Marbot's Memoirs*.

(Parthonneaux), which had by the Emperor's orders been left behind till the last moment, to occupy Tchichagof's attention.

The same evening, November 27th, a bridge of boats was established by the Russians at Borisov, and Miloradovitch's troops passed across to Tchichagof, who arranged a grand combined attack on the French on both banks of the river for the following day, the 28th.

The fighting that ensued was of the most sanguinary and desperate description. The Russians strove by a last supreme effort to complete the destruction of their enemy; the French fought for bare existence. Attacked by overwhelming numbers, they nevertheless struggled with such valour and determination that, though enduring terrible losses, they repelled their assailants on both sides of the river. The road to Zembin was held successfully, and during the evening the troops under the Emperor were drawn off in that direction.

But on the left bank, where the corps of Victor, reduced to barely eight thousand men, had to withstand the onslaught of Wittgenstein's vastly superior numbers, the scene was a frightful one. The French indeed held their own till nightfall, but all their exertions could not prevent the Russians from gradually closing in on them; and, ere darkness had set in, they had established their batteries in positions commanding the bridges, upon which they rapidly opened fire with a terrible and destructive precision, sowing terror and death among the thousands of stragglers, sick and wounded men, and non-combatants, who swarmed across them. This confused and disorganised mass of fugitives precipitated themselves with so much impetuosity towards the bridges, that three-fourths of them, instead of finding the passage, were pushed into the stream by those that followed. The piercing cries of these unfortunates; the terror of those who, beaten back by the cannon-balls of the enemy, precipitated themselves towards the stream, to be in their turn forced into the water; the spectacle of a thousand women belonging to the army, or who had followed it from Moscow, some of them crushed under the feet of the fugitives, some carried away by the torrent, others mutilated by the enemy's fire; bombs and powder waggons exploding in the middle of the struggling mass; the bed of the Beresina filled with corpses and *débris*: such (says Jomini) were a few of the more striking features of a scene of horror and desolation which had never its like, and which the readiest pen would attempt in vain to describe.

During the night of November 28th Victor's corps crossed the bridges, and on the morning of the 29th, while thousands of unhappy stragglers still remained behind on the eastern bank, they were by his orders set on fire. "A frightful cry now arose from the multitude now left behind, who awakened too late to the horrors of their situation. Numbers rushed over the burning bridge, and to avoid the flames plunged into the waves; while thousands wandered in hopeless misery along the shore, and beheld their last hopes expire with the receding columns of their countrymen. When the ice dissolved in the spring, the magnitude of the disaster became manifest. Twelve thousand dead bodies were found on the shores of the river!"

The losses experienced in this memorable passage were twelve thousand drowned or killed (exclusive of followers) and nearly twenty thousand prisoners. It was a victory for the French indeed—a glorious victory, considering the disparity of numbers, and the terrible obstacles that had to be surmounted. But it was a victory without results; it did not ameliorate the condition of the army, or even retard its ruin. "It was absolutely necessary," says Jomini, "to continue to retreat, because our forces were too exhausted for further efforts. To add to our misfortunes,

the cold, which had relented during the previous days, now became very intense. The enemy, piqued at seeing us escape his toils at the Beresina, kept up a hot pursuit. Our march from Zembin to Smorgoni completed the dissolution of the army."

At Smorgoni on December 5th, Napoleon left the army. Assembling his Marshals round him, he explained to them that it was absolutely necessary that he should set out for Paris at once, for political considerations urgently demanded his presence in France. "I quit you," he said, "but it is to seek 300,000 men." We must make preparations for a second campaign, as for the first time the first has not produced peace. You know to what our disasters have been owing: the Russians have had little to do with them. . . . I leave the command of the army to the King of Naples: I hope you will obey him as you would me." With these words he left them, and set out on his journey, accompanied only by Generals Caulaincourt, Duroc and Mouton. On the 6th he was at Wilna, on the 10th at Warsaw, on the 14th at Dresden; and on the 18th he arrived in Paris, outstripping his own couriers, the bearers of his famous twenty-ninth bulletin, which announced the disasters which had overtaken the army, and fully described the horrors of the memorable retreat.

The departure of the Emperor completed the catastrophe. If there had been any order and discipline before he abandoned the leadership of the army, there was no pretence even of any now.* The severity of the cold became such, after the passage of the Beresina, that no words can describe the sufferings that were entailed upon the famished survivors.† There was an end absolutely of all military operations. Self-preservation was the only instinct discernible. "Commands, outrages, blows, were alike unavailing to rouse the men for any effort. The officers ceased to obey their generals, the generals disregarded the Marshals, and the Marshals contested the authority of Murat." The enemy constantly pressed in pursuit of this disorganised throng, which could no longer be called an army,‡ and prisoners were made in hundreds at every step. Numerous reinforcements joined between Smorgoni and Wilna, but they speedily were infected by the general demoralisation, and succumbed to the effects of the weather.§ Had the Russians had any real conception of the universal distress and misery that prevailed, there is no doubt but that the wretched remains of the Grand Army could have been

* "Le désorganisation et la démoralisation étaient portées au dernier degré: toute idée de commandement, et d'obéissance, avait disparu. Il n'existait entre nous aucune différence de rang, ni de fortune. Nous ne formions plus qu'une bande d'hommes abrutis et dégradés, chez lesquels il ne restait aucune trace de civilisation: étrangers l'un à l'autre, chacun ne voyait que soi, et s'en occupait exclusivement." (Tableau de la Campagne de Moscou, par M. René Bourgeois, Chirurgien-Major.)—*Chambray*, iii. 221.

† "Le 5, le thermomètre marqua vingt degrés au dessous de zéro: le 6, vingt-quatre: le 7, vingt-six; et l'on assure que les jours suivants il descendit jusqu'à trente degrés au dessous de zéro."—*Chambray*, iii. 115.

‡ "Toute l'armée est totalement débandée, même la Garde, qui à peine présente quatre ou cinq cent hommes: généraux, officiers, ont perdu tout ce qu'ils avaient: presque tous ont différentes parties du corps gelées: les routes sont couvertes de cadavres, et les maisons en sont remplies. L'armée ne forme qu'une colonne de plusieurs lieues, qui part au jour, et arrive le soir, sans ordre." (Berthier to Napoleon: Kovno, December 12th.)—*Chambray*, iii. 262.

§ "Jamais armée n'éprouva un pareil désastre! La seule Division Loison, qui prit l'arrière-garde à Osmiana, et qui était alors forte de dix mille hommes, perdit par le froid sept mille hommes en trois jours."—*Chambray*, iii. 116.

"La route offrait un aspect affreux: elle était jonchée de morts et de mourants, et couverte de malheureux, estropiés par le fer de l'ennemi, par le froid, ou accablés par les maladies, et succombant à l'excès de leurs maux."—*Chambray*, iii. 96.

now destroyed or captured *en bloc*. But it was impossible for them to gauge the depths of wretchedness and despair to which the French were reduced; and they themselves had not escaped the effects of the terrible cold, or endured the fatigues of such a rapid pursuit and constant fighting, without themselves incurring frightful losses and suffering dreadful exhaustion.

Thus a shattered remnant straggled into Wilna on December 8th; but hardly had the unhappy fugitives reached this haven, where shelter at least was to be had, and where supplies were plentiful, when the vengeful pursuit of the Russians once more surprised them, and compelled them again to seek safety in flight. Many, indeed, too feeble and too indifferent to care what fate might overtake them now, refused to move; and some twenty thousand prisoners, treasure amounting to a quarter of a million sterling, and vast stores and provisions of every kind, fell into the enemy's hands at Wilna, almost without a blow. Kovno was at last reached, and the Niemen crossed, on the 12th: Marshal Ney, with musket in hand and a handful of brave men by his side, defending the passage to the last, and being himself the last man of the Grand Army to quit Russian territory! "Was there ever anything like this seen before? The remains of 500,000 men who had but a short time previously crossed the Niemen in menacing strength, were to-day chased back by a detachment of cavalry!"

Such is the story of 1812! It is indeed a story of that vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself; of design and conception, brilliant, masterful and audacious; of deeds of valour and of heroism, possessing an imperishable fame; of sufferings, disasters, and dreadful death; and of a catastrophe without parallel! For these superlative reasons it is a story that can never fail to fascinate and to interest all mankind.

PART VIII.

It is impossible to dismiss this subject without offering a few remarks on the *causes* which contributed to a ruin so far-reaching and complete, that not merely was an army of 600,000 men, led by the most powerful autocrat and the greatest general that modern times have produced, practically annihilated within the short space of six months, but also all Europe was convulsed by the contemplation of the terrible collapse, and, when the inevitable reaction came, stirred by the crash into that general uprising which within less than three short years drove Napoleon from his throne and decreed him to end his days in dreary exile in a lone island in the far Atlantic.

It has been too often assumed by the general reader that the terrible Russian winter was the primary cause of the disasters which overwhelmed the Grand Army, but a little consideration will show that the cold was by no means the primary or even the chief cause of this unparalleled catastrophe. We have only to reflect what were the losses incurred before the winter had set in, and before a flake of snow had fallen, and what was the state of the army as described in the foregoing pages at Wilna only four days after the Niemen was crossed, at Vitebsk in July, at Smolensk in August, at Borodino in September, at Moscow during the occupation, and finally at the *commencement* of the retreat, after the fight at Malo-Jaroslavetz on October 26th, while the weather was yet open, bright, and mild, to see that the frosts and snows of Russia had little to do with the doom that overtook the French army on this memorable occasion; though indeed in the end they emphasized its horrors and made it more hideously complete.

No, it was not the cold, but the stupendous scale on which the invasion was undertaken, which determined its ultimate fate. It was not that the Emperor had by any means underrated the enormous difficulties of supply and transport for such hosts as he was setting in motion. For months beforehand he had laboured to provide depots and magazines filled with everything needful. He well knew, and thoroughly realised, that the distances to be traversed were enormous; that the country to be invaded was wild, inhospitable, and thinly inhabited, and that consequently little dependence could be placed on local resources to feed his men as his army advanced. The more strenuous, therefore, had been his exertions to organise such commissariat-transport arrangements as would enable him to adequately supply the wants of his troops. His instructions had been most minute, his endeavours unceasing, and his own activity in inquiry, inspection and supervision almost incredible. But the simple truth is that the scale of the operations was so huge, and the area which they embraced so vast, that it was impossible for any one man, however able, to superintend preparations which really required years to organise rather than months. The Emperor spoke only the simple truth when he said to Murat at Vitebsk that war with Russia was an affair of three years. In that statement, or rather in the disregard of it, is the key to the whole disaster.

But while admitting that Napoleon had shown the utmost forethought possible under the circumstances in providing supplies and transport for his *advance* into Russia, it is patent that the one contingency which did actually occur—viz., *retreat*—had not been contemplated by him, and consequently no adequate provision had been made for the necessities of such a movement. Between Moscow and Smolensk, a distance of nearly three hundred miles, there were no magazines whatever, and again none between Smolensk and Borisov-Minsk, and yet again none between Minsk and Wilna. And although in the places named there were immense supplies collected, yet their garrisons were so feeble that one after another they fell into the enemy's hands as soon as he advanced against them, and the stores destined for the French were diverted for the use of the Russian army. As for convoys, which were indeed being constantly pushed from the rear to the front, such was the superiority of the Russian Light Horse, and so ubiquitous their Cossack swarms, that four-fifths of them were captured *en route*, and never reached the starving troops they were intended to relieve. One direct and fatal consequence of this difficulty about supplies was the *delays* which it involved. At Wilna, at the very commencement of the campaign, at Gloubokoe, at Vitebsk, and at Moscow, these delays occurred; and, greatly as Napoleon has been blamed for them, they were no doubt absolutely unavoidable. For men and horses cannot exist without food, and armies cannot move without transport; and we have only to consider what frightful confusion and disorder must prevail in camps and bivouacs where such masses are being dealt with, when both these necessities are wanting, to understand how the Emperor's military operations must have been hampered from the first, and predestined to failure. His original plan for separating the armies of Barclay and Bagrathion, and for crushing them in detail, was admirable in conception; but it failed in execution, principally because of the delays entailed by want of transport and supply; and later the imperative necessity of again halting at Vitebsk to refill and reorganise was certainly the cause of another great opportunity being missed.

Yet another consequence of the want of provisions was the frightful mortality amongst the horses of the cavalry and artillery. It was not the cold that killed the horses; it was hunger and the continuous marching. Day after day during the

advance the cavalry had not merely their ordinary marches to make and all the harassing fatigues to endure attendant upon their constant performance of advanced-guard duties under a restless leader like Murat, but also they had to forage far and wide over an ever-increasing zone in search of food and fodder, which indeed they often failed to find. The consequence was that the horses died in hundreds from sheer exhaustion. Upwards of 85,000 cavalry had crossed the Niemen with Napoleon in the end of June. By the time they had reached Smolensk (August 18th) they were reduced to 60,000; after Borodino (September 7th) they numbered barely 45,000; on entering Moscow (September 14th) they were 21,000; and by the time Wiazma was reached on the rearward march (October 31st)—that is, *almost a week before the cold weather set in*—they could only muster, *including the artillery horses*, 12,000 horses. At the Beresina, including 2200 belonging to the corps of Oudinot and Victor, the grand total was just 4000, and there survived of these to reach Wilna barely one-fourth!

On the other hand, as the French cavalry dwindled and diminished, the Russian Light Horse increased in strength and usefulness. After the occupation of Moscow, the Cossacks of the Don, obedient to the summons of the Hetman Platoff, flocked in large numbers to Kutusof's standard. They were called to a warfare peculiarly suited to their taste, and the service they rendered was inestimable. Their active troops surrounded the French on every side: convoys were captured by them, stragglers cut off, foraging parties driven in and plunder taken every day; and before the dreadful retreat was ended they had established such a terror of themselves among the disorganised throngs they pursued, that at last the mere cry of "the Cossacks!" was enough to startle the unfortunate fugitives into renewed efforts to escape!

Enough has been said to show that the demoralisation and discomfiture of the Grand Army were practically complete *before* the winter set in, and that it would have been impossible for Napoleon, under any circumstances, to have maintained himself successfully so far from his base with his army in the hopeless condition it was in about the end of October. That the cold which then set in intensified the difficulties of his arduous retreat, added to its horrors, and *eventually* completed the dissolution of his troops, goes without saying; but it is also true that without the winter for an ally, Kutusof would have almost as certainly hemmed his enemy in, and that *in the end* his destruction, or capture, would have been as fully carried out, though doubtless his sufferings would have been infinitely less.

It only remains to touch on some of the mistakes and errors of judgment which Napoleon made in his calculations with reference to this great campaign, each of which had its direct bearing on the ultimate issue.

Amongst what may be termed his political mistakes was the initial folly of entering on a war with Russia at all while another war in Spain was on his hands, and continued to engage the attention of some two hundred thousand of his best troops. It could not have been encouraging on the eve of Borodino to receive the news of the disastrous defeat of Marmont at Salamanca; or cheering in mid-October, amid the smouldering ruins of Moscow, to hear the artillery salvos in Kutusof's camp at Taroutino announcing the fall of Madrid. Too late the Emperor perceived that the "Spanish ulcer" was a mortal sickness, and realised that the corps which in his extremity might have, and should have, been his salvation, the reserves by which his fortunes might have been retrieved, were locked up in a distant country, and involved in misfortunes on their own account.

The ill-judged policy pursued by Napoleon in regard to Sweden and Turkey which induced those countries to listen readily to Russia's proposals for peace at

a critical period, and thus set free the armies of Wittgenstein and Tchichagof to descend upon his line of retreat with such fatal effect, has already been described.

His action in the Polish question has likewise been mentioned, and was also no doubt mistaken. "He knew," says Lord Wolseley, "that the most serious blow he could strike the Czar would be the restoration of Poland, and that he could obtain the consent of Austria and Prussia to that measure by giving them equivalents elsewhere for their Polish provinces." Yet "he had no desire, as he put it, to be the Don Quixote of Poland by reconstituting it as a kingdom on the Republican principles which would alone have been acceptable to the Polish Nationalists of that day"; and thus, by yielding to the dictates of a cautious and calculating policy, the support and sympathy of a brave nation was lost.

Lord Wolseley has also pointed out that another mistake of Napoleon's—"a great blunder" he calls it—"which runs through all his actions in this campaign," was his entire misconception of the character of the Czar. Because he had previously been on the most friendly terms with him, and had found him complaisant and courteous, and because, too, he well knew with what extreme reluctance Alexander had engaged in this war, he concluded that he was yielding, easily swayed, and easily dominated, and that the first great reverse he might experience would bring him to his knees, and make him glad to sue for terms at any price. In this estimate he was greatly mistaken. Rarely has a sovereign shown greater forbearance while there was yet any prospect of peace, greater firmness when the struggle was once commenced, greater fortitude in the midst of dangers and disasters, greater devotion to the interests of his people, or greater clemency in the hour of triumph, than the Czar did in 1812. The skill of her generals, the valour of her troops, and the sacrifices of her people, would have availed Russia little in her mortal peril, without the inspiration they received from his words, from his actions, and from his example of courage, determination, and pure patriotism, qualities for which Napoleon certainly gave him little credit.

Amongst the minor causes which contributed to this great overthrow may be mentioned the jealousies and quarrels among Napoleon's marshals, which frequently interfered with the success of the combinations and operations which he planned. Davoust and Murat throughout this campaign were always at loggerheads, and frequently indulged in violent and acrimonious disputes even in the Emperor's presence. The harmonious working together of their troops for the accomplishment of a common aim was impossible under such conditions. It has already been stated how the failure of the scheme to cut off Bagrathion at the commencement of the campaign failed in great measure owing to the resentment shown by Jérôme at his supersession by Davoust. There was, at all events, no small feeling of this kind among the Russian leaders; and for a vivid contrast to the action of Jérôme consider the conduct of General Barclay de Tolly, who, deprived of his command, and superseded by Kutusof at the moment when he expected by a glorious battle to reap the reward of his long and difficult retreat, yet surrendered his position gladly in obedience to his sovereign's behest, and ranged himself cheerfully, without a protest, under the orders of the man who had displaced him.

The line of retreat chosen by Napoleon was also a contributing cause of the misfortunes which attended it. It is not, indeed, easy to justify its adoption. There were no depots on it until Smolensk was reached, nearly two hundred and fifty miles from Malo-Jaroslavetz, and the route was devastated throughout by the requisitions and raids of two immense armies that had recently traversed it. On the other hand, the Medyn-Juknow-Jelnia route, so strongly advocated by Davoust, lay through an easy and untouched country; and unquestionably, had it been

followed, much of the misery and death caused by starvation and famine would have been avoided. But it was enough for Davoust to make a proposal for Murat to oppose it; and on this momentous occasion the Emperor, who usually decided these things for himself, allowed himself to be over-persuaded by the vehement counsels of his impetuous brother-in-law.

It only remains to pay a tribute of admiration to the skill of the leaders, and to the valour of the troops, on both sides. As to Napoleon, to say that he did not make mistakes, would be to say that he was something more than human. But by sheer effulgence of genius he had so raised himself above every other ruler, so distanced every other general, and so dominated every other spirit, that his mistakes were such as would certainly result from the attainment of this extraordinary superiority over all other men. They were mistakes of pride and ambition; they were mistakes founded on his belief in his own infallibility; on his determination not to see difficulties and obstacles patent to everybody else; and on his contempt for the abilities of those opposed to him. Yet when all this is admitted, we are constrained to marvel at the hardihood of the mind that could conceive such a gigantic project of invasion, at the energy and forethought thrown into the preparations for it, at the strategic skill displayed in its execution, and at the calm courage and resolution exhibited in its crisis, when surrounded by perils and horrors which appalled the bravest. It is sufficient to say that in all these things he was not behind his old renown in this greatest of all his great campaigns.

On the other side, Barclay, by the conduct of his retreat, and Kutusof, by the management of his pursuit, have gained an equal and a lasting fame. The latter, indeed, often carried his prudence to a blamable excess. At Wiasma, at Krasnoi, at the Beresina, and on other occasions, the issues were in his hands, and should have been decisive; but these opportunities were missed through an excessive caution, which has been described as "the prudence of an old man become timid and hesitating." Notwithstanding, if his famous parallel pursuit was lacking in vigour, the mere fact that he conceived the idea of it, and carried it out with, on the whole, great skill and judgment, will always stamp Kutusof as a general of no ordinary ability. It is sad to remember that he barely survived the fatigues of a campaign which he had conducted with so much honour to himself, and such glory to Russia. Malignant typhus fever struck him down in February of the following year.

As for the soldiers, this essay may well conclude with an extract from a noble proclamation to his army by Alexander, promulgated at Wilna on the last day of 1812:—

"Soldiers! The year is past—that glorious and ever-memorable year in which you have hurled to the dust the pride of the insolent aggressor! It is past; but your heroic deeds will never pass. Time will never efface their recollection: they are present in the hearts of your contemporaries; they will live in the gratitude of posterity. You have purchased with your blood the independence of your country against the many Powers leagued together for its subjugation. You have acquired a title to the gratitude of Russia, and to the admiration of the world. You have proved by your fidelity, your valour, and your perseverance, that against hearts filled with love towards God, and devotion to their country, the most formidable efforts of the enemy are like the furious waves of the ocean, which break in vain on the solid rocks, and leave nothing but scattered foam around them!"

H. D. HUTCHINSON, *Colonel.*

THE END.



THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHARACTER AND ACQUIREMENTS OF MR. ROWLEY.

I AM not certain that I had ever really appreciated before that hour the extreme peril of the adventure on which I was embarked. The sight of my cousin, the look of his face—so handsome, so jovial at the first sight, and branded with so much malignity as you saw it on the second—with his hyperbolical curls in order, with his neckcloth tied as if for the conquests of love, setting forth (as I had no doubt in the world he was doing) to clap the Bow Street runners on my trail, and cover England with handbills, each dangerous as a loaded musket, convinced me for the first time that the affair was no less serious than death. I believe it came to a near touch whether I should not turn the horses' heads at the next stage and make directly for the coast. But I was now in the position of a man who should have thrown his gage into the den of lions; or, better still, like one who should have quarrelled overnight under the influence of wine, and now, at daylight, in a cold winter's morning, and humbly sober, must make good his words. It is not that I thought any the less, or any the less warmly, of Flora. But, as I smoked a grim segar that morning in a corner of the chaise, no doubt I considered, in the first place, that the letter post had been invented, and admitted privately to myself, in the second, that it would have been highly possible to write her on a piece of paper, seal it, and send it skimming by the mail, instead of going personally into these egregious dangers and through a country that I beheld crowded with gibbets and Bow Street officers. As for Sim and Candlish, I doubt if they crossed my mind.

At the Green Dragon Rowley was waiting on the doorsteps with the luggage, and really was bursting with unpalatable conversation.

"Who do you think we've 'ad 'ere, sir?" he began breathlessly, as the chaise drove off. "Red Breasts"; and he nodded his head portentously.

"Red Breasts?" I repeated, for I stupidly did not understand at the moment an expression I had often heard.

"Ah!" said he. "Red weskits. Runners. Bow Street runners. Two on 'em, and one was Lavender himself! I hear the other say quite plain, 'Now, Mr. Lavender, *if* you're ready.' They was breakfasting as nigh me as I am to that postboy. They're all right; they ain't after us. It's a forger; and I didn't send them off on a false scent—O no! I thought there was no use in having them over our way; so I give them 'very valuable information,' Mr. Lavender said, and tipped me a tizzy for myself; and they're off to Luton. They showed me the 'andcuffs, too—the other one did—and he clicked the dratted things on my wrist; and I tell you, I believe I nearly went off in a swoond! There's something so beastly in the feel of them! Begging your pardon, Mr. Anne," he added, with one of his delicious changes from the character of the confidential schoolboy into that of the trained, respectful servant.

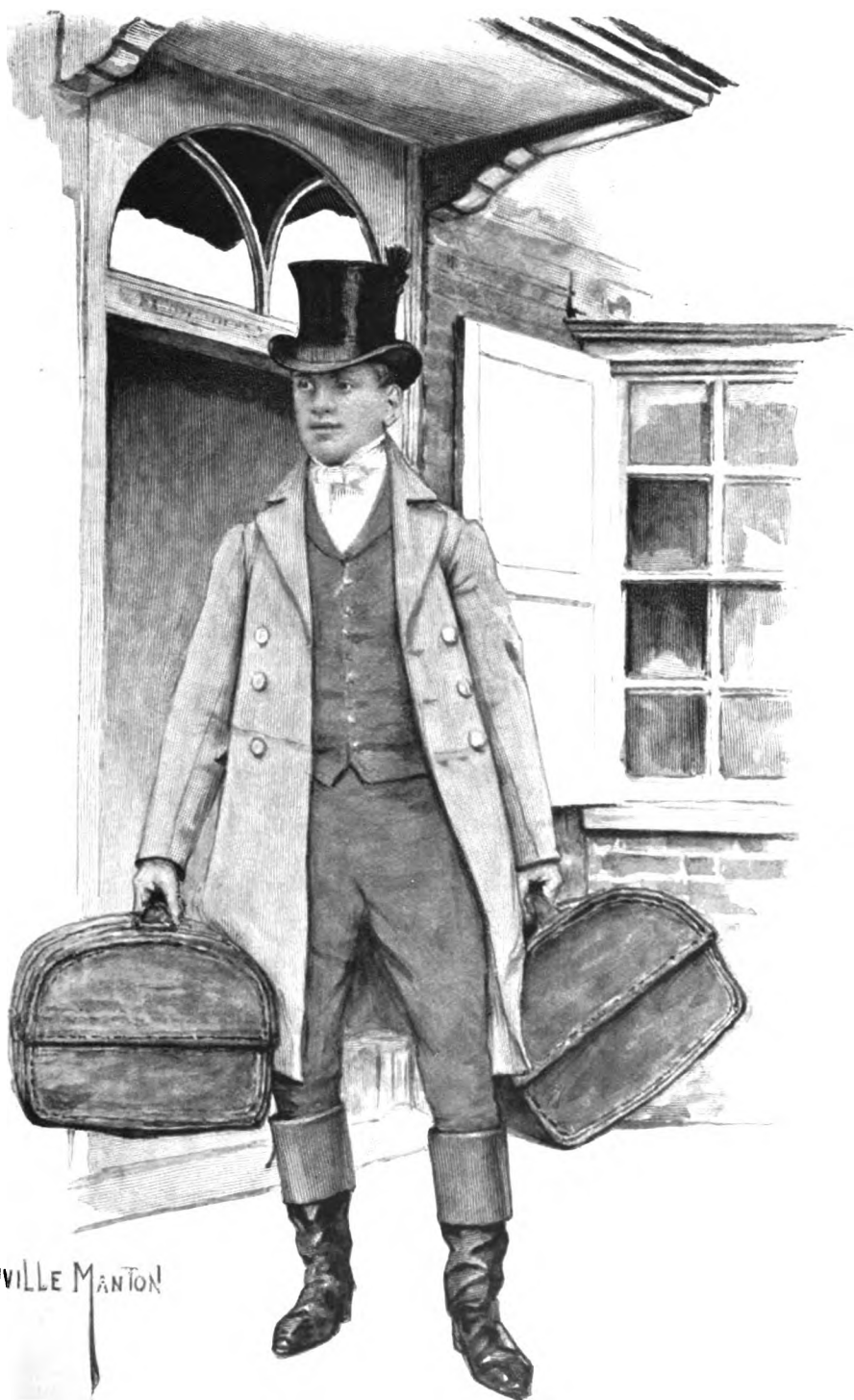
Well, I must not be proud! I cannot say I found the subject of handcuffs to my fancy; and it was with more asperity than was needful that I reproved him for the slip about the name.

"Yes, Mr. Ramornie," says he, touching his hat. "Begging your pardon, Mr. Ramornie. But I've been very piticular, sir, up to now; and you may trust me to be very piticular in the future. It were only a slip, sir."

"My good boy," said I, with the most imposing severity, "there must be no slips. Be so good as to remember that my life is at stake."

I did not embrace the occasion of telling him how many I had made myself. It is my principle that an officer must never be wrong. I have seen two divisions beating their brains out for a fortnight against a worthless and quite impregnable castle in a pass: I knew we were only doing it for discipline, because the General had said so at first, and had not yet found any way out of his own words; and I highly admired his force of character, and throughout these operations thought my life exposed in a very good cause. With fools and children, which included Rowley, the necessity was even greater. I proposed to myself to be infallible; and even when he expressed some wonder at the purchase of the claret-coloured chaise, I put him promptly in his place. In our situation, I told him, everything had to be sacrificed to appearances; doubtless, in a hired chaise, we should have had more freedom, but look at the dignity! I was so positive, that I had sometimes almost convinced myself. Not for long, you may be certain! This detestable conveyance always appeared to me to be laden with Bow Street officers, and to have a placard upon the back of it publishing my name and crimes. If I had paid seventy pounds to get the thing, I should not have stuck at seven hundred to be safely rid of it.

And if the chaise was a danger, what an anxiety was the despatch-box and its golden cargo! I had never had a care but to draw my pay and spend it; I had lived happily in the regiment, as in my father's house, fed by the great Emperor's commissariat as by ubiquitous doves of Elijah—or, my faith! if anything went wrong with the commissariat, helping myself with the best grace in the world from the next peasant! And now I began to feel at the same time the burthen of riches and the fear of destitution. There were ten thousand pounds in the despatch-box, but I reckoned in French money, and had two hundred and fifty thousand agonies; I kept it under my hand all day, I dreamed of it at night. In the inns, I was afraid to go to dinner and afraid to go to sleep. When I walked up a hill, I durst not leave the doors of the claret-coloured chaise. Sometimes I would change the disposition of the funds: there were days when I carried as much as five or six



G. GRENVILLE MANTON

"At the Green Dragon Rowley was waiting."

thousand pounds on my own person, and only the residue continued to voyage in the treasure chest—days when I bulked all over like my cousin, crackled to a touch with bank paper, and had my pockets weighed to bursting point with sovereigns. And there were other days when I wearied of the thing—or grew ashamed of it—and put all the money back where it had come from: there let it take its chance, like better people! In short, I set Rowley a poor example of consistency, and in philosophy, none at all.

Little he cared! All was one to him so long as he was amused, and I never knew any one amused more easily. He was thrillingly interested in life, travel, and his own melodramatic position. All day he would be looking from the chaise windows with ebullitions of gratified curiosity, that were sometimes justified and sometimes not, and that (taken altogether) it occasionally wearied me to be obliged to share. I can look at horses, and I can look at trees too, although not fond of it. But why should I look at a lame horse, or a tree that was like the letter Y? What exhilaration could I feel in viewing a cottage that was the same colour as "the second from the miller's" in some place where I had never been and of which I had not previously heard? I am ashamed to complain, but there were moments when my juvenile and confidential friend weighed heavy on my hands. His cackle was indeed almost continuous, but it was never unamiable. He showed an amiable curiosity when he was asking questions; an amiable guilelessness when he was conferring information. And both he did largely. I am in a position to write the biographies of Mr. Rowley, Mr. Rowley's father and mother, his Aunt Eliza, and the miller's dog; and nothing but pity for the reader, and some misgivings as to the law of copyright, prevail on me to withhold them.

A general design to mould himself upon my example became early apparent, and I had not the heart to check it. He began to mimic my carriage; he acquired, with servile accuracy, a little manner I had of shrugging the shoulders; and I may say it was by observing it in him that I first discovered it in myself. One day it came out by chance that I was of the Catholic religion. He became plunged in thought, at which I was gently glad. Then suddenly,—

"Odd-rabbit it! I'll be Catholic too!" he broke out. "You must teach me it, Mr. Anne—I mean, Ramornie."

I dissuaded him: alleging that he would find me very imperfectly informed as to the grounds and doctrines of the Church, and that, after all, in the matter of religions, it was a very poor idea to change. "Of course, my Church is the best," said I; "but that is not the reason why I belong to it: I belong to it because it was the faith of my house. I wish to take my chances with my own people, and so should you. If it is a question of going to hell, go to hell like a gentleman with your ancestors."

"Well, it wasn't that," he admitted. "I don't know that I was exactly thinking of hell. Then there's the inquisition, too. That's rather a cawker, you know."

"And I don't believe you were thinking of anything in the world," said I—which put a period to his respectable conversion.

He consoled himself by playing for awhile on a cheap flageolet, which was one of his diversions, and to which I owed many intervals of peace. When he first produced it, in the joints, from his pocket, he had the duplicity to ask me if I played upon it. I answered, no; and he put the instrument away with a sigh and the remark that he had thought I might. For some while he resisted the unspeakable temptation, his fingers visibly itching and twittering about his pocket, even his interest in the landscape and in sporadic anecdote entirely lost. Presently

the pipe was in his hands again; he fitted, unfitted, refitted, and played upon it in dumb show for some time.

"I play it myself a little," says he.

"Do you?" said I, and yawned.

And then he broke down.

"Mr. Ramornie, if you please, would it disturb you, sir, if I was to play a chune?" he pleaded. And from that hour, the tootling of the flageolet cheered our way.

He was particularly keen on the details of battles, single combats, incidents of scouting parties, and the like. These he would make haste to cap with some of the exploits of Wallace, the only hero with whom he had the least acquaintance. His enthusiasm was genuine and pretty. When he learned we were going to Scotland, "Well, then," he broke out, "I'll see where Wallace lived!" And presently after, he fell to moralising. "It's a strange thing, sir," he began, "that I seem somehow to have always the wrong sow by the ear. I'm English after all, and I glory in it. My eye! don't I, though! Let some of your Frenchies come over here to invade, and you'll see whether or not! Oh, yes, I'm English to the backbone, I am. And yet look at me! I got hold of this 'ere William Wallace and took to him right off; I never heard of such a man before! And then you came along, and I took to you. And both the two of you were my born enemies! I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Ramornie, but would you mind it very much if you didn't go for to do anything against England"—he brought the word out suddenly, like something hot—"when I was along of you?"

I was more affected than I can tell.

"Rowley," I said, "you need have no fear. By how much I love my own honour, by so much I will take care to protect yours. We are but fraternising at the outposts, as soldiers do. When the bugle calls, my boy, we must face each other, one for England, one for France, and may God defend the right!"

So I spoke at the moment; but for all my brave airs, the boy had wounded me in a vital quarter. His words continued to ring in my hearing. There was no remission all day of my remorseful thoughts; and that night (which we lay at Lichfield, I believe) there was no sleep for me in my bed. I put out the candle and lay down with a good resolution; and in a moment, all was light about me like a theatre, and I saw myself upon the stage of it, playing ignoble parts. I remembered France and my Emperor, now depending on the arbitrament of war, bent down, fighting on their knees and with their teeth against so many and such various assailants. And I burned with shame to be here in England, cherishing an English fortune, pursuing an English mistress, and not there, to handle a musket in my native fields, and to manure them with my body if I fell. I remembered that I belonged to France. All my fathers had fought for her, and some had died; the voice in my throat, the sight of my eyes, the tears that now sprang there, the whole man of me, was fashioned of French earth and born of a French mother; I had been tended and caressed by a succession of the daughters of France, the fairest, the most ill-starred; and I had fought and conquered shoulder to shoulder with her sons. A soldier, a noble, of the proudest and bravest race in Europe, it had been left to the prattle of a hobbledehoy lackey in an English chaise to recall me to the consciousness of duty.

When I saw how it was, I did not lose time in indecision. The old classical conflict of love and honour being once fairly before me, it did not cost me a thought. I was a Saint-Yves de Kërroual; and I decided to strike off on the morrow for Wakefield and Burchell Fenn, and embark, as soon as it should be



"The tootling of the flageolet cheered our way."

morally possible, for the succour of my down-trodden fatherland and my beleaguered Emperor. Pursuant on this resolve, I leaped from bed, made a light, and as the watchman was crying half-past two in the dark streets of Lichfield, sat down to pen a letter of farewell to Flora. And then—whether it was the sudden chill of the night, whether it came by association of ideas from the remembrance of Swanston Cottage I know not, but there appeared before me—to the barking of sheep-dogs—a couple of snuffy and shambling figures, each wrapped in a plaid, each armed with a rude staff; and I was immediately bowed down to have forgotten them so long, and of late to have thought of them so cavalierly.

Sure enough there was my errand! As a private person I was neither French nor English; I was something else first: a loyal gentleman, an honest man. Sim and Candlish must not be left to pay the penalty of my unfortunate blow. They held my honour tacitly pledged to succour them; and it is a sort of stoical refinement entirely

foreign to my nature to set the political obligation above the personal and private. If France fell in the interval for the lack of Anne de St.-Yves, fall she must! But I was both surprised and humiliated to have had so plain a duty bound upon me for so long—and for so long to have neglected and forgotten it. I think any brave man will understand me when I say that I went to bed and to sleep with a conscience very much relieved, and woke again in the morning with a light heart. The very danger of the enterprise reassured me: to save Sim and Candlish (suppose the worst to come to the worst) it would be necessary for me to declare myself in a court of justice, with consequences which I did not dare to dwell upon; it could never be said that I had chosen the cheap and the easy,—only that in a very perplexing competition of duties I had risked my life for the most immediate.

We resumed the journey with more diligence: thenceforward posted day and night; did not halt beyond what was necessary for meals; and the postilions were excited by gratuities, after the habit of my cousin Alain. For twopence I could have gone further and taken four horses; so extreme was my haste, running as I was 'before the terrors of an awakened conscience. But I feared to be conspicuous. Even as it was, we attracted only too much attention, with our pair and that white elephant, the seventy-pounds-worth of claret-coloured chaise.

Meanwhile, I was ashamed to look Rowley in the face. The young shaver had contrived to put me wholly in the wrong; he had cost me a night's rest and a severe and healthful humiliation; and I was grateful and embarrassed in his society. This would never do; it was contrary to all my ideas of discipline: if the officer

has to blush before the private, or the master before the servant, nothing is left to hope for but discharge or death. I hit upon the idea of teaching him French; and accordingly, from Lichfield, I became the distracted master, and he the scholar—how shall I say? indefatigable, but uninspired. His interest never flagged. He would hear the same word twenty times with profound refreshment, mispronounce it in several different ways, and forget it again with magical celerity. Say, it happened to be *stirrup*. “No, I don’t seem to remember that word, Mr. Anne,” he would say: “it don’t seem to stick to me, that word don’t.” And then, when I had told it him again, “*Etrier!*” he would cry. “To be sure! I had it on the tip of my tongue. *Eterier!*” (going wrong already, as if by a fatal instinct). “What will I remember it by, now? Why, *interior*, to be sure! I’ll remember it by its being something that ain’t in the interior of a horse.” And when next I had occasion to ask him the French for stirrup, it was a toss-up whether he had forgotten all about it, or gave me *exterior* for an answer. He was never a hair discouraged. He seemed to consider that he was covering the ground at a normal rate. He came up smiling, day after day. “Now, sir, shall we do our French?” he would say; and I would put questions, and elicit copious commentary and explanation, but never the shadow of an answer. My hands fell to my sides; I could have wept to hear him. When I reflected that he had as yet learned nothing, and what a vast deal more there was for him to learn, the period of these lessons seemed to unroll before me vast as eternity, and I saw myself a teacher of a hundred, and Rowley a pupil of ninety, still hammering on the rudiments! The wretched boy, I should say, was quite unspoiled by the inevitable familiarities of the journey. He turned out at each stage the pink of serving-lads, deft, civil, prompt, attentive, touching his hat like an automaton, raising the status of Mr. Ramornie in the eyes of all the inn by his smiling service, and seeming capable of anything in the world but the one thing I had chosen—learning French!

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE RUNAWAY COUPLE.

THE country had for some time back been changing in character. By a thousand indications I could judge that I was again drawing near to Scotland. I saw it written in the face of the hills, in the growth of the trees, and in the glint of the waterbrooks that kept the high road company. It might have occurred to me, also, that I was, at the same time, approaching a place of some fame in Britain—Gretna Green. Over these same leagues of road—which Rowley and I now traversed in the claret-coloured chaise, to the note of the flageolet and the French lesson—how many pairs of lovers had gone bowling northward to the music of sixteen scampering horseshoes; and how many irate persons, parents, uncles, guardians, evicted rivals, had come tearing after, clapping the frequent red face to the chaise-window, lavishly shedding their gold about the post-houses, sedulously loading and re-loading, as they went, their avenging pistols! But I doubt if I had thought of it at all, before a wayside hazard swept me into the thick of an adventure of this nature; and I found myself playing providence with other people’s lives, to my own admiration at the moment—and subsequently to my own brief but passionate regret.

At rather an ugly corner of an up-hill reach, I came on the wreck of a chaise lying on one side in the ditch, a man and a woman in animated discourse in the

middle of the road, and the two postilions, each with his pair of horses, looking on and laughing from the saddle.

"Morning breezes! here's a smash!" cried Rowley, pocketing his flageolet in the middle of the *Tight Little Island*.

I was perhaps more conscious of the moral smash than the physical—more alive to broken hearts than to broken chaises; for, as plain as the sun at morning, there was a screw loose in this runaway match. It is always a bad sign when the lower classes laugh: their taste in humour is both poor and sinister; and for a man running the posts with four horses, presumably with open pockets, and in the company of the most entrancing little creature conceivable, to have come down so far as to be laughed at by his own postilions, was only to be explained on the double hypothesis, that he was a fool, and no gentleman.

I have said they were man and woman. I should have said man and child. She was certainly not more than seventeen, pretty as an angel, just plump enough to damn a saint, and dressed in various shades of blue, from her stockings to her saucy cap, in a kind of taking gamut, the top note of which she flung me in a beam from her too appreciative eye. There was no doubt about the case: I saw it all. From a boarding school, a black-board, a piano, and Clementi's *Sonatinas*, the child had made a rash adventure upon life in the company of a half-bred hawbuck; and she was already not only regretting it, but expressing her regret with point and pungency.

As I alighted, they both paused with that unmistakable air of being interrupted in a scene. I uncovered to the lady, and placed my services at their disposal.

It was the man who answered. "There's no use in shamming, sir," said he. "This lady and I have run away, and her father's after us: road to Gretna, sir. And here have these nincompoops spilt us in the ditch and smashed the chaise!"

"Very provoking," said I.

"I don't know when I've been so provoked!" cried he, with a glance down the road of mortal terror.

"The father is no doubt very much incensed?" I pursued, civilly.

"O God!" cried the hawbuck. "In short, you see, we must get out of this. And I'll tell you what—it may seem cool, but necessity has no law—if you would lend us your chaise to the next post-house, it would be the very thing, sir."

"I confess it seems cool," I replied.

"What's that you say, sir?" he snapped.

"I was agreeing with you," said I. "Yes, it does seem cool; and what is more to the point, it seems unnecessary. This thing can be arranged in a more satisfactory manner otherwise, I think. You can doubtless ride?"

This opened a door on the matter of their previous dispute, and the fellow appeared life-sized in his true colours. "That's what I've been telling her: that, damn her! she must ride!" he broke out. "And if the gentleman's of the same mind, why, damme, you shall!"

As he said so, he made a snatch at her wrist, which she evaded with horror.

I stepped between them.

"No, sir," said I; "the lady shall not."

He turned on me raging. "And who are you to interfere?" he roared.

"There is here no question of who I am," I replied. "I may be the devil or the Archbishop of Canterbury for what you know, or need know. The point is that I can help you—it appears that nobody else can; and I will tell you how I propose to do it. I will give the lady a seat in my chaise, if you will return the compliment by allowing my servant to ride one of your horses."



"I came on the wreck of a chaise."

I thought he would have sprung at my throat.

"You have always the alternative before you: to wait here for the arrival of papa," I added.

And that settled him. He cast another haggard look down the road, and capitulated.

"I am sure, sir, the lady is very much obliged to you," he said, with an ill grace.

I gave her my hand; she mounted like a bird into the chaise; Rowley, grinning from ear to ear, closed the door behind us; the two impudent rascals of post-boys cheered and laughed aloud as we drove off; and my own postilion urged his horses at once into a rattling trot. It was plain I was supposed by all to have done a very dashing act, and ravished the bride from the ravisher.

In the meantime I stole a look at the little lady. She was in a state of pitiable discomposure, and her arms shook on her lap in her black lace mittens.

"Madam——" I began.

And she, in the same moment, finding her voice: "O, what you must think of me!"

"Madam," said I, "what must any gentleman think, when he sees youth, beauty and innocence in distress? I wish I could tell you that I was old enough to be your father; I think we must give that up," I continued, with a smile. "But I will tell you something about myself which ought to do as well, and to set that little heart at rest in my society. I am a lover. May I say it of myself—for I am not quite used to all the niceties of English—that I am a true lover? There is one whom I admire, adore, obey; she is no less good than she is beautiful; if she were here, she would take you to her arms: conceive that she has sent me—that she has said to me, 'Go, be her knight!'"

"Oh, I know she must be sweet, I know she must be worthy of you!" cried the little lady. "She would never forget female decorum—nor make the terrible *erratum* I've done!"

And at this she lifted up her voice and wept.

This did not forward matters: it was in vain that I begged her to be more composed and to tell me a plain, consecutive tale of her misadventures; but she continued instead to pour forth the most extraordinary mixture of the correct school miss and the poor untutored little piece of womanhood in a false position—of engrafted pedantry and incoherent nature.

"I am certain it must have been judicial blindness," she sobbed. "I can't think how I didn't see it, but I didn't; and he isn't, is he? And then a curtain rose . . . O, what a moment was that! But I knew at once that *you were*; you had but to appear from your carriage, and I knew it. O, she must be a fortunate young lady! And I have no fear with you, none—a perfect confidence."

"Madam," said I, "a gentleman."

"That's what I mean—a gentleman," she exclaimed. "And he—and that—*he* isn't. O, how shall I dare meet father!" And disclosing to me her tear-stained face, and opening her arms with a tragic gesture: "And I am quite disgraced before all the young ladies, my school companions!" she added.

"O, not so bad as that!" I cried. "Come, come, you exaggerate, my dear Miss ——? Excuse me if I am too familiar: I have not yet heard your name."

"My name is Dorothy Greensleeves, sir: why should I conceal it? I fear it will only serve to point an adage to future generations, and I had meant so differently! There was no young female in the county more emulous to be thought well of than I. And what a fall was there! Oh, dear me, what a wicked, piggish donkey of a girl I have made of myself, to be sure! And there is no hope! O, Mr. ——"

And at that she paused and asked my name.

I am not writing my eulogium for the Academy; I will admit it was unpardonably imbecile, but I told it her. If you had been there—and seen her, ravishingly pretty and little, a baby in years and mind—and heard her talking like a book, with so much of schoolroom propriety in her manner, with such an innocent despair in the matter—you would probably have told her yours. She repeated it after me.

"I shall pray for you all my life," she said. "Every night, when I retire to rest, the last thing I shall do is to remember you by name."

Presently I succeeded in winning from her her tale, which was much what I had anticipated: a tale of a schoolhouse, a walled garden, a fruit-tree that concealed a bench, an impudent raff posturing in church, an exchange of flowers and vows over the garden wall, a silly schoolmate for a confidante, a chaise and four, and the

most immediate and perfect disenchantment on the part of the little lady. "And there is nothing to be done!" she wailed in conclusion. "My error is irretrievable, I am quite forced to that conclusion. O, Monsieur de Saint-Yves! who would have thought that I could have been such a blind, wicked donkey!"

I should have said before—only that I really do not know when it came in—that we had been overtaken by the two post-boys, Rowley and Mr. Bellamy, which was the hawbuck's name, bestriding the four post-horses; and that these formed a sort of cavalry escort, riding now before, now behind the chaise, and Bellamy occasionally posturing at the window and obliging us with some of his conversation. He was so ill received that I declare I was tempted to pity him, remembering from what a height he had fallen, and how few hours ago it was since the lady had herself fled to his arms, all blushes and ardour. Well, these great strokes of fortune usually befall the unworthy, and Bellamy was now the legitimate object of my commiseration and the ridicule of his own postboys!

"Miss Dorothy," said I, "you wish to be delivered from this man?"

"O, if it were possible!" she cried. "But not by violence."

"Not in the least, ma'am," I replied. "The simplest thing in life. We are in a civilised country; the man's a malefactor——"

"O, never!" she cried. "Do not even dream it! With all his faults, I know he is not *that*."

"Anyway, he's in the wrong in this affair—on the wrong side of the law, call it what you please," said I; and with that, our four horsemen having for the moment headed us by a considerable interval, I hailed my postboy and inquired who was the nearest magistrate and where he lived. Archdeacon Clitheroe, he told me, a prodigious dignitary, and one who lived but a lane or two back, and at the distance of only a mile or two out of the direct road. I showed him the king's medallion.

"Take the lady there, and at full gallop," I cried.

'Right, sir! Mind yourself," says the postilion.

And before I could have thought it possible, he had turned the carriage to the right-about and we were galloping south.

Our outriders were quick to remark and imitate the manoeuvre, and came flying after us with a vast deal of indiscriminate shouting; so that the fine, sober picture of a carriage and escort, that we had presented but a moment back, was transformed in the twinkling of an eye into the image of a noisy fox-chase. The two postilions and my own saucy rogue were, of course, disinterested actors in the comedy; they rode for the mere sport, keeping in a body, their mouths full of laughter, waving their hats as they came on, and crying (as the fancy struck them) "Tally-ho!" "Stop thief!" "A highwayman! A highwayman!" It was otherguess work with Bellamy. That gentleman no sooner observed our change of direction than he turned his horse with so much violence that the poor animal was almost cast upon its side, and launched her in immediate and desperate pursuit. As he approached I saw that his face was deadly white and that he carried a drawn pistol in his hand. I turned at once to the poor little bride that was to have been, and now was not to be; she, upon her side, deserting the other window, turned as if to meet me.

"O, O, don't let him kill me!" she screamed.

"Never fear," I replied.

Her face was distorted with terror. Her hands took hold upon me with the instinctive clutch of an infant. The chaise gave a flying lurch, which took the feet from under me and tumbled us anyhow upon the seat. And almost in the same

moment the head of Bellamy appeared in the window which Missy had left free for him.

Conceive the situation ! The little lady and I were falling—or had just fallen—backward on the seat, and offered to the eye a somewhat ambiguous picture. The chaise was speeding at a furious pace, and with the most violent leaps and lurches, along the highway. Into this bounding receptacle Bellamy interjected his head, his pistol arm, and his pistol ; and since his own horse was travelling still faster than the chaise, he must withdraw all of them again in the inside of the fraction of a minute. He did so, but he left the charge of the pistol behind him—whether by design or accident I shall never know, and I daresay he has forgotten ! Probably he had only meant to threaten, in hopes of causing us to arrest our flight. In the same moment came the explosion and a pitiful cry from Missy ; and my gentleman, making certain he had struck her, went down the road pursued by the furies, turned at the first corner, took a flying leap over the thorn hedge, and disappeared across country in the least possible time.

Rowley was ready and eager to pursue ; but I withheld him, thinking we were excellently quit of Mr. Bellamy, at no more cost than a scratch on the forearm and a bullet-hole in the left-hand claret-coloured panel. And accordingly, but now at a more decent pace, we proceeded on our way to Archdeacon Clitheroe's. Missy's gratitude and admiration were aroused to a high pitch by this dramatic scene, and what she was pleased to call my wound. She must dress it for me with her handkerchief, a service which she rendered me even with tears. I could well have spared them, not loving on the whole to be made ridiculous, and the injury being in the nature of a cat's scratch. Indeed, I would have suggested for her kind care rather the cure of my coat-sleeve, which had suffered worse in the encounter ; but I was too wise to risk the anti-climax. That she had been rescued by a hero, that the hero should have been wounded in the affray, and his wound bandaged with her handkerchief (which it could not even bloody), ministered incredibly to the recovery of her self-respect ; and I could hear her relate the incident to "the young ladies, my school-companions," in the most approved manner of Mrs. Radcliffe ! To have insisted on the torn coat-sleeve would have been unmannerly, if not inhuman.

Presently the residence of the archdeacon began to heave in sight. A chaise and four smoking horses stood by the steps, and made way for us on our approach ; and even as we alighted there appeared from the interior of the house a tall ecclesiastic, and beside him a little, headstrong, ruddy man, in a towering passion and brandishing over his head a roll of paper. At sight of him Miss Dorothy flung herself on her knees with the most moving adjurations, calling him father, assuring him she was wholly cured and entirely repentant of her disobedience, and entreating forgiveness ; and I soon saw that she need fear no great severity from Mr. Greensleeves, who showed himself extraordinarily fond, loud, greedy of caresses and prodigal of tears.

To give myself a countenance, as well as to have all ready for the road when I should find occasion, I turned to quit scores with Bellamy's two postilions. They had not the least claim on me, but one of which they were quite ignorant—that I was a fugitive. It is the worst feature of that false position that every gratuity becomes a case of conscience. You must not leave behind you any one discontented nor any one grateful. But the whole business had been such a "hurrah-boys" from the beginning, and had gone off in the fifth act so like a melodrama, in explosions, reconciliations, and the rape of a post-horse, that it was plainly impossible to keep it covered. It was plain it would have to be talked over in all the inn-kitchens for thirty miles about, and likely for six months to

come. It only remained for me, therefore, to settle on that gratuity which should be least conspicuous—so large that nobody could grumble, so small that nobody would be tempted to boast. My decision was hastily and not wisely taken. The one fellow spat on his tip (so he called it) for luck; the other, developing a sudden streak of piety, prayed God bless me with fervour. It seemed a demonstration was brewing, and I determined to be off at once. Bidding my own post-boy and Rowley be in readiness for an immediate start, I reascended the terrace and presented myself, hat in hand, before Mr. Greensleeves and the archdeacon.

"You will excuse me, I trust," said I. "I think shame to interrupt this agreeable scene of family effusion, which I have been privileged in some small degree to bring about."

And at these words the storm broke.

"Small degree! small degree, sir!" cries the father; "that shall not pass, Mr. St. Eaves! If I've got my darling back, and none the worse for that vagabone rascal, I know whom I have to thank. Shake hands with me—up to the elbows, sir! A Frenchman you may be, but you're one of the right breed, by God! And, by God, sir, you may have anything you care to ask of me, down to Dolly's hand, by God!"

All this he roared out in a voice surprisingly powerful from so small a person. Every word was thus audible to the servants, who had followed them out of the house and now congregated about us on the terrace, as well as to Rowley and the five postilions on the gravel sweep below. The sentiments expressed were popular; some ass, whom the devil moved to be my enemy, proposed three cheers, and they were given with a will. To hear my own name resounding amid acclamations in the hills of Westmoreland was flattering, perhaps; but it was inconvenient at a moment when (as I was morally persuaded) police handbills were already speeding after me at the rate of a hundred miles a day.

Nor was that the end of it. The archdeacon must present his compliments, and press upon me some of his West India sherry, and I was carried into a vastly fine library, where I was presented to his lady wife. While we were at sherry in the library, ale was handed round upon the terrace. Speeches were made, hands were shaken, Missy (at her father's request) kissed me farewell, and the whole party reaccompanied me to the terrace, where they stood waving hats and handkerchiefs, and crying farewells to all the echoes of the mountains until the chaise had disappeared.

The echoes of the mountains were engaged in saying to me privately: "You fool, you have done it now!"

"They do seem to have got 'old of your name, Mr. Anne," said Rowley. "It weren't my fault this time."

"It was one of those accidents that can never be foreseen," said I, affecting a dignity that I was far from feeling. "Some one recognised me."

"Which on 'em, Mr. Anne?" said the rascal.

"That is a senseless question; it can make no difference who it was," I returned.

"No, nor that it can't!" cried Rowley. "I say, Mr. Anne, sir, it's what you would call a jolly mess, ain't it? looks like 'clean bowled out in the middle stump,' don't it?"

"I fail to understand you, Rowley."

"Well, what I mean is, what are we to do about this one?" pointing to the postilion in front of us, as he alternately hid and revealed his patched breeches to the trot of his horse. "He see you get in this morning under Mr. Ramornie

—I was very piticular to *Mr. Ramornie* you, if you remember, sir—and he see you get in again under *Mr. Saint Eaves*, and whatever's he going to see you get out under? that's what worries me, sir. It don't seem to me like as if the position was what you call *stratetegic!* ”

“*Parrrrbleu!* will you let me be!” I cried. “I have to think; you cannot imagine how your constant idiotic prattle annoys me.”

“Beg pardon, *Mr. Anne*,” said he; and the next moment, “You wouldn't like for us to do our French now, would you, *Mr. Anne?* ”

“Certainly not,” said I. “Play upon your flageolet.”

The which he did, with what seemed to me to be irony.

Conscience doth make cowards of us all! I was so downcast by my pitiful mismanagement of the morning's business, that I shrank from the eye of my own hired infant, and read offensive meanings into his idle tootling.

I took off my coat, and set to mending it, soldier-fashion, with a needle and thread. There is nothing more conducive to thought, above all in arduous circumstances; and as I sewed, I gradually gained a clearness upon my affairs. I must be done with the claret-coloured chaise at once. It should be sold at the next stage for what it would bring. Rowley and I must take back to the road on our four feet, and after a decent interval of trudging, get places on some coach for Edinburgh again under new names! So much trouble and toil, so much extra risk and expense and loss of time, and all for a slip of the tongue to a little lady in blue!

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE INN-KEEPER OF KIRKBY-LONSDALE.

I HAD hitherto conceived and partly carried out an ideal that was dear to my heart. Rowley and I descended from our claret-coloured chaise, a couple of correctly dressed, brisk, bright-eyed young fellows, like a pair of aristocratic mice; attending singly to our own affairs, communicating solely with each other, and that with the niceties and civilities of drill. We would pass through the little crowd before the door with high-bred preoccupation, inoffensively haughty, after the best English pattern; and disappear within, followed by the envy and admiration of the bystanders, a model master and servant, point-device in every part. It was a heavy thought to me, as we drew up before the inn at Kirkby-Lonsdale, that this scene was now to be enacted for the last time. Alas! and had I known it, it was to go off with so inferior a grace!

I had been injudiciously liberal to the post boys of the chaise and four. My own post-boy, he of the patched breeches, now stood before me, his eyes glittering with greed, his hand advanced. It was plain he anticipated something extraordinary by way of a *pourboire*; and considering the marches and counter-marches by which I had extended the stage, the military character of our affairs with *Mr. Bellamy*, and the bad example I had set before him at the archdeacon's, something exceptional was certainly to be done. But these are always nice questions, to a foreigner above all: a shade too little will suggest niggardliness, a shilling too much smells of hush-money. Fresh from the scene at the archdeacon's, and flushed by the idea that I was now nearly done with the responsibilities of the claret-coloured chaise, I put into his hands five guineas; and the amount served only to waken his cupidity.

“Oh, come, sir, you ain't going to fob me off with this? Why, I seen fire at your side!” he cried.

It would never do to give him more ; I felt I should become the fable of Kirkby-Lonsdale if I did ; and I looked him in the face, sternly but still smiling, and addressed him with a voice of uncompromising firmness.

"If you do not like it, give it back," said I.

He pocketed the guineas with the quickness of a conjurer, and like a base-born cockney as he was, fell instantly to casting dirt.

"'Ave your own way of it, Mr. Ramornie—leastways Mr. St. Eaves, or whatever your blessed name may be. Look 'ere"—turning for sympathy to the stable-boys—"this is a blessed business. Blessed 'ard, I calls it. 'Ere I takes up a blessed son of a pop-gun what calls hisself anything you care to mention, and turns out to be a blessed *mounseer* at the end of it ! 'Ere 'ave I been drivin' of him up and down all day, a-carrying off of gals, a-shootin' of pistyils, and a-drinkin' of sherry and hale ; and wot does he up and give me but a blank, blank, blanketing blank !"

The fellow's language had become too powerful for reproduction, and I pass it by.

Meanwhile I observed Rowley fretting visibly at the bit ; another moment, and he would have added a last touch of the ridiculous to our arrival by coming to his hands with the postilion.

"Rowley !" cried I reprovingly.

Strictly it should have been Gammon ; but in the hurry of the moment, my fault (I can only hope) passed unperceived. At the same time I caught the eye of the postmaster. He was long and lean, and brown and bilious ; he had the drooping nose of the humourist, and the quick attention of a man of parts. He read my embarrassment in a glance, stepped instantly forward, sent the post-boy to the right-about with half a word, and was back next moment at my side.

"Dinner in a private room, sir ? Very well. John, No. 4 ! What wine would you care to mention ? Very well, sir. Will you please to order fresh horses ? Not, sir ? Very well."

Each of these expressions was accompanied by something in the nature of a bow, and all were prefaced by something in the nature of a smile, which I could very well have done without. The man's politeness was from the teeth outwards ; behind and within, I was conscious of a perpetual scrutiny : the scene at his doorstep, the random confidences of the postboy, had not been thrown away on this observer ; and it was under a strong fear of coming trouble that I was shown at last into my private room. I was in half a mind to have put off the whole business. But the truth is, now my name had got abroad, my fear of the mail that was coming, and the handbills it should contain, had waxed inordinately, and I felt I could never eat a meal in peace till I had severed my connection with the claret-coloured chaise.

Accordingly, as soon as I had done with dinner, I sent my compliments to the landlord and requested he should take a glass of wine with me. He came ; we exchanged the necessary civilities, and presently I approached my business.

"By-the-bye," said I, "we had a brush down the road to-day. I dare say you may have heard of it ?"

He nodded.

"And I was so unlucky as to get a pistol ball in the panel of my chaise," I continued, "which makes it simply useless to me. Do you know any one likely to buy ?"

"I can well understand that," said the landlord. "I was looking at it just now ; it's as good as ruined, is that chaise. General rule, people don't like chaises with bullet holes."

"Too much *Romance of the Forest*?" I suggested, recalling my little friend of the morning, and what I was sure had been her favourite reading—Mrs. Radcliffe's novels.

"Just so," said he. "They may be right, they may be wrong; I'm not the judge. But I suppose it's natural, after all, for respectable people to like things respectable about them; not bullet-holes, nor puddles of blood, nor men with aliases."

I took a glass of wine and held it up to the light to show that my hand was steady.

"Yes," said I, "I suppose so."

"You have papers, of course, showing you are the proper owner?" he inquired.

"There is the bill, stamped and receipted," said I, tossing it across to him.

He looked at it.

"This all you have?" he asked.

"It is enough, at least," said I. "It shows you where I bought and what I paid for it."

"Well, I don't know," he said. "You want some paper of identification."

"To identify the chaise?" I inquired.

"Not at all: to identify *you*," said he.

"My good sir, remember yourself!" said I. "The title-deeds of my estate are in that despatch-box; but you do not seriously suppose that I should allow you to examine them?"

"Well, you see, this paper proves that some Mr. Ramornie paid seventy guineas for a chaise," said the fellow. "That's all well and good; but who's to prove to me that you are Mr. Ramornie?"

"Fellow!" cried I.

"O, fellow as much as you please!" said he. "Fellow, with all my heart! That changes nothing. I am fellow, of course—obtrusive fellow, impudent fellow, if you like—but who are you? I hear of you with two names; I hear of you running away with young ladies, and getting cheered for a Frenchman, which seems odd; and one thing I will go bail for, that you were in a blue fright when the post-boy began to tell tales at my door. In short, sir, you may be a very good gentleman; but I don't know enough about you, and I'll trouble you for your papers, or to go before a magistrate. Take your choice; if I'm not fine enough, I hope the magistrates are."

"My good man," I stammered, for though I had found my voice, I could scarce be said to have recovered my wits, "this is most unusual, most rude. Is it the custom in Westmoreland that gentlemen should be insulted?"

"That depends," said he. "When it's suspected that gentlemen are spies, it *is* the custom; and a good custom too. "No, no," he broke out, perceiving me to make a movement. "Both hands upon the table, my gentleman! I want no pistol balls in my chaise panels."

"Surely, sir, you do me strange injustice!" said I, now the master of myself. "You see me sitting here, a monument of tranquillity: pray may I help myself to wine without umbraging you?"

I took this attitude in sheer despair. I had no plan, no hope. The best I could imagine was to spin the business out some minutes longer, then capitulate. At least, I would not capitulate one moment too soon.

"Am I to take that for *no*?" he asked.

"Referring to your former obliging proposal?" said I. "My good sir, you

are to take it, as you say, for 'No.' Certainly I will not show you my deeds; certainly I will not rise from table and trundle out to see your magistrates. I have too much respect for my digestion, and too little curiosity in justices of the peace."

He leaned forward, looked me nearly in the face, and reached out one hand to the bell-rope. "See here, my fine fellow!" said he. "Do you see that bell-rope? Let me tell you, there's a boy waiting below: one jingle, and he goes to fetch the constable."

"Do you tell me so?" said I. "Well, there's no accounting for tastes! I have a prejudice against the society of constables, but if it is your fancy to have one in for the dessert——" I shrugged my shoulders lightly. "Really, you know," I added, "this is vastly entertaining. I

assure you, I am looking on, with all the interest of a man of the world, at the development of your highly original character."

He continued to study my face without speech, his hand still on the button of the bell-rope, his eyes in mine; this was the decisive heat. My face seemed to myself to dislimn under his gaze, my expression to change, the smile (with which I had begun) to degenerate into the grin of the man upon the rack. I was besides harassed with doubts. An innocent man, I argued, would have resented the fellow's impudence an hour ago; and by my continued endurance of the ordeal, I was simply signing and sealing my confession; in short, I had reached the end of my powers.

"Have you any objection to my putting my hands in my breeches pockets?" I inquired. "Excuse me mentioning it, but you showed yourself so extremely nervous a moment back."

"My voice was not all I could have wished, but it sufficed. I could hear it tremble, but the landlord apparently could not. He turned away and drew a long breath, and you may be sure I was quick to follow his example.

"You're a cool hand at least, and that's the sort I like," said he. "Be you what you please, I'll deal square. I'll take the chaise for a hundred pound down, and throw the dinner in."

"I beg your pardon," I cried, wholly mystified by this form of words.



"I took a glass of wine and held it up to the light."

"You pay me a hundred down," he repeated, "and I'll take the chaise. It's very little more than it cost," he added, with a grin, "and you know you must get it off your hands somehow."

I do not know when I have been better entertained than by this impudent proposal. It was broadly funny, and I suppose the least tempting offer in the world. For all that, it came very welcome, for it gave me the occasion to laugh. This I did with the most complete abandonment, till the tears ran down my cheeks; and ever and again, as the fit abated, I would get another view of the landlord's face, and go off into another paroxysm.

"You droll creature, you will be the death of me yet!" I cried, drying my eyes.

My friend was now wholly disconcerted; he knew not where to look, nor yet what to say; and began for the first time to conceive it possible he was mistaken.

"You seem rather to enjoy a laugh, sir," said he.

"Oh, yes! I am quite an original," I replied, and laughed again.

Presently, in a changed voice, he offered me twenty pounds for the chaise; I ran him up to twenty-five, and closed with the offer: indeed, I was glad to get anything; and if I haggled, it was not in the desire of gain, but with the view at any price of securing a safe retreat. For, although hostilities were suspended, he was yet far from satisfied; and I could read his continued suspicions in the cloudy eye that still hovered about my face. At last they took shape in words.

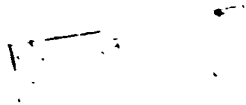
"This is all very well," says he: "you carry it off well; but for all that, I must do my duty."

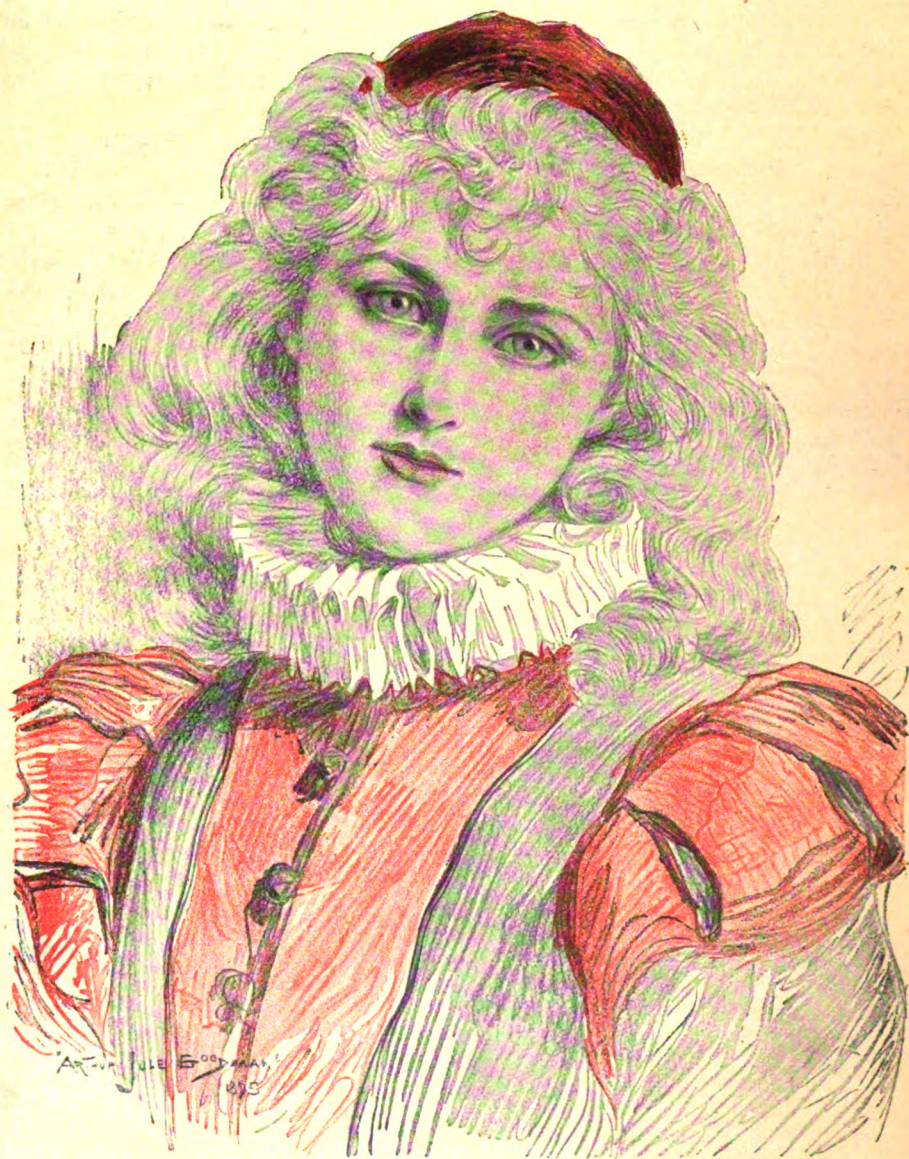
I had my strong effect in reserve; it was to burn my ships with a vengeance! I rose. "Leave the room," said I. "This is insufferable. Is the man mad?" And then, as if already half ashamed of my passion: "I can take a joke as well as any one," I added; "but this passes measure. Send my servant and the bill."

When he had left me alone, I considered my own valour with amazement. I had insulted him; I had sent him away alone; now, if ever, he would take what was the only sensible resource, and fetch the constable. But there was something instinctively treacherous about the man, which shrank from plain courses. And, with all his cleverness, he missed the occasion of fame. Rowley and I were suffered to walk out of his door, with all our baggage, on foot, with no destination named, except in the vague statement that we were come "to view the lakes"; and my friend only watched our departure with his chin in his hand, still moodily irresolute.

I think this one of my great successes. I was exposed, unmasked, summoned to do a perfectly natural act, which must prove my doom and which I had not the slightest pretext for refusing. I kept my head, stuck to my guns, and, against all likelihood, here I was once more at liberty and in the king's highway. This was a strong lesson never to despair; and at the same time, how many hints to be cautious! and what a perplexed and dubious business the whole question of my escape now appeared! That I should have risked perishing upon a trumpery question of a *pourboire*, depicted, in lively colours, the perils that perpetually surrounded us. Though, to be sure, the initial mistake had been committed before that; and if I had not suffered myself to be drawn a little deep in confidences to the innocent Dolly, there need have been no tumble at the inn of Kirkby-Lonsdale. I took the lesson to heart, and promised myself in the future to be more reserved. It was none of my business to attend to broken chaises or shipwrecked travellers. I had my hands full of my own affairs; and my best defence would be a little more natural selfishness and a trifle less imbecile good-nature.

(To be continued.)





WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE—VIOLA.

"A black, my lord: She never told her love."

Twelfth Night, Act II., Scene 4.



Crace Collection.]

An Airing in Hyde Park, 1793.

[British Museum.

HYDE PARK IN DAYS GONE BY.

HYDE PARK ranks as the chief of London's recreation grounds. Since the days of Charles I. it has continued to be the resort of the fashionable world, and the favourite place for the meetings and military spectacles which form so large a feature in the amusements of the toilers and dwellers in London. Its varied history, interwoven with that of the nation, is replete with interest. Few of those who now pace the well kept paths have any idea of the Park in days gone by, with its sedgy pools and marshy lands; its horse and foot races, its tragic duels, the highwaymen who there levied toll on the belated traveller, the aristocratic Ring, gruesome Tyburn—all these are now but memories of the past.

At the time of the Norman Conquest the site of the present Hyde Park was the haunt of the wild boar, wolf, deer, and other animals, which made their home in the depths of the forests surrounding London on the north and west. It has been pointed out that at an even earlier date two of its present boundaries were defined. On the north side ran the Via Trinobantina, an old Roman road leading from the sea coast of Hampshire to that of Suffolk. In a similar manner the eastern boundary was partly marked by another Roman road—Old Watling Street—which led from Dover to Chester.

The first authentic notice that we get of the Park is that it formed part of the lands of Eia which William the Conqueror gave to Geoffrey de Mandeville. About the time of Doomsday Book we read that this estate was divided into the three manors of Neyte or Neate, Eabury, and Hyde, the latter eventually becoming London's most famous park.

Mandeville gave the manor of Hyde to the monks of Westminster, by whom it was first inclosed. It remained in their possession until seized by Henry VIII. at the time of the suppression of the monasteries, when, by an Act dated July 1, 28 Henry VIII., the Right Reverend Father in God, William Boston, and the

Convent of Westminster, "wyth there hole assent consent & agreament," transferred to the King certain lands, including "the scyte soyle circuyte & procyncte of the Maner of Hyde wyth all the demayne landes, teñte rente medowes & pastures of the sayde Maner wyth all other proffytte & cōmodityes to the same apperteynyng or belongyng whyche nowe be in the tenure & occupation of one John Arnold." A survey was made by order of the King, and the manor returned as of the yearly value of £14.

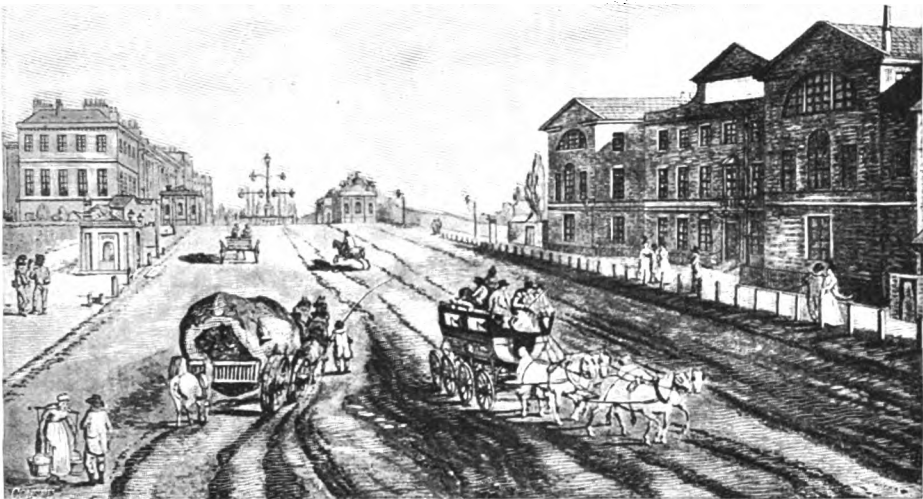
About this period Henry had purchased the site of the present St. James's Park ; while Marylebone Park (now the Regent's Park and surrounding districts) was already in the possession of the Crown. It is therefore not unlikely that the idea of extending the royal hunting grounds was in the mind of the wily monarch when he thus coolly appropriated the snug estate of the good monks of Westminster. This idea is borne out by a proclamation issued in July 1536, in which it is stated that, "as the King's most royal Majesty is desirous to have the games of hare, partridge, pheasant and heron preserved in and about the honour of his palace of Westminster for his own desport and pastime, no person, on the pain of imprisonment of their bodies, and further punishment at his Majesty's will and pleasure, is to presume to hunt or hawk from the palace of Westminster to St. Giles'-in-the-Fields, and from thence to Islington, to our Lady of the Oak, to Highgate, to Hornsey Park, and to Hampstead Heath."

Shortly afterwards we find a certain George Roper appointed Keeper of the new Park at the modest salary of sixpence a day and various perquisites, such as free lodging, firewood, permission to hunt in the Park, etc. In 1553 Roper was succeeded by Francis Nevill, who subsequently shared the office with Henry Carey, first Lord Hunsdon, K.G. These gentlemen each received a fee of fourpence a day, together with pasturage for a limited number of cattle, and all the "herbage, pannage, and brouzewood for deer." Each had a residence. The one lived in the lodge which stood on the site of the present Apsley House ; and the other in the Banqueting House, sometimes mentioned as the Old Lodge, which was pulled down at the formation of the Serpentine. The appointment of Keeper, subsequently dignified by the title of Ranger, appears to have been reserved by successive sovereigns as a reward for services rendered by meritorious and eminent individuals ; and the office has been filled by many illustrious characters of British history.

During the reigns of Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, and James I., Hyde Park continued to be used as a royal hunting ground ; and visitors to the English Court were frequently invited to enjoy the shooting in the Park. Elizabeth herself was an ardent lover of hunting, and doubtlessly joined in the sport. On such occasions to her, as the first lady of the field, would fall the office of "taking say" of the buck—*i.e.*, plunging the knife in its throat. The pools in the Park must have been a favourite haunt of the heron and other waterfowl, and there the Queen may have cast her hawk on summer afternoons. We can imagine her riding on an "ambling palfrey" through the forest glades, accompanied by the fiery Essex, the courtly Burleigh, the manly Raleigh, or that arch plotter Leicester.

The game was evidently kept with great strictness ; for we read that in October 1619 some deerstalkers were executed, and with them a poor labourer who was hired to hold their dogs.

Hyde Park was first opened to the public as a pleasure ground during the reign of Charles I. It soon became a favourite resort of the gay and fashionable world, and lovers of fresh air and exercise. The King himself was a frequent spectator of the races which at this period constituted one of the chief amusements in the Park.

*Crace Collection.]**The Turnpike, Hyde Park Corner,
with a view of St. George's Hospital, 1797.**[British Museum.]*

During the first year of the Civil War the successes of the Royalists seriously alarmed Parliament; and it was resolved to fortify London. A rampart of earth, strengthened with redoubts and batteries, was thrown up round the city, and opposite Hyde Park Corner a fort with four batteries was erected. So great was the alarm that men, women, and even children assisted in the work, and Hudibras says:

“From ladies down to oyster-wenches
Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,
F'al'n to their pick axes and tools,
And helped the men to dig like moles.”

The fort at Hyde Park Corner was demolished in 1647 by order of the House of Commons.

In 1652 Cromwell's Parliament seems to have been in need of funds, for it was “resolved that Hyde Park be sold for ready money.” It was accordingly disposed of in three lots for about £17,000.

Although the Park was now private property, it still continued to be much visited. Certain charges, however, were imposed. Evelyn informs us that, on April 11th, 1653, he “went to take the air in Hyde Park, when every coach was made to pay a shilling, and horse sixpence, by the sordid fellow who had purchased it of the State, as they were called.”

It has been supposed that one of the objects of the Parliament in selling Hyde Park was to do away with the merry sports and festivities which had previously taken place there; but the result was certainly not what had been anticipated. Under the date of May 1st, 1654, we read: “This day was more observed by people going a-maying than for divers years past, and, indeed, much sin committed by wicked meetings with fiddlers, drunkenness, ribaldry, and the like. Great resort came to Hyde Park—many hundreds of rich coaches, and gallants in attire, but



Tyburn Turnpike, 1813

most shameful powdered hair: men painted and spotted women." The *Moderate Intelligencer* of the same date also records: "This day there was a hurling of a great ball, by fifty Cornish gentlemen on one side and fifty on the other; one party played in red caps and the other in white. There was present His Highness the Lord Protector, many of his Privy Council, and divers eminent gentlemen, to whose view was presented great agility of body and most neat and exquisite wrestling. . . . The ball they played withal was silver, and designed for that party which did win the goal."

Cromwell's experiences of the Park were not always so pleasant. In October 1654 he went there for a drive, accompanied by Thurloe and a few gentlemen and servants. After dining at the Lodge, he, on his return, took the reins himself. He got on very well at first, but, using the whip too freely, the spirited horses became irritated and ran away. Cromwell was soon dashed to the ground, and, to add to his danger, a pistol went off in his pocket as he fell. He was taken home and bled, and soon recovered. Again, in February 1656, one Miles Syndercombe was tried for high treason, in conspiring with others to assassinate the Lord Protector. It appeared from the confession of an accomplice named Cecill "that they went out several times for that purpose, and, having received notice from one Toope, of His Highness's lifeguard, that he would be in Hyde Park on a certain day, they went thither heavily armed, and that the hinges of Hyde Park gates were filed in order to facilitate their escape. They, having failed four times, had resolved on a fifth occasion to break through all difficulties to effect it: that when His Highness rode into the Park he alighted, and, speaking to Cecill, asked whose horse was that he rode upon, Syndercombe being then outside of the Park; that Cecill was then ready to have done it, but doubted the fleetness of his horse, he having a cold." Upon this and corroborative evidence Syndercombe was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged at Tyburn.

At the restoration of Charles II. the sale of the Crown lands was declared invalid, and the purchasers of Hyde Park found themselves in an awkward predicament. One of them, Mr. John Tracey, in a petition to the King, pleaded that he



Crace Collection.]

The Drinking Well, Hyde Park, 1802.

[British Museum.

"was thirty-eight years a merchant in the United Provinces, and, returning in 1652, was drawn into buying Crown lands in Hyde Park worth £7000, but was never engaged in hostility, and preserved the timber and planted the ground thus preserved; (and he) begs therefore a grant of two houses which he built on the road at Knightsbridge to secure him from ruin."

Hyde Park soon became again, as before the Civil War, the rendezvous of "magnificence and beauty." Horse and foot races continued to be of frequent occurrence. On August 10th, 1660, Pepys enjoyed "a fine foot race, three times round the Park, between an Irishman and Crow, that was once my Lord Claypole's footman." This was followed by a horse race; and in the intervals a milkmaid went "about crying, 'Milk of a red cow!' which the humbler spectators partook of, the 'quality' meanwhile sipping 'sillabub with sack in it.'" The ladies, we are further told, wagered scarlet stockings and scented gloves on their favourite steeds.

At this time people went to bed and rose very much earlier than they do now, so that all the day's duties and pleasures fell a few hours earlier. The *beau monde* dined before going to the play, which then took place in the afternoon, and, after taking a drive in the Park, returned home to supper, evening parties being scarcely heard of, except at Court.

The fashionable meeting-place in the Park was the celebrated Ring, about the origin of which there is some uncertainty. It has been suggested that it may have been a remnant of the garden attached to the old Banqueting House. "Remnants of it," says Larwood, "were still traceable at the beginning of this century, on the high ground directly behind the farmhouse. A few very old trees are even now to be found on that spot. Some of these are, indeed, ancient enough to have formed part of the identical trees round which the wits and beauties drove in their

carriages, and, as Pennant says, 'in their rotation exchanged, as they passed, smiles and nods, compliments or smart repartees.' Plain as it was, it must have been a pleasant spot on a summer's afternoon. Situated on an upland space of ground, one may imagine the pleasurable prospect from hence when all around was open country, and nothing intercepted the view from the Surrey hills to the high grounds of Hampstead and Highgate. One can easily imagine how delightful it must have been for the ladies who came in their carriages from the hot playhouse and the close, confined, sweltering streets of dirty old London, to be fanned by soft winds, which blew over broad acres of ripening corn, flowering clover, and new-mown hay, or rustled through the reeds and willows on the banks of the pool."

During the terrible time of the Plague the Guards were encamped in the Park under the command of the Duke of Albemarle. Many of the poorer inhabitants also brought their household goods and, setting up tents, formed a sort of camp.

Two years later, however, all was on the old footing again, and we find our friend Pepys recording, under date of June 3rd, 1668, a visit "to the Park, where very much fine company, and the weather very pleasant. I carried my wife to the Lodge, the first time this year, and there in our coach ate a cheese cake and drank a tankard of milk." The Lodge of which Pepys speaks was the building in the middle of the Park in which one of the keepers had lived; but in the reign of Charles II. it was used as a refreshment house, and was sometimes called Price's Lodge, from the name of Gervase Price, the chief under-keeper. In Queen Anne's time it was more generally known as the Cheese-cake or Mince-pie House, and, according to the fashion which still continued to prevail, the *belles* and *beaux* used there to refresh themselves with

"some petty collation
Of cheese cakes and custards and pigeon-pie puff,
With bottle-ale, cider, and such sort of stuff."

When William III. bought Kensington Manor of the Earl of Nottingham he caused the road from St. James's to Kensington Palace to be lighted by three hundred oil lamps, and it subsequently became known as the King's or Lamp Road. As this was the first instance of a public road being lit up in such a manner, the event caused no little excitement; and we read that the illumination was "very grand and inconceivably magnificent." This road, now the fashionable Rotten Row, probably became the favourite ride about 1736, though it continued to be used as a drive for carriages as late as the first quarter of the present century. We find mention of Rotten Row as early as 1781, but the origin of the name is a little doubtful. Probably it is so called from the loose material of which it is made. Some authorities, however, consider it a corruption of *Route du Roi*, and Timbs gives it as his opinion that "the name 'Rotten' is traced to *rotteran*, to muster—a military origin which may refer to the Park during the Civil War."

Before the formation of the Serpentine a shallow watercourse, the West Bourne, ran through Hyde Park from north to south. Rising at the west end of Hampstead it shaped its course through the middle of the Park; here it received the waters of the Tyburn, and, wandering on in the direction of Lowndes Square, fell into the Thames near Ranelagh. Just after leaving the Park it was spanned by a bridge, from which the parish of Knightsbridge derived its name.

In the year 1730 Queen Caroline conceived the idea of improving the appearance of Hyde Park by draining the pools and making the West Bourne into a more extensive stream. The improvement was carried out under the direction of Charles Withers, Surveyor-General of His Majesty's Woods and Forests. Two hundred men



The Cheese-cake House, Hyde Park, 1801.

were employed on the work, which appears to have been finished by the end of 1733. The pools and watercourses had been previously used to supply various parts of London with water; and £2500 had to be paid to the Chelsea Waterworks Company in order to cancel a lease held by them, and to purchase and remove their pipes, which were laid through the Park. Including this item, the cost of the improvement was estimated at £6000.

The pretty ornamental garden near Grosvenor Gate, in the centre of which there is a classic drinking fountain, occupies the site of the Company's old reservoir. At the time when this basin was constructed a beautiful double avenue of walnut trees ran parallel to the eastern park wall; but the trees were cut down about 1811, and the wood converted into stocks for soldier's muskets.

The Park has always been renowned for its springs; and even at the present day people may occasionally be seen taking away bottles of water from the pump near to the old Guard-house. The bathing spring close by seems, however, to be now only used as a water trough for the sheep.

In severe winters the Serpentine has always been a favourite resort for lovers of skating. During the severe winter of 1767 large numbers of people were seen daily skating upon the Serpentine, and a gentleman won a wager of £50 in January by skating a mile in fifty-seven seconds. According to contemporary newspaper descriptions there was a most brilliant exhibition of skating on Sunday, February 1st, 1784. Ministers, lords, and members of Parliament were all on skates, crossing, jostling, and overthrowing one another, with as much dexterity and as little ceremony as they were wont to do at St. Stephen's. Among the aristocratic skaters Frederick Howard, fifth Earl of Carlisle, bore off the honours. Among the commoners Benjamin West, the historical painter, and a Dr. Hewitt, were considered the best: they even danced a minuet on their skates, to the admiration of the spectators. During the winter of 1814 a fair was held on the ice; and in January 1826 Mr. Hunt drove his father's van with four horses across the Serpentine for a wager of a hundred guineas.



A sudden squall in Hyde Park, 1791. (After Rowlandson.)

In times of danger Hyde Park has been frequently used for the encampment of troops. In 1648 the Parliamentary army was encamped here; and at the time of the expected invasion by the Pretender, in 1715, a large number of troops occupied the Park. We also find troops encamped here in 1722 and 1739; but the chief encampment was that of 1780, at the time of the Gordon Riots, when some thirty thousand men were brought together.

From very early times Hyde Park has been a favourite place for the review of troops. On March 28th, 1569, the Queen's Pensioners, "well appointed in armour, on horseback, and arrayed in green cloth and white," were mustered here before Elizabeth. Cromwell reviewed his terrible Ironsides and Fairfax's regiment of horse in 1649; and in 1660 the London Train-bands were exercised here before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, who attended in all their official finery. In July 1663 there was a grand review of the Guards in Hyde Park, which Pepys attended. He says "Methought all these gay men are not the soldiers that must do the King's business—it being such as these that lost the old King all he had, and were beat by the most ordinary fellows that could be."

On May 15th, 1800, George III. reviewed the Grenadier Guards in the Park, when a gentleman near him received a musket-ball in his thigh, which was supposed to have been intended for the King; who was shot at in the evening of the same day while attending a performance at Drury Lane Theatre. His Majesty, in 1803, held a grand review of the Volunteers in two divisions. The Eastern Division, comprising 12,400 men, was mustered on October 26th, and the Western Division, numbering 15,000, two days later. One of the most brilliant spectacles ever witnessed in Hyde Park was the grand review held in 1814 in honour of the visit of the allied sovereigns the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia.

At a spot somewhere between the Ring and the Serpentine were fought many



Entrance to Hyde Park on a Sunday, 1804.

of the duels which became especially frequent during the latter half of the eighteenth century, and many distinguished persons took parts in this absurd custom of the "good old times." Here occurred, in 1712, the celebrated and sanguinary encounter between Charles, Lord Mohun, and James, fourth Duke of Hamilton. The cause of the duel was said to be a dispute on the subject of a lawsuit; but violent party politics had probably more to do with the matter. The Duke was leader of the Tories, and suspected by the Whigs of favouring the Pretender; he had also been appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of France, at which the Whigs were much exasperated. Lord Mohun, who was an experienced duellist, and had killed two antagonists in previous combats, was called the Hector of the Whig party; and it was generally believed that he had been selected to pick a quarrel with the Duke, and thus prevent his proceeding on his mission. They met on November 15th, General Macartney and Colonel Hamilton acting respectively as seconds for Lord Mohun and the Duke. They fought with swords, and with such fury that Mohun was killed on the spot and the Duke of Hamilton expired while being conveyed to the Cake-house. Macartney, who escaped in disguise to the Continent, was accused by Colonel Hamilton, upon oath, before the Privy Council, of having stabbed the Duke over his (the Colonel's) shoulder, while he was in the act of raising him from the ground. The Government offered a reward of £500 for the apprehension of Macartney, to which sum the Duchess of Hamilton added a further £300. Upon being brought to trial at the King's Bench bar, he was, however, acquitted of murder; being, by direction of the Court, only found guilty of manslaughter.

Another remarkable duel took place here in October 1765 between Lieutenant McGragh and four opponents. It appears that the Irishman, having declined a duel, was reproached with cowardice by his antagonists. Replying that he reserved his courage to serve his king and country, he offered to take no further notice of the

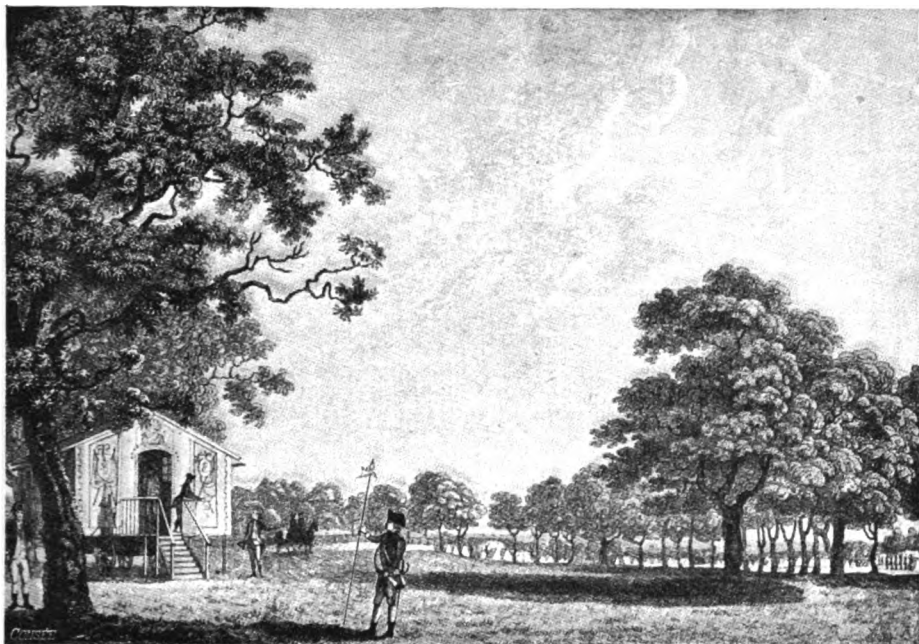


The Fashionable World, Hyde Park, 1822. (After Cruikshank.)

insult provided they would make a public apology. This being refused, McGragh challenged the whole four, giving them the choice of weapons, and gallantly informing them beforehand that he was a better swordsman than any of them. Swords were, nevertheless, the chosen weapons. The battle resulted in the Hibernian disarming them all, one after the other, he himself escaping with a slight wound in the right arm.

Sheridan and a Captain Matthews met near the Ring in July 1772 for the purpose of fighting a duel. Owing to the number of persons present, however, they could not fight; and, in the hope of finding the place quieter later on, adjourned to a neighbouring tavern for a time; but, finding no available spot in the Park free enough from spectators, they finally went to the Castle Tavern, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, and there fought.

At this period, when there was such a general mania for duelling, it required no small strength of character to decline a duel, though Larwood gives a remarkable instance of a common-sense way of dealing with a challenge. It seems that, in December 1785, a Mr. Withams, in course of a quarrel with a Mr. Stevens, gave the latter the "lie by implication," with the result that next morning Stevens sent a military friend requesting either an apology or a meeting in the Park. The first Withams refused peremptorily; the second, after taking time to consider, he answered by letter, in which he says: "You are an unmarried man with a good fortune, and if you were shot through the head to-morrow there would be a fashionable tear for your exit, and the heirs-at-law would rejoice at the circumstance. I am a married man, and have a wife and nine children, an aged mother, and two sisters, who all depend on me for their daily existence. They have no other father, husband, brother, or protector. Besides, I am but tenant for life to an estate which, at my decease, if I die before my aged mother, goes to a family with whom I have long been at law, and who in that case would not give sixpence to mine. I regard the



The Encampment in Hyde Park, 1780.

punctilio of a gentleman as much as any other person, provided the punctilio is within the bounds of common sense; and therefore, to prove to you that I am not afraid to meet you in the bullet-field of honour, I hereby propose to fight you, either with pistols or with swords, whenever you shall have secured, in case of my being killed, £200 per annum to my wife, and £50 per annum to each of my children during their lives."

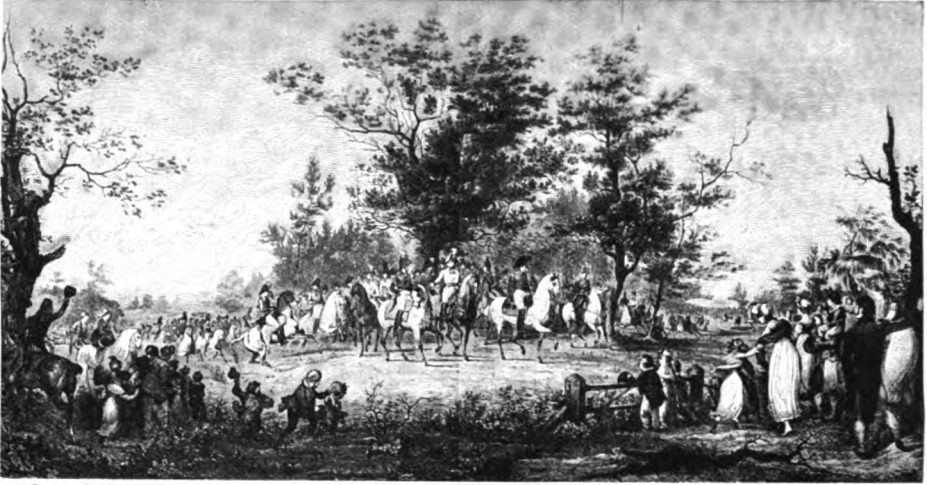
To this letter Stevens sent the following laconic reply: "I see you are a coward, and shall take care to make it public."

This answer called forth from Withams the threat that, "If ever you utter any word to my disadvantage, I will horsewhip you until I make you recall it."

On the following Sunday the two gentlemen met accidentally in Hyde Park, both being on horseback. As soon as they came near each other Stevens exclaimed, "There goes that coward Withams!" Withams turned round and knocked Stevens off his horse, and, jumping to the ground, horsewhipped him in thorough style, to the delight of a small crowd of boys.

Trials of skill in the "noble art of self-defence" occasionally took place in Hyde Park. In 1772 a match was fought between two chairmen, one of the men being killed. Again we read that one Sunday morning in February 1785, at about half-past eight, a prodigious number of people assisted at a battle fought between Ben Green, nicknamed "Tantrabolus," and Stephen Myers. The latter, who rejoiced in the title of "King of Carnaby Market," was the victor.

In days gone by Hyde Park was much favoured by the "Knights of the Road." On November 8th, 1749, Horace Walpole narrowly escaped with his life. He was returning home from Holland House when, in crossing the Park, his carriage was stopped by two highwaymen. One of them, named Plunkett, presented a blunderbuss at the coachman, whilst the other, the famous MacLean, with a pistol in his hand, robbed Walpole of his gold watch and eight guineas; they also took the coachman's



[Crace Collection.]

*The Prince Regent, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia
and Marshal Blucher returning from the Review in Hyde Park, June 20, 1814.* [British Museum.]

watch and the footman's money. Besides the men who did the work, three others, well armed, stood by in case of need. The following year MacLean was captured, and ended his career on the gallows at Tyburn.

In consequence of this outrage a patrol was appointed to walk up and down the Park and Constitution Hill, and various other means were employed to prevent similar attempts. The Government also offered a reward of £100 to any one who would bring a highwayman to justice. But robberies continued to be frequent. *The Penny London Post*, of January 26th, 1750, reported that: "So many robberies have been committed of late at the Court end of the town, that servants go armed with pistols and blunderbusses, with both coaches and chairs at night." On March 12th, 1752, no less than sixteen persons were hanged for robbery. Government shortly afterwards issued a curious proclamation, detailing the fate awaiting the robber from the time of his apprehension until his body was "delivered to the surgeons to be dissected or anatomised," or was hung in chains. So unsafe was the Park, almost within memory of man, that a bell used to be rung at intervals in Kensington, to muster people returning to town, so as to form a party numerous enough to ensure mutual safety through the dangerous precincts of Hyde Park.

Tyburn, near where the Marble Arch now stands, was from a very early period until the year 1783 the common place of execution for criminals convicted in the county of Middlesex. Near by was situated the place for military executions: the actual spot was marked by a stone, against which the delinquents were placed when about to be shot. When the Cumberland Gate entrance was enlarged, in 1822, this stone was found to be so firmly fixed that it was left, and now lies buried on the spot where it was originally placed.

During the first half of the present century Hyde Park was the scene of various national festivities. In 1814 a grand Jubilee was held to celebrate the triple events of the peace, the anniversary of the victory of the Nile, and the centenary of the accession of the House of Brunswick. A grand fair, which lasted the week, was held in the Park, and at night time a naval engagement took place on the Serpentine between two mimic fleets. When George IV. was crowned the Park was again the scene of much rejoicing; and on the occasion of the Queen's Coronation, in 1838, another grand fair was held in the Park.

In 1850 the building of the Crystal Palace, on the south side of the Park, was commenced; the Great Exhibition being opened, on May 1st of the following year, by Her Majesty, who was accompanied by Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal.

In 1851 the Marble Arch, which up till then stood in front of the chief entrance to Buckingham Palace, was removed to its present position. The Arch, which was adapted by Nash from the Arch of Constantine, at Rome, cost about £80,000 and the magnificent gates cost another three thousand guineas.

One of the most memorable days in the history of the Park was July 23rd, 1866, when the Park gates were closed in order to prevent a monster Reform meeting, which it was announced would be held on that day. An enormous crowd assembled near the Marble Arch, and, in their fury at being shut out of the Park, tore down the railings and entered bodily. A severe conflict took place, and many of the police and public were seriously injured. Some of the Guards were called out to assist in keeping order, but the meeting was held in spite of all obstacles.

A. W. JARVIS.

AH! MEMORY.

AH, Memory! ah, Memory!
 How sad a heart you bring to me!
 I'm fain to let the tears flow,
 Remembering the long ago
 And things that cannot be;
 The hearts I loved, the love I craved—
 All gone the joys that might have paved
 This Life's asperity!

Ah, Memory! ah, Memory!
 What of the past remains to me—
 The Past that seemed so full of hope,
 That held each prize within the scope
 Of Life? There's nothing left but thee!
 For where I laughed, I now must weep;
 Where friends were once, now shadows creep;
 And Death is near to me.

Ah, Memory! ah, Memory!
 The all I have, I cling to thee!
 Though Hope is gone, Remembrance yet
 Might sometimes banish deep regret
 And deep despondency,
 If it could drive the thought away
 That I have been, am still to-day,
 My own worst enemy.

LEOLINE GRIFFITH.



PEARLS.

THE night was of solid blue—blue at arm's length of one's eyes. There was no canopy of sky, but a liquid wash of air that swept softly among the stars.

South and east, across the lagoon, the mountain made a black angle in the powdered heaven, and the stars about its lower borders blinked like fluttered eyes, as the heads of the cocoa palms swished to and fro in the Trade.

Far out, near the jaws of the pass, the riding light of Severn's schooner rocked with the pulse which throbs for ever through the Pacific seas ; but the hill held the wind in its skirts, and left the water like a glassy pool of sapphire engrained with gold.

On the schooner's deck was Severn himself, lying along the counter, with shoulders propped against a bale, staring over the breathing water towards the shore. He shifted his position from time to time uneasily, as one who would make no terms with sleep. At each splash in the glimmering sea he turned his head, alert to every sound undrowned in the dull thunder of the reef.

From the beach the German trade house still showed a lighted window ; and eastward, but high above it, a pane of orange gleamed in the blackness of the hill. The rest of Falea was asleep.

Severn, guessing midnight from the slow procession of the stars, grew ever more suspicious of such late hours. He had meagre ground, as he told himself repeatedly, for his misgivings ; but those to whom fortune is suddenly prodigal ask only the airiest foundation for their fears.

He rose and went forward, to make sure all lights were out below, and in the starlight looked an even finer figure than his six feet made him. Lowering the mast-head light to trim it with his fingers, his face leaped yellow out of the darkness, the deep-cut features having an air of breeding, rough with sea-travel as they were. As he re-hoisted the lantern, the window on the beach went black like a blown candle, and the trade house was blotted out of the night.

Guydermann was gone—to sleep, or—— ?

Severn, leaning against the foremast, watched the dark space where the light had been with unwinking lids ; but not a fleck nor shiver of brightness showed about it, and his eyes travelled up again to that glowing pane upon the hill, the last uncaptured loophole in the land of sleep.

Was Maclure, or Maclure's daughter, he wondered, behind its curtain ? The

sly raspy Scotsman, hatching some misbegotten devilry against his guest of that afternoon,—Falea had the worst of reputations,—or Naura, with those island eyes of hers, and the red flower in her black hair; Naura, fair-skinned as an English girl, but straight and clean-limbed as an Amazon, thinking over her marriage, her consignment on the morrow to that oily lump of German obscenity in the trade house on the beach?

Suddenly, as if to confront his thought, the dull square of orange turned with a snap to lemon yellow; and the change, though near two miles away, made Severn start. He fetched his glass from the deck-house, and saw that the curtain had been drawn aside and that a dark figure stood across the space of light. Was it Maclure searching the lagoon for the signal of some planned attack?

Then, cursing himself for a suspicious fool, he tightened the leaf about a *sului*, and lit it; but his hand shook. He stood there, smoking, for half an hour. The figure left the window, and returned to it twice or thrice; then the light went out.

Severn, who had been impatiently awaiting the event, felt, on its accomplishment, a sudden access of suspicion. He stared for some time longer at the black outline of the land; then he turned, lowered his riding lamp again, opened, and blew it out.

"If they want me they'll have to find me," he muttered, as he closed the glass. Then, tired of standing and staring, he went aft again and lay down.

A flight of turtle startled him with a sudden gurgle which went by under the stern, making through the flickering grains of starlight a thorny entanglement of gold. But the sea smoothed out its creases, and the stars trembled again within its depths like sinking sequins, while the silence smothered, as if with the whole weight of heaven, the moaning thresh along the shore.

Twelve years earlier, Severn was leaving school for Cambridge. He was the best public school bowler of his year, and his choice of a university was guided by the weakness of its Rugby team behind the scrum. He had visions of four delightful seasons against the best men in England, and with the most charming company in the world. But, before they could be fulfilled, his father, a wealthy country parson, was almost beggared in covering with his own fortune the knavery of a co-trustee, and his son was offered a counting-house stool to replace his dream of fame with bruises.

The honest mettle of the boy's up-bringing helped him to face the change cheerfully, and to give it fair trial; but clean-blooded muscle demanded something better worth the sinews of a man than the recording, all its life, of other people's incomes.

"It's not the grind I bar," he explained, after six months of it, to his father, "but that such a tiny part of one gets ground. I want to use up all I've got."

So he went, despite the suasion of his mother's tears, with the tide of adventure then flowing, to a ranch in the Western States.

As a cowboy, however, he was little more successful than as a clerk. His labour delighted, his leisure disgusted him. He loved the rough, the fighting side of life, but to the brutal he was always a stranger. His quiet hardihood and sledge-hammer fists pulled him through his "tender" days, but he never acclimatised.

"I can't do the right thing out here," he wrote home, "without feeling a heaven-forsaken cad. Yet on some points they've got the finest notions."

So he drifted on, out of its coarseness and fineness, into San Francisco; filled some very lowly offices in that city, and at last shipped for Honolulu, with the prospect of a berth as super-cargo when he arrived.

The berth fell through, but he obtained the promise of another on a boat trading in the Marshall and Gilbert groups; and so, as a dealer in copra and calico, he made acquaintance with the South Seas.

He shifted his papers after three years to one of Bomba's boats between Sydney and Samoa; and then, having saved money beyond what he sent home, went as mate and partner in a small concern to the Tuamotu and Marquesas.

It was while on this beat that Severn came first to Falea. Maclure, who had made his money in the old "gun" days, was just settled there, and Naura no more than a child. Her mother, a Manhikian, had inherited all the gentle loyalty of her people; and little Naura, who was born off Pleasant Island, from which she took her name, was as fair as a pearl shell, and only showed her island blood in her hair and unfathomable eyes. Her mother died while she was young, but Maclure had not replaced her; and the child grew up alone, with vague oppositions in her divided blood—a quaint feverish mixture of shyness and passion.

She always fled into the woods from the traders who invaded her father's house, and with Severn alone she was on friendly terms. Something in his frank boyish bigness won her confidence, and she used to watch for the yards of his brig, and would sit listening to his talk on the verandah steps until he went aboard.

He fell into the way of bringing her little presents; but when, his venture coming to an end, he had sold out and bought a schooner on his own account, moving farther west, he saw no more of her for three years, until that morning when he had put into Falea for fresh food on his way to Tahiti, where he hoped to sell his ship, with what shell there was in her, and take his way home on the first steamer, with the fortune by which he was so strangely come.

Time and rough days had made on him but surface changes. Bronzed, bearded, broader than ever, he was still a boy. The devious ruts of trade had not wrenched the waggon-wheels of his honesty, but they had made him a cautious driver. The little schooner he had bought for his own trade had been damned by every seaman in the port she hailed from; and, being a bit too crank for comfort in anything like a breeze, took all the handling her owner knew. He knew a good deal then—enough, his friends said, to know better; but he got his ship for a song, knocked a few inches off her spars, put some iron inside her, and made her stand up with the stiffest.

But the old boat was no more than waterproof, and after fourteen months' tender sailing, Severn had to run a new stringer round her, to strut out the ribs. Having to carry the last tie right across the transom, and knocking through a panel to fix it, he found a strong box concealed in the bilge, midway between the panelling and the strakes.

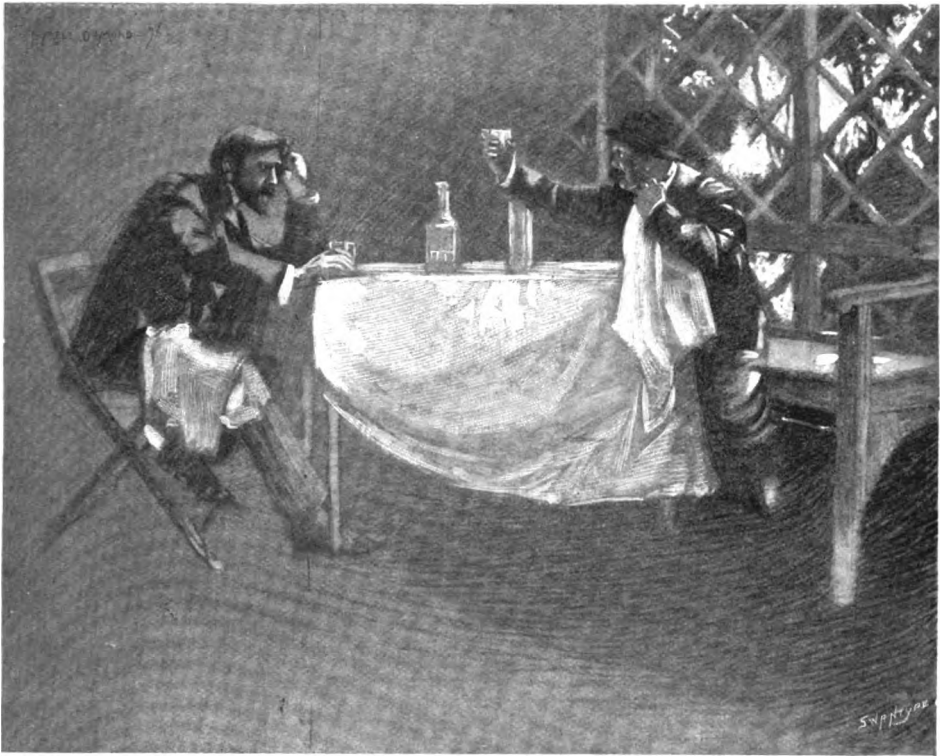
The lock was broken, and the lid bore signs of having been prised, but inside it, sorted as to size and lustre, were nearly a thousand pearls.

Severn knew enough of the trade to reckon in loose figures the value of his find, and to realise that half of it would put him and his beyond want and work.

Then came the question, whose were they? Clearly the vendors of the boat knew nothing of its treasure—had not so much as a suspicion. Its earlier owners had carried copra; and, dying at sea by some pestilence, the boat had been sold up to pay their debts.

Still further in the past she had done a down-coast trade on the Australian ports; but the nature of it had been forgotten. It was certainly not in pearls.

Small wonder, then, that, in Severn's decision, both fitness and justice in the adventure made the treasure his own; or that, within an hour of it, the schooner was sailing close-hauled and fifteen points south of her proper course.



"The fat German . . . proposed a toast to connubial bliss."

The condition of the boat served the crew in explanation of the change ; and after seven days' sailing, with fresh food running short, Falea was sighted.

Every man, long a wanderer, is nervous when he turns for home ; and so much the more when he carries fortune in his pockets ; and Severn, who, a dozen times in as many years, had smelt, unmoved, Death's breath upon his cheek, would not on any less compulsion than starvation have laid his boat inside that island lagoon.

It was not so much the ill repute borne by the place, nor his more than dislike of Guydermann and Maclure, as the foreboding of some ill should anything interrupt this homing flight. But an empty larder left him no choice, and, three hours after sunrise, the schooner sprang into still water through a gullet of foam.

He breakfasted with Guydermann ; and the fat German, with his lips looser than their wont, proposed a toast to connubial bliss.

"You going to marry ?" asked Severn.

The other leered

"Whom ?"

The trader cocked his eye at the hill.

"Naura ?"

He nodded.

"The devil !" said Severn slowly : "when ?"

"Do-morrow, my young frent," gurgled the other oilily : "you kom joost de time."

With a rich disgust for so unnatural a union Severn climbed the hill that afternoon.

He had met Maclure and his daughter on the beach that morning, but neither had mentioned the event. The girl had sprung at him with a pathetic friendliness as of some neglected pet; but the warmth was so much part of her that it had not warned him of new troubles.

He found Naura alone, seated on the matting in the dark cool room, looking listlessly at a heap of silk upon the floor beside her. She turned her head at his footstep, but did not rise.

"Well, child," he said gently, putting his hand on her shoulder, "what's this I hear? You're to be married to-morrow?"

She shuddered at his touch.

"Don't," she said.

"Father?" he asked shortly.

She nodded.

"Not you?" he demanded.

Her head sank lower. "Ugh!" she groaned, shivering.

He walked over to the verandah, and looked out on the lagoon, where his schooner was being laden with taro and turtle from a little fleet of canoes.

He turned to beckon the girl, but she was there behind him. She had stolen over as if to keep near him for comfort's sake. She read his eyes as he pointed to the vessel, but shook her head.

"They'd kill you," she said.

He feared to tell her how far from Falea lay his future and his safety; he could not risk the secret to Maclure's suspicions.

"I'm going straight to Tahiti," he said, smiling.

"Tahiti!" she whispered beneath her breath.

Five minutes later she was laughing and telling him all that had befallen since she had last seen him.

In that time she had become a woman. A woman; but with a girl's grace still in her splendid limbs. Severn noted the strange indolent buoyancy which had come to her, as she went about the room making tea for him.

Then Maclure came in. He began at once to talk trade in his scrappy voice, eyeing Severn like a leopard crouched to spring. He asked the schooner's destination, having heard rumours on the beach.

"Tahiti," said the sailor.

"Made yo' fortune?" sniffed the other.

"Not yet, but the boat's about made out her time. Coming to pieces."

"She don't look a wreck," said the trader suspiciously.

"She'll hold together till we get there, I dessay."

"Seems light enough for a home run. What's in her?—pearls?"

"Ay, ten ton of them," laughed Severn; but he did not like it.

"Staying for Jock's wedding to-morrow?" went on the other with a leer.

"No, I'm not, Mr. Maclure," said the young man sharply.

"Fine fellow, Jock," chuckled the trader. "Naura's that set on him yo' can't say: ain't yo', Nury!"

The girl looked at him with a loathing terror. "He's a devil," she said, very low.

"He knows that what's good's worth paying for," sneered her father horribly; "and, de'il or no, he'll see some show for his money, you bet, miss,—or he'll let yo' hear why."

Severn got up. He felt if he stayed longer he should pull the throat out of this beast, who could sell his daughter to a drunken satyr and jest at the bargain.

"Off at sun-up to-morrow, Cap'n?" asked Maclure, as he walked with him to the verandah.



"He had met Maclure and his daughter on the beach."

"Early," replied the sailor cautiously.

Looking back, he saw Naura leaning among the green palms against a pillar of the balustrade, her head thrown back as if for air, the glazing look of one abandoned in her eyes.

"*To fa !*" he cried to her.

She made a sudden movement with her arm as if to stop him ; then it dropped by her side.

Severn went down the steep footway to the shore, through the tangle of liana
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and the cleared patches of guava, with a tight hand upon his heart. But for those trays of glistening pellets out there upon the water, he would, he knew, have shown a different pair of shoulders to this affair. True, the concern was none of his: men sold their daughters every day, and not in the South Seas only. One could not run a knife through every villainous barter in flesh and blood.

Still—Guydermann and that girl! the thing was so revolting that it seemed any man's business to make it his own.

Yet he did not. If the German had crossed his path at that moment he might possibly have knocked him on the head; but only in some gusty riot of justice, not of deliberate resolve.

And the pearls had done it. The poor man of six months ago would have broken a lance somewhere, somehow, wisely or madly, at the infamy of the thing, and in the woman's honour. But now——!

He was an outcast, a pauper, going back to homage, luxury, magnificence—the teeming glut of wealth. The fume of life was in his nostrils; he could not breathe in this cold air of risk and death.

Yet, ere he reached the shore, the better part of him spoke. Might he not do with his treasure what he could not do because of it? He would go back and outbid Guydermann. Was Maclure likely to prefer his pledged credit to a higher price? And Naura should have passage in his schooner to any port she pleased. She might return to her mother's people.

At the thought he faced about and recommenced the climb, using the ropes of liana for clambering short cuts across the winding way.

Just as the house appeared before him the hazard of his action leapt out at him like a tongue of flame. If his offer should arouse Maclure's suspicions, or put his sleuthhound muzzle on the scent of pearls, the schooner rocking in the bay below would never leave Falea.

Still, there was the man before him: he must go on. He reached the verandah and glanced past Maclure into the dusky room for a gleam of his daughter's dress; but Naura was gone.

"I'm back to make you an offer," he said forthwith to the trader. "You say the German down there"—he nodded at the beach—"knows the worth of what's good. Suppose I know it better!"

"Suppose yo' do?" said the other, eyeing him.

"Well, I'll go it. You've sold your daughter to that dog, more shame to you! I'll give you what he's offered, and half of it again."

"In shell?" sneered the Scotsman.

"In pearl," replied Severn steadily.

"Yo've come pretty speedy by a fortune, haven't yo', young man? I didn't hear nothing about stones when yo' was up here last."

"Every one doesn't wear his purse in his mouth," returned the sailor. "Say this infernal deal is off, and the girl free to go where she likes, and you may see them when it suits you."

"Yo' weren't thinking what she'd fetch in 'Frisco, by chance?" snarled the other.

"I was thinking a Britisher don't like to see his own blood sold to foreign scoundrels, even in these parts, Mr. Maclure," cried Severn hotly.

"Yo' needn't bawl; she's not there to hear yo'," said the other derisively.

But she was, though with the light partition of the room between them. Leaning against the wall, as though to draw through it the sound of his words, her palms spread out on the red timbers, the little head thrown back, intent, the splendid curve of her breasts rising and falling with deep-drawn excitement.

"I'm not speaking to her, but to you, sir!" replied the sailor. "I've made my offer, and I stand to it; if she don't like it, there's no more to be said."

"No, there ain't, young man," said Maclure, slowly and malignantly; "and if yo' try to say it again anywhere about my dung-heap yo'll get yor answer inside of yo'. Hear!"

He turned on his heel as he said it, and went into the house; and Severn, seeing everything at an end, took the hill path, feeling none too safe, till he reached the thicker shelter of the scrub, from a bullet somewhere in his back.

His reflections, threading the intricate wood, were not reassuring.

Certainly Maclure might have been disinclined to anger a man who could do him daily mischief, and from whom he might draw, in the course of trade, profits even more considerable than the price of his daughter. It was possible, too, that he found an infamous humour in polluting the girl's purity,—which might often have reproached him,—with the profligate caresses of the man upon the beach. But it seemed to Severn most likely that he was determined to wring from that source what gold he could, and to become possessed as well, by some foul experiment, of whatever fortune the schooner might conceal. So, being back at nightfall on his boat, and having no white hand on board to help him, he sent the crew below, and, filling a couple of Winchesters and his revolver, hung a crease at his belt and took his post on deck to see the night through.

It was a half-hour after the last light was out in Falea, and some while yet before the dawn, when Severn heard the faint rhythmic splash of what he took to be a paddle, in shore, on his lee. It was so much the merest flicker of sound that, but for its regularity, he had paid it no attention: just the "schloop" of a dipped blade, and then the "threep" of its dripping surface. It must be far away to sound so thin; nor could Severn, leaning over the counter, note any moving darkness in that crystal gulf of stars.

Instead, the blue vault above him and the blue depth beneath, flickering with gold and divided only by a black thread of beach, so oppressed his senses with infinity that he seemed to swing in heaven with all the abyss of space about him; and he withdrew his head for an instant, and closed his eyes.

With sight suspended, his ears achieved a finer discrimination. They decided against a paddle; the entry was too dull, the drip of water too tinkling: the source of sound must be thicker, and swung high.

Then, suddenly, after long staring into the night, Severn laid down his rifle gently on the deck, and smiled; loosed the crease in his belt, and leant farther over the counter. It was a swimmer that approached him.

His first misgiving sought the shape of this attack. Did Maclure think to catch him napping the easier thus than with a canoe? and was this fellow coming to cut the boat's cable or his throat? His second thought was sheer wonder that any man for any price should be found to face the lurking death in that mile of water.

The swimmer's strokes grew somewhat slower and more cautious. Severn could see the dark bead, where the head pushed upon the water, with a streak of quivering phosphorescence to right and left. A little nearer, and the swing aloft of the arm made a smoky whiteness above the swimmer, and the drops flung off it fell here and there upon the water like luminous pearls. It was difficult to judge in the darkness, but the swimmer's style seemed to Severn not native to the place; the body was not lifted, the lower arm lay always out of sight. Then, suddenly, the strokes ceased. No doubt the on-comer was trying to pick out the boat's whereabouts by the black spaces of her masts against the sky. Severn shrank even closer to

the gunwale, gripped the heavy crease, and measured with his eye the depth the blade would swing. He meant to strike between the collar bone and the neck.

He had lost sight of the floating head, but the smoky nimbus clung round it again when it moved. It was coming towards him.

He could see the arm now; strangely white for an islander's, but that might be from the nebulous spray. Again the strokes ceased, and the swimmer, close under the quarter, turned and flung back a dripping head.

The pale light on the water touched the face and went, leaving darkness and the stars; but the knife had slipped from Severn's hand, his head stretched out over the stern with a hoarse whisper, as though the world could hear.

"Naura!"

"Aue!" came the answer, with a frightened sigh: "is it you?"

The next instant she was under him; and, leaning over the counter, he slipped his arms beneath hers to lift her out of the sea. But the strain was beyond his strength, and for the moment, faint with exertion and excitement, she hung there, breathing hard, her face fallen against his.

Then she got her hands upon the low gunwale, and he drew her on to the deck.

"Child, child!" he whispered brokenly, with the deadly risk of the thing damp upon him, "how dare you do it!"

Crouching on the deck beside him, her head bent, she reached out her two hands and took his.

"You came back to my father," she said shyly.

"You heard, Naura?"

"Aye! you came back for me."

"To save you from that devil," he whispered.

"Only that?" she sighed.

To swim across the lagoon she had slipped off the skirt of fine tapa and light blouse which she wore in a graceful compromise of fashions oversea, retaining only the long sleeveless smock of China silk which hung over them, and which reached from a low square-cut neck, brodered with beetle-wing, to below the knee. It clung now to her dripping figure like a film, and the glistening wing-sheaths upon it glittered greenly in the starlight as her breasts rose and fell.

Her hair still held the scarlet mallows she had placed there to please him, and their dull sweet odour came, like the spicy trail of an island blown across the sea, mingled with the scent of wet silk and the salt fragrance of her skin.

"Only that?" she said again.

She shivered as she spoke; and, stripping off his coat, he wrapped it round her shoulders, and tied his scarf about her throat.

"Little one," he said, slipping an arm behind her, "I came back to take you anywhere you might choose. You've only to choose."

"Anywhere?" she whispered wistfully.

"Anywhere," he replied.

Her head bent towards him, his hand tightened about the round smooth muscles of her arm.

"Everywhere?" she breathed.

He drew her closer, and wrote his answer upon her cheek; and she, who had only made love's acquaintance that afternoon, took the touch of his lips as trustfully as an oath.

So they sat, he with eye and ear alert, for all his guarding arm and his kisses on her face; she with nestling fingers, her wet skin pressed to his in an ecstasy of abdication, and as oblivious to danger as the dead,

Severn questioned as to her father, the discovery of her flight, the probable steps for her re-capture ; but he might as well have asked the air.

Then he took her down into his cabin, producing with apologies the few rolls of silks and stamped muslins which were left him of his trade.

She laughed, and pushed him through the door ; and in half an hour was with him again upon the deck, with a wonderfully wound bodice of flame-coloured China silk under one of his own duck jackets, and a skirt of looped muslin over the mats of white parrot feathers she had stripped from the bed. Her feet were bare, but then her feet were lovely, and used to being seen. He let her stay with him till he roused the crew, and then sent her below, pledging her to stay there till they were in the open sea.

The wind had died before midnight, but it was breathing now, and might freshen before the dawn. On the chance of its holding hung, as Severn knew, the lives of all on board.

The watch stumbled sleepily on deck, and he hailed them aft and gave them his orders.

"We've to get out of this an hour hence," he concluded, "or we'll rot here till the last trump : so look slippery."

The dawn was pink now above the land, and the light of it pinched the eastern stars into points of silver. The mirror of the lagoon had lost them ere the first cat's-paw put a smear of rose over the blue, and above its purpled roughness the trees grew green again upon the hill.

The grey pigeon's call came hoarse across the water, and a flight of frigate birds rose screaming near the shore and fled on their thin wings sea-ward over the reef.

The schooner's mainsail and jib were set, the latter fluttering in the light draught of air.

"Heave short !" cried Severn, and the cable began to come aboard. Then, as the anchor was hove, the sky filled suddenly with the beating brilliance of the sun.

The schooner's head was paid off, the staysail run up, the foresail set, and she stood slowly out into the lagoon with a clapping ripple at the bow. As she luffed to lay her course the wind fell, and for an anxious hour her sails flapped idly above their white reflections, while the world woke up on the land around her.

Figures began to show in the darkness of the house doors, and long black shadows leapt to their feet as they stepped out into the sun. Very leisurely they moved about, those morning people ; and if any cast an eye at the schooner, it showed no keener interest than curiosity.

So for an hour ; but presently, at a point beneath the hill, man met man till there was a dark knot of them. Then, as with a puff, the little figures parted ; running hither and thither.

Severn, his back against the wheel, turned a grim glance to his armoury, and found Naura at his side. Her eyes met his frown of reproach.

"I couldn't," she pleaded.

His eyes went back to the beach. "He knows !"

Naura nodded.

"Will you go back ?" he questioned.

Her head shook vigorously. "Die here !" she said.

A canoe was filling on the beach. A mile away, on that clear morning, one could hear the ring of gun-barrels handed aboard. As it pushed off, the surface of the lagoon was scratched with the wind ; the schooner lurched indolently to port, and nodded forward a pace or two through the water.

For another instant she hung ; but the purple deepened upon the bay, and

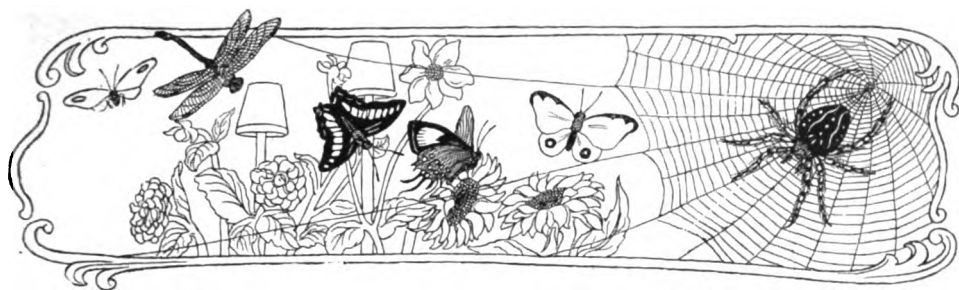


"With a dancing feather of spray at her forefoot."

with a dip of her peaks, like a dallying woman, and a dancing feather of spray at her forefoot, she stood on towards the pass ; the canoe, hard driven, frothing vainly after her.

With one last coquettish impulse, as she gybed to clear the reef, she stood erect to shake her shivering canvas, like a laugh at her pursuer ; but then the white sails filled, the water shrilled about her bows, and, flying down the silver way, she broke like an escaping bird through its thunderous bolts of foam, plumed with spray, into the open splendour of the sea.

FRANCIS PREVOST.



A SECRET.

MONOLOGUE.

FACIALLY ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHAL P. WILDER.



"I'm going to tell you a secret."

I'M going to tell you a secret—a great secret. You'll not say a word? —Promise! I know I can trust you. Well, my engagement is broken off, and I'm free again.

Of course most of you were surprised when I did get engaged to Lydia Franklin - Smythe. But that's nothing! I've never heard of an engagement yet but the men said they couldn't see what *she* saw in *him*, and the women



"Promise! I know I can trust you."

said they couldn't see what *he* saw in *her*. I really don't know myself why I got engaged to Lydia, except, perhaps, that she was different to the girls I knew: been brought up differently. You know, . . . the Franklin-Smythes live in a little kingdom of their own in the country for ten months out of the year, and keep themselves to themselves down there; then they come

up to London for a couple of months in the season, and do a Drawing-room and a few things, but keep themselves as much to themselves in town as in the country. And so Lydia was different to the girls I knew: and she was fresh and innocent, and half my age, and an only child, and she had a very pretty little drooping mouth—oh! yes, she had a very pretty mouth, say what



"I'm free again."



"You were surprised when I did get engaged."

you like. In fact, I think it was the drooping mouth that did it. All I know is, I was introduced at a charity bazaar; she was assisting at a stall. I there and then bought up everything she had left, and made myself very agreeable to



"Mr. Franklin-Smythe was sitting in one armchair, like this."

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin-Smythe—so much so that I caught on there. I was rather proud of myself, they were so very exclusive. For a fortnight I went everywhere with them—at least what they call everywhere. I've never known slower-going people than the Franklin-Smythes. At the end of the fortnight, one night after an oratorio—I used to go to oratorios with Lydia—one night after an oratorio, she was looking very sweet . . . or perhaps it was because of the drooping mouth, I don't know—however, I proposed. Mr. and Mrs. Franklin-Smythe were enchanted: they really liked me; and Lydia!—Lydia was in the seventh heaven of delight.

Then there came a rush and whirl of excitement. The wedding was to take place at Baddiscombe Park as soon as the season was over, so we had to choose a house at once. We went house-hunting, with Mrs. Franklin-Smythe for a pioneer. The outlandish places she took us to! It seemed to me she always spotted the far end of Chelsea, or the far end of Hampstead, or the far end of somewhere; she said it would be more like the country for dear Lydia. I demurred at first—I've had rooms in Bruton Street for nearly twelve years now—but I didn't like to be disagreeable, so gave in. And it was pleasant enough driving about, and I was a great deal with Lydia; true, the drooping mouth hadn't much to say for itself, but she told me all about her life at Baddiscombe, and all about her little affair with the curate, and so on. We almost decided on a house; so then there was the furnishing to set about. The shops and shops we went into! and the worst of it was, my taste was not the same as the Franklin-Smythes'; but I didn't like to be disagreeable, so always gave in. And I was most attentive: had to be. If I didn't turn up in the mornings they wanted to know where I had been; same in the afternoons. Of course I went to them every evening; well, very nearly—and if I didn't! lor', oh! lor', the catechism I was put through! But I carried everything off very well, and the time slipped by; and the Franklin-Smythes were perfectly contented with their future son-in-law till yesterday, when I must say I had a nice time of it.

I went there in the afternoon as usual. I immediately ran upstairs to the boudoir, where I knew I should find Lydia waiting for me alone, as usual. You must know, Lydia and I were always allowed five minutes together when I arrived and five minutes before I left.

And there she was; but she wasn't alone: her father was there and her mother was there. Mr. Franklin-Smythe was sitting in one armchair (*crossing his arms*) like this, Mrs. Franklin-Smythe was sitting in another armchair (*dropping his arms and locking his fingers*) like this; and Lydia was on the sofa sobbing. "Hulloa!"



"Mrs. Franklin-Smythe was sitting in another armchair, like this."

I thought; and I said, "No bad news, I hope, sir?" Mr. Franklin-Smythe pressed his spectacles on to his eyeballs with his second finger and thumb—I can't say why elderly, independent country gentlemen who do nothing, not even shoot, always



"Does it concern me?"

wear heavy gold-rimmed spectacles and press them, but they do—and he said, "I don't know so much about that." He held out a letter to me—four pages, closely written. "Do you know the writing?" he asked. I shook my head. "Don't suppose you do," he went on: "people don't generally write anonymous letters in a writing that can be recognised."

"Ah! it's an anonymous letter?" "It is," said he: "read it." "Does it con-



"I suppose you won't attach any importance to such a communication?"

cern me?" "Very much so." So I read it. I've read a good bit! But what that letter raked up about me!

Things that you and I wouldn't think very terrible—things, I declare, I had almost forgotten; but yet . . . Did they know I had been engaged five times?—Suppose I had! Did they know this, did they know that, did they know the other? Did they know I dropped four hundred pounds at the last Kempton meeting?—Suppose I did! Did they know all about that diamond bracelet?—and the history was given. You know all about that diamond bracelet I gave to—to—somebody in Paris last year, and nearly got myself into a duel over it. I read the thing through and returned it. "I suppose," I said, "you won't attach any importance to such a communication?" "Do you deny it?" Between ourselves, it would have been useless my denying anything, as he could have found out it was all true from the first person he met



"I should never take the trouble to deny anything."

who knew me. So I drew myself up and said, "I never should take the trouble to deny anything an anonymous letter said about me." "Oh!" said Franklin-Smythe, shunting his spectacles on to his eyeballs again. "Oh!" groaned Mrs. Franklin-Smythe. "Oh!" sobbed Lydia on the sofa. "But I'll tell you one thing," I continued: "if ever I catch the writer of that letter, if



"If ever I catch the writer of that letter."

it's a man I'll horsewhip him, and if it's a woman she shall be scouted from society. There's no meaner creature than the writer of an anonymous letter, except the person who believes in it." "I don't care: you may think me as mean as you like," said Franklin-Smythe; "but I'll tell *you* one thing—you sha'n't have my child." "Oh!"



"No! I'm not an angel."

took up my hat. "Good afternoon, Mr. Franklin-Smythe" (*bows*), "good afternoon, Mrs. Franklin-Smythe" (*bows*), "good afternoon, Miss Franklin-Smythe" (*bows*). And



"I'll get engaged as many times as I like."

money as I like, and I'll flirt as much as I like, and I'll get engaged as many times as I like." And when



"I wrote that letter myself."

I said; then I looked at Mrs. Franklin-Smythe. She clasped her hands tighter than ever. "Dear, oh dear!" she gasped, "I had no idea people could be so wicked." "Oh!" I said; then I looked at Lydia. She was still sobbing on the sofa; I might have known the drooping mouth meant many tears and often. She sat up at last; her hands were clasped something like her mother's, but she wrung them a bit. "Oh, Fred, Fred!" she said, "I thought you were an angel." I'd had about enough of it, so I said, "No, I'm not an angel—I'm a man." Then I



"I can't say I was sorry."

jumped into a hansom, and as I was being driven to Bruton Street I thought things over, and I can't say I was sorry. I was sorry at first for Lydia, but she'll be all right: she'll go back to Baddiscombe Park and marry the curate—she was made for a curate—and she'll be much happier with him than she would have been with me. And as for myself! why, in a few years the drooping mouth would have made two lines; and—and—"Bruton Street for ever!" I thought; "and

I'll go where I like in the mornings and the afternoons and the evenings, and I'll spend as much money as I like, and I'll flirt as much as I like, and I'll get engaged as many times as I like." And when I got to Bruton Street I packed up her letters and her photographs and her presents and sent them to her; and this morning I received my letters and my photographs and my presents. And so I'm a free man again (*half bowing*).



"Wait! that's not my secret."

Wait, wait, wait! that's not my secret, that's public property by now. My secret is—I know you won't tell anybody; promise!—my secret is that I wanted to get out of it, but I didn't like to be disagreeable, so I wrote that anonymous letter myself.

PIERRE HART.



I.

BURNELL watched his host with narrowing eyes. He marked with disdain the flushed features that still bore some traces of refinement, and the clumsy fingers that trifled with an oft-replenished wine-glass. The incoherent post-prandial stories bored him terribly, and he wondered that he had felt able to prolong his visit for one day beyond those appointed for the regulation of the papers pertaining to the lawsuit in which his host was interested.

He had entered upon it cheerfully, determined to surprise the old, astute firm of lawyers which employed him, with his capacity for construction and research; but he had not reckoned on a growth of personal feeling against this client, whose dissolute personality and shifty arguments sapped all inclination for the task.

Lawyers learn to look upon tragedies with the cold, calculating eyes of doctors. Burnell was young enough to take the first with which he had been brought into close contact, deeply to heart. For once he cavilled at the keenness of observation that had been part of his careful self-training, and now tore aside the curtain of conventionalities from the inner agony of his hostess's life. He saw things, heard things, to which a less discriminating person had been deaf and blind, and suffered with an ever-widening sympathy for the woman who went steadily through her duties, with a strange self-control in place of the yielding sweetness he had once held the highest attribute of womanhood. A mingling of wonder and admiration for her calm dignity under the daily torture of a brutally inconsiderate companionship, deepened into the subtle tenderness whose danger Burnell knew, and warned himself against, till the bolder feelings of anger and loathing of the man who wrought her misery, stirred it to the strength and championship of love. Then he feared the consequences of its betrayal, both for himself and her, seeing only one end to the miserable situation, and wondering she had not already sought it.

As he mused on the help he could offer, he suddenly grew ashamed of accepting this hospitality. The droning voice had ceased; he looked up. His host sat huddled up in the chair, fast asleep, his head lolling on his chest, his mouth open. Burnell rose, casting on him a look of contempt, then strode softly from the room.

In the drawing-room the lamps had just been lighted, the piano sounded softly. He listened at the half-opened door. The music went on dreamily, grew fainter and fainter, then ceased with a sudden discord. He entered noiselessly.

At the far end of the room, beyond the palms, the tall lamps, and maze of multi-coloured, fantastic furniture, sat the lonely musician, her face buried in her hands, her elbows still marking the jarring medley of sounds that had startled him. In after years, Burnell often pictured her in this attitude, with the peculiar pink-shaded light on her auburn head and fair neck, veiled in the transparent black gauze that draped her slim figure and fell back in graceful, pendent sleeves from her round white arms. His keen eye caught a cruel mark on one of them—a blue outline melting into a yellowish-brown stain that crept upward beneath the dainty, disarranged covering. The sight of it made Burnell choke with anger and a great wave of emotion that drowned all floating resolutions of silence and restraint.

She started at his touch, turning a frightened, tear-stained face; then, with an effort, rose and went to the window. Burnell followed her without a word.

"I know you will forgive me for being so dull," she said, presently, trying to speak with her usual composure; "but sometimes I hate the country, and feel morbid and despondent—about nothing, you know. I have really no reason to worry," she added, hastily. For a moment their eyes met. Then Burnell took the passive little hand, and turned back the long sleeve.

"Good God!" he breathed.

In that brief, electric space, a secret was revealed that shook her to the soul. She knew a glorious awakening, that filled her with breathless joy and gratitude for the banishing of a hideous dream, that grew again, indistinctly at first, then shaping itself relentlessly, till, with a shudder, she grasped its reality. And with it came the sense of bondage, the strain of steeling her heart against all it craved for and was denied, the need of anger and reproach.

But she stood there, dazed—no word would come to conceal the terrible yearning to resign all to the sweetness of the new and wonderful revelation that shone through the tears she turned aside to hide. Burnell, looking on her with the strange tenderness in his eyes that she dreaded, felt the inadequateness of words to express the emotions that battled in his breast on her behalf. It was long before he spoke.

"Let me take care of you," he said hoarsely, at last.

No fervent protestation, no lover's eloquence, could have touched her more than the simple words. They expressed all the emptiness of her existence, her woman's need of protection and reliance; and it wanted more than mortal strength to thrust back the arm that would shelter, to turn from lips that uttered solace, and eyes that looked love, to the blackness of past and future. She fought the rebellious desire for a few breathless seconds, then buried her face in her hands, with a low and bitter cry:

"Don't tempt me!—don't tempt me!"

To Burnell the pathetic appeal sounded assent. He came nearer—very near—an odd, indefinable diffidence restraining the impulse to clasp her in his arms. And in that moment of hesitation her victory was won.

In a flash of foresight she saw that the word that would bring him to her feet, blotting out these years of misery, must not be spoken. To her—ah! what did it not mean to her! for she dared not question further the feeling, not all self-pity, that drew her to him; but to *him* (and what made him dearer, more desirable) it meant the blasting of a proud career, perhaps the turning of hopes and fortune.

And there was one nearer still—her child. Better this gnawing anguish than a reproach from the dear lips grown chill and wise. The thought gave her strength to face the hardest moment of a hard fate.

She turned from Burnell, pacing the room quickly for a few minutes, then beckoned him to a seat beside her own, away from the tell-tale glare of the lamps. Gently she laid her hand on his :

"I am thirty-three, my friend, and you are twenty-five," she said, softly : "supposing I took you at your word, and saddled you with the rest of my existence, my mournful experiences, and my future shadows, how would your still youthful eyes view my melancholy middle-age, say, in another ten years? No, no—I must not heed your protests : let us think it all out. There might be reproaches more bitter to bear than my present sorrow," she went on, dreamily : "not words, perhaps—I know you too well for that—but silence, absence, and—I should break my heart. And yet I should not be able to blame you : you would be paying for one act of compassion with all your life—perhaps with most of the glory of that career you have planned so well ; and I shall have lost trebly—you, and my fair name, and my child—my own little son——" Her voice failed suddenly.

Burnell battled against the insidious truth of her reasoning.

"You are wrong," he said, hotly ; "and you do not know me if you think a question of age could come between us. I—I love you better than my life, and I swear you shall never regret any sacrifice you make for me ; I could never cease to love you."

She took his hand and held it in both her own, conscious of a selfish eagerness to tell him that any sacrifice seemed easy and desirable for the sake of those years of perfect fulfilment. But she only shook her head.

"No, you only think of me and the present, but I cannot help dwelling on you and the future—perhaps I should be happier if I didn't, but that is the folly of being wise. I have suffered—and, if God will sustain me, I will go on suffering,



and be strong. And this is the only answer I can give you, besides my thanks—that you will not have.”

Burnell had risen abruptly, withdrawing his hand.

“But you don’t consider me at all,” he burst forth, desperately, his face white with anger and excitement: “you speak as if I were the most despicable brute alive, or a fool who did not know his own mind. I tell you I love you more every day, and could make you happy; and I’m not going to leave you to be bullied and knocked about by a——”

“Hush! if you really care for me; nothing can alter what I have said.”

Her voice was stern—she had struggled to make it so, not daring to let him see her weakness. But he went on wildly, in the frenzied desire to make her yield.

“It is only the child—surely *he* may not doom us both to lifelong misery—and his father will soon drink himself into his grave, and then he will be able to decide for himself whether I did right in rescuing you from all this. We should be so happy. Oh, Mildred, you must see that I am right!”

As he faced her his eyes were full of tears, and there was a boyish tremor in his voice. It touched in her a strange sense of motherhood that thrilled above the hot, romantic words.

She answered him sadly, but firmly:

“No, I should only drag you down. And it will be my greatest joy to follow your ambitions. I shall often be with you in spirit, my dear, dear friend!”

She laid her hand on his shoulder. Burnell looked down on the pale and quivering face, and a cry of pain broke from him.

“You are ill and suffering, and *you are wrong*,” he said again, passionately; “but, if you won’t trust me, God knows how I am to convince you!”

“Because I trust you so perfectly, I am going to let you leave me and neither see nor write to me. I don’t know how long it may be, but if there should come a time when both are free,”—she drew a long breath, then added, softly,—“*I* shall not have changed.”

He took the beautiful face between his hands, and, raising it, looked long and tenderly into the mournful eyes, but there was no wavering in their steady gaze, despite the pathetic downward curve of the lips.

“Oh, Mildred, my first and last Love,—it may be so long—it may be for ever!”

“Mine will be the hardest waiting,” she whispered, as he took her in his arms. And as she yielded to the sudden joy of this first embrace, comforting conscience with the nearness of farewell, he grew braver for her weakness, thoughtful for her, proud of her wisdom, and able to realise the need of self-denial.

“The hope of the future must sustain us while we are apart,” he said, huskily, at last; “but promise you will send to me at once—you will not let one day of suspense pass——”

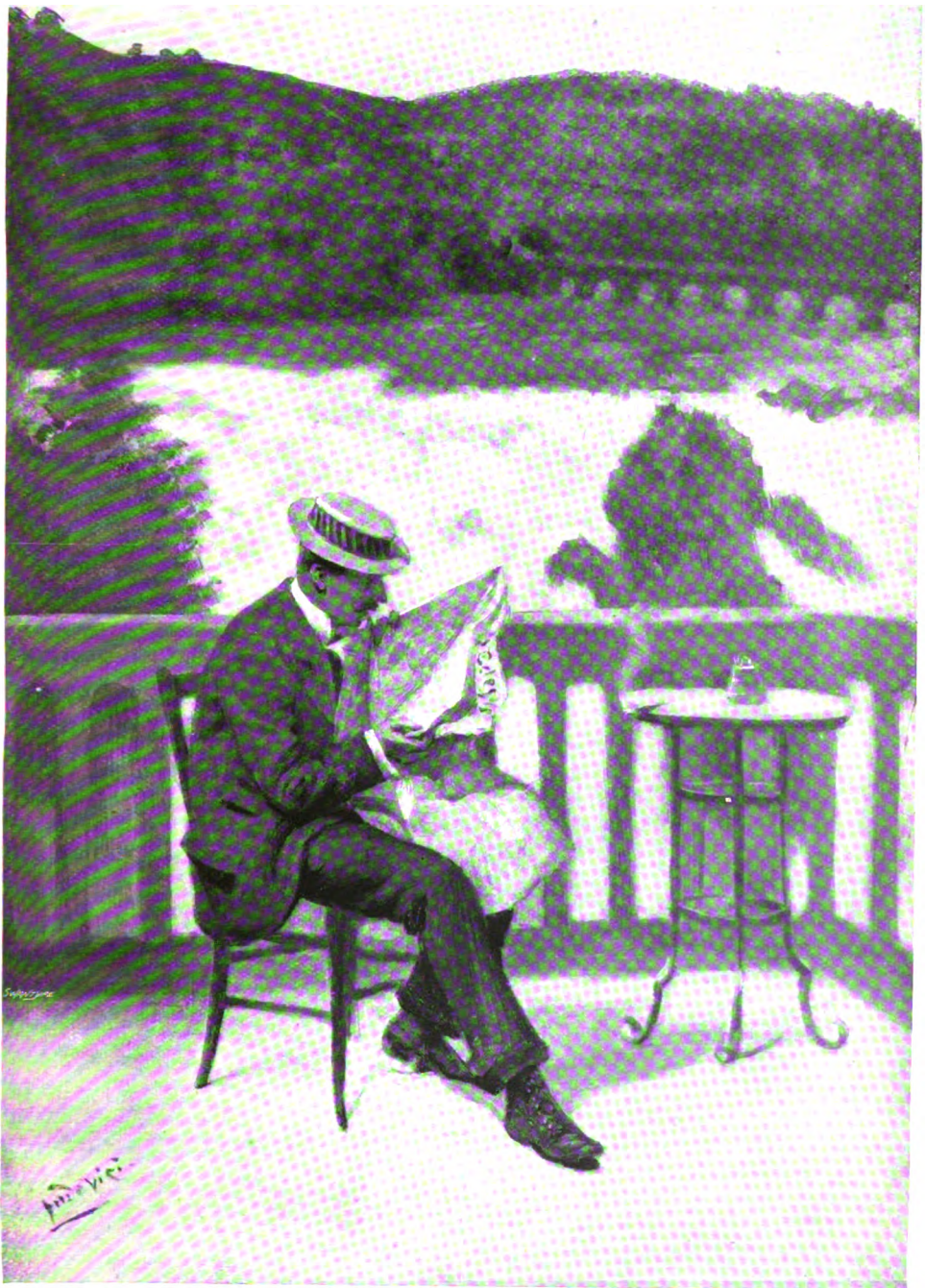
A clumsy footstep sounded on the stairs. Her swimming eyes met Burnell’s with a wild glance of terror and appeal as she struggled from his embrace.

“Your word—Mildred,” he urged, still clasping her straining hands.

“I promise: please—please let me go!”

The heavy footsteps ceased; uncertain fingers groped at the door-handle.

For a maddening second Burnell’s eager lips met hers—twice—thrice—in burning record of the vow; then, as the crash of an overturned chair proclaimed the awkward progress of his host, he realised that Mildred had fled, and that he stood where she had left him, with outstretched hands, and trembling from head to foot.



II.

BURNELL sat on the terrace of the hotel at Schaffhausen, staring blindly at a two-days-old English newspaper. The incessant clamour of snowy waters, swirling and tossing in eternal conflict with the rocks, rang less loudly and persistently in his brain than the announcement he had just read.

So Mildred's husband had dragged out another eight years of useless, drink-sodden existence, after all ! Burnell had made so much of those years. He had worked on steadily to the attainment of each ambition, acquiring and imparting experience,—severely just, discreetly generous, and latterly leading a quiet, luxurious life. He had duly kept the promise of silence, and at first it had been difficult. He was loth to own that it had not troubled him for some time past.

Had Mildred redeemed her promise ? Probably a letter awaited him at his club. What would she think of him ? What was to be done ? He must leave at once, of course.

And the picnic must be abandoned. Burnell smiled grimly as the newspaper rustled to the ground ; it was so strange that the picnic should rise paramount in his mind at such a crisis. Merrithorne would be annoyed, offended perhaps,—the whole trip was Burnell's suggestion. And Miss Merrithorne would be surprised ; it was possible, though she would wear a little air of polite regret that simulated indifference, that she would be sorry too. His pulses quickened pleasantly at the thought, but it was one not to be trifled with. His duty lay clearly before him, and he did not intend to shirk it. But, as he took leave of the ever new and fascinating scene, he mused on Merrithorne's lazy conviction that pleasure ceased to be pleasure when it became duty.

* * * * *

The anticipation of future happiness that had tided Mildred through the eight years' agony with something like resignation had grown and strengthened as all hopes of reclaiming her husband faded. The thought of legal separation had tempted her, but duty triumphed. With a terrible effort she had managed to enforce some order in the miserable household, to watch over her child's interests, and avoid an open scandal. She had so dwelt on the future shared by Burnell that, looking back, the time seemed to have passed quickly. The silence she had imposed weighed heavily in the darkest hours of her sorrow, but she had furtively gained news of him from time to time, and felt satisfied of his fidelity. Now the burden was lifted ; the blotted, tear-stained pages of the past were to be sealed and hidden away, and the fair leaves of a new and wondrous book of life unfolded ; she was conscious of a golden resurrection of youth, an impatient longing to satisfy the capacity for careless, enthusiastic enjoyment that had been denied her.

The day after the funeral Mildred walked the garden, that was still gay, though with autumnal tints. One slim hand rested on her boy's shoulder, but she answered his ceaseless questions mechanically, pondering the message of recall. The glorious moment found her girlishly diffident, hesitating over a choice of words fitting to express welcome, desire and exultation, beyond the brief intimation she had promised. The yearning to see Burnell again became irresistible : it was wrong to dwell on it so soon—so soon after . . . But why deceive herself ? the thought had been with her for years, and now there was no need to fight against it. They passed the long windows that opened on to the lawn. Mildred looked dreamily in. The parting scene rose vividly before her ; she felt burning kisses on her lips, the pressure of a strong arm, the exquisite agony of farewell. Her brain whirled ; she grew giddy with the strength of pent passion that rushed forth, suffusing her pale



cheeks with colour. She paused, hiding her face in her hands for a moment, then passed swiftly indoors.

* * * * *

Some days later Mildred looked from her window on a grey landscape. The atmosphere was tense—she could hardly breathe. Though the sky was sullen, and recent gales had littered the garden with dead leaves, she threw a shawl round her shoulders and went out.

A horrible depression had succeeded her happier mood; she moved in a restless dream, calculating Burnell's absence by hours, wondering if her strained nerves could sustain the shock of sudden disappointment. He had not come—he had not even answered her brief message; tortured by terrible doubts, she was glad she had not yielded to the joy of expression. But letters miscarried sometimes, and the newspaper announcements were still recent; sick at heart, weary, and despondent, she hoped on through the inexplicable silence.

And as she walked a monotonous round amid stripped bushes and straggling dahlia beds, bright with crimson, irregular blotches of colour, shadows gathered gloomily in her soul. There was the inevitable parting with her son, whose training had cost her many anxious hours till she should be able to spare him,—though, even now, it was only the knowledge that he had grown listless over his studies, and needed firmer discipline, that nerved her to the wrench; there were financial matters to be sifted and straightened, and she would be continually reminded of the deceptions she had practised on the stupefied, incapable man, who had latterly left to her the management of affairs—excusable falsehoods she had told to save debt and disgrace.

She paused in her walk, pressing her hand to her forehead and closing her tired eyes. Her head ached, her heart ached, as she recalled it all.

Thus passed the moment she had awaited with such feverish longing. . . . The sodden leaves had deadened Burnell's footsteps, and now he entered softly and shut the gate, looking on her with a long and curious glance.

Was it that he saw her with different eyes? Was it that some bright vision of girlhood haunted him, blurring the slim lines of Mildred's figure into angular elderliness? or were the black dress and strange attitude unbecoming?

Her hand dropped gently to her side. She shivered a little, drawing her wrap closer, and turned to walk on; then, looking up, stopped with a glad little cry, and held out both hands. The shawl fell to her feet. The light, lingering mercilessly on her upturned face, radiant with welcome, dwelt on fading complexion, hardening features, and the new, innumerable little lines about the eyes and mouth that marked the insidious touches of time, only revealed to one long after they have become perceptible to others. Burnell thought her terribly changed; and, even in the delirious moment of reunion, she was dimly aware of the impression—he had hesitated just a second too long—there had been something wanting in his hand-clasp. But he *must* love her, else he had stayed away. As the thought flashed through her mind, he released her hand, speaking rapidly:

"You must have thought me very neglectful, but I could not possibly come before. I was away when your letter came, and only received it this morning," he explained; "I had told them not to forward any letters, as my movements were uncertain."

Mildred listened silently. Why did the apology sound so hard? Though the words certainly implied his anxiety to reach her, she missed the true ring in them, and they were not those she had been longing to hear. What need of trivial explanations, since he was here at last?

"I had an awful bother with the trains, and a miserable journey," he went on, vaguely,—“nearly lost the boat at last, through some confusion with the luggage.”

"Yes?"

Mildred lifted sad eyes,—all the joyous light had died out of them. Burnell wondered if she had been so very glad to see him. Her message had been curt: perhaps it was only because she had promised, after all. The thought gave him such ease that he indulged it.

Mildred's manner did not undeceive him. While they walked the littered paths, side by side, as she had so often pictured, she woke from her dreaming. He spoke of his profession; of club, clients, and speculations, of men, women, and topics of the day—interests that had been barred to her, the mere discussion of which made her feel painfully ignorant; and lastly, of his visit to Switzerland, with a casual reference to Merrithorne and his sister.

"She's a very charming girl. I think you know them too?"

She bent her head in assent. Surely there had been wonderful auburn tints in her hair that he had admired! How had it faded to such a dull, uniform, brown shade?

"They are going through the Black Forest," he went on, "and thence to Baden, Heidelberg, and all over Germany."

"I suppose you will join them later?" Mildred asked, steadying her voice with an effort.

He answered evasively.

"I made no promises."

The ghost of a smile flitted over Mildred's pale lips. "Because they are so difficult to keep?"

"Was yours?" he returned, hastily.

Mildred stood still, facing him. She felt that the suspense must be ended at any cost. If only she could speak without breaking down—if only that dull, heavy heartache would go!

"I promised to tell you of my—my bereavement," she began, "and that promise has been literally carried out." Her lip trembled a little, then she went on, slowly: "I am afraid the spirit of our foolish vow must be ignored. We have both grown wiser and more worldly in this long interval." She paused. Would he believe this lie? Was it possible he could be blind to the intolerable suffering in her face, deaf to the anguish in her voice? Or would he take her in his arms and lay her tired head on his breast, crying he could not let her go? But, in the throbbing silence, no strong hand sought hers, no warm lips touched her cheek.

"I know you will forgive me," she added, faintly, at last.

Burnell wondered at the cold words, hardly knowing whether to believe them. But he breathed more easily. After all, it was quite possible. She was still wealthy, and she had her son, and she must be at least forty. . . .

"I don't know that I ought," he answered. "You know *why* I came."

"You came because I sent for you," said Mildred, steadily, "and you have found me changed—that is all."

Burnell glanced up swiftly, but her face was inscrutable.

"You might have told me," he began awkwardly, then stopped.

"I did not know before," she returned, quietly. "I could not tell till I saw you. I am so sorry to have caused all this trouble, and you will best prove your patience and forgiveness by completing your interrupted holiday."

"Mildred, these are hard words. Don't you really care for me any more? Have you left me out of the life you have mapped out for yourself?"



Oh for one tone of tenderness in that altered voice—one little break to prove its sincerity! Her hands clasped convulsively, her answer came like a cry of pain:

"Yes—yes—we were wrong."

Burnell's brain echoed the thought in confused sounds that throbbed and dinned in his ears. If only that piteous look had not come into her eyes! But the banishing of it meant a lifelong effort. He did not feel equal to a pretence of love—an insincerity that would wound her doubly when she came to learn it. She must suspect it even now; she could not expect . . . Here the remembrance of hot vows shamed him. But they had been given to another woman—a woman with wonderful hair, and

a smooth skin, and a figure of rounded slimness and beautiful curves, not to this pale, weary-eyed matron, who conjured in him a passionless pity in place of—what? He suddenly thought of Miss Merrithorne's calm eyes and provoking smile, and the little pressure of her cool hand, that had made his own tingle, when she said: "Not good-bye, but *auf Wiedersehen!*"

And he glanced from the dull sky to the hem of Mildred's black gown, and said, gently:

"Then, if you have no place for me,—I must go; but, remember, I am always your friend."

Mildred's white lips framed an answer, but she could not speak.

He took her passive hand and held it till they reached the gate, then silently raised it to his lips.

Mildred leant her arms on the gate and laid her head on them, watching him out of sight. He looked back once, and smiled; but her face frightened him—it was so ghastly. She stood there till the sound of his swift, steady footsteps died away. . . .

But he did not turn again.

HILDA NEWMAN.



A STUDENT'S DUEL IN GERMANY.

THE facility with which two German students can pick a quarrel is unlimited. There are hundreds of conventional mannerisms, indistinguishable shades of etiquette, to transgress the least of which inevitably involves the offender in a duel. The particular case I am about to describe arose from some spilled beer; and as we walked towards the *Kneipe*, or private drinking quarters, of the Corps Borania ("green caps"), my friend Zimmermann tried to explain to me how his honour would remain tarnished for ever, unless he could cleanse it in Boranian blood.

Duelling is nominally against the law in Germany, but it is only on rare occasions that the police authorities are seized with spasmodic attacks of unnatural activity, and organise weak raids on the suspected localities. The students generally get warning of these contemplated invasions, and, needless to say, are invariably discovered deeply absorbed in chess or dominoes, or peacefully immersed in beer.

It was rumoured that the police had lately displayed dangerous symptoms, and it was therefore with a certain air of secrecy that the melancholy waiter of the Kaiserhof led us through a variety of passages, finally admitting us to the Kneiphalle, where no less than fifteen duels were to be fought off that morning. The room was a large, old German *Stube* of a type now fast becoming extinct. The oaken walls, black with age, were hung with flags and shields, emblazoned with the Boranian arms. One end of the room was covered with portraits of former members of the Corps, ranging back to the old days of silhouette and daguerreotype. The ceiling, also of oak, was low, and three deep-set windows with little diamond panes admitted a very partial light. The air was thick with tobacco-smoke, to which every one contributed in long, steady puffs from pipe and cigar. All the Corps were represented, and the members of each sat together at their respective corps-tables, demonstratively friendly among themselves, but studiously ignoring their neighbours. Their coloured caps formed little bunches of brightness that pleasantly relieved the smoky gloom of the apartment. All present were provided with large *Krugs* or mugs of beer, and

the toast "*Prosit!*" rang out ceaselessly at every table. The centre of the room was kept clear for the combatants. Five duels had already taken place when we entered, and a waiter was scattering sawdust on some slippery patches of blood that stained the floor. Several students freshly cut, their faces almost concealed by temporary bandages, were consoling themselves with beer. One corner of the room was occupied by the surgeon's table, behind which that functionary, supported by his two white-aproned assistants, and surrounded by all the paraphernalia of his calling, was busily engaged in patching up the dilapidated heads of the last combatants. The pungent, sickly smell of iodoform was all-pervading.

While I was taking in these details my friend had vanished into the dressing-room, and at first glance I entirely failed to recognise him in the padded monster that now staggered clumsily into the room, supported on each side by his second and sword-bearer. The thick armour of leather and wadding with which he was bolstered entirely protected his body and limbs. His neck was rigidly encased in a high, thick collar of silk and whipcord; and his eyes were protected by iron goggles as large as small teacups, from which a strap passed round the ears to be buckled at the back of the head. His second was somewhat similarly equipped, and in addition wore a leather cap with a strong iron peak. The other principal presently entered the room, and took up his position at one sword's-length from Zimmermann. He was closely followed by the umpire, or *Unparteiischer*. This personage was a chronic medical student of ten years' standing—a mass of genial rotundity, with a fat, amorphous face in which features seemed a superfluity. He was duly qualified for his responsible position by an unlimited capacity for beer and the glorious fact that he had never passed an examination. Enthroned on an armchair a little in front of the other spectators, he divided his time pretty equally between a huge mug of *Münchener*, and a long pipe of which the painted china bowl rested on the ground. He now proclaimed "*Silentium!*" and proceeded to announce the duel. It was to last for twenty minutes, excluding all pauses; and, as usual, to consist of short bouts or "*Gangs*," with brief intervals of rest between each. The swords—long, nasty-looking blades, sharp as razors and flexible as riding-switches—were carefully wiped with disinfecting lotion and handed to the combatants. The seconds took up their position behind and to the left of their respective men, and gave the word of command in the following traditional form:

"*Auf die Mensur bindet die Klingen!*" (Cross blades for the duel!)

"*Gebunden sind!*" (Crossed they are!)

"*Los!*" (Go!)

The swords clash together in the preliminary stroke. Then ensues a brief hailstorm of blows so rapid that the eye refuses to follow them and retains only a confused impression of flashing steel and flying sparks. The head of each combatant seems to be enveloped in a halo of gleaming points. It is impossible to realise that each of these lightning strokes is deliberately and scientifically aimed, and as deliberately and scientifically parried.

"*Halt!*"

It is the end of the first "*Gang*." The seconds spring forward and strike up the swords. Each combatant lets his arm drop limply into the willing hands of his "*Schleppfuchs*," a freshman who supports the fighting arm during the pauses. There is a buzz of approving criticism among the onlookers, and the doctor momentarily emerges from his foaming *Krug* of Lager to see if his services are required. No, neither man has a single scratch. They are splendidly matched, both brilliant fencers; and the fact that it is a "*Beleidigungssache*," or

case of insult, adds to the general interest in the fight. The seconds step back into position.

"... *Los!*"

Again the bewildering jumble of hissing blades, the quick give-and-take rattle of the opposing swords, the ceaseless flash of sparks. Suddenly there is a sharp click, accompanied by a general ducking of heads, as a broken sword-point whizzes through the air and sticks quivering into the high wainscot. "Halt!" The seconds intervene, and Zimmermann, whose sword is broken, is provided with a new weapon. It is not a rare occurrence for the slender blades to snap, and nasty wounds frequently result. More than one harmless spectator has received an unpleasantly appropriate memento of the *Mensur* in the shape of an ugly scar.

The duel continued. It was deliciously restful to turn the eye from the whirling blades to the figures of the combatants. They stood there firm as rocks and motionless as statues. Only their tireless wrists moved ever to and fro, up and down, each the centre of a cyclone of furious blows; and their eyes gleamed watchfully from the darkness of the big metal goggles.

In the seventh *Gang* there was a momentary gap in the rattle of sound—a gap like the striking of a dumb note on the piano in the midst of a noisy piece—and I saw Zimmermann's cheek laid open, almost from ear to mouth. He never winced, but there was an ominous tightening about his lips that I knew meant mischief to his opponent. The doctor came up and glanced at the wound.

"It is nothing," he said. "The facial artery is untouched. They can fight on."

After the Boranian's tarnished blade had been carefully cleansed, and both swords freshly disinfected, the duel was resumed. Two *Gangs* passed without another wound. The fencing was magnificent. The ring of spectators pressed closer together. Men forgot their beer, and let their cigars expire neglected. Suddenly Zimmermann, with a dexterous turn of his wrist, overtopped his opponent's guard and flipped off a small piece of his scalp. A thin stream of blood oozed from the Boranian's hair and trickled down his forehead. These scalp wounds are said to be the most painful of all, but the Boranian only smiled as he raised his goggles to wipe the blood from his eyes.

Both men grew more reckless now. The fencing was still brilliant, but more brutal and less artistic. Those ghastly dumb notes in the clattering duet of the swords grew more and more frequent. Zimmermann had received nine cuts (*Schmisse*). The blood streamed from his face, hung clotting on the high collar, crimsoned the leather shirt, and dripped continuously on to the floor. The Boranian had lost less blood, but was nevertheless looking very fagged.

There were still seven minutes to fight, when Zimmermann succeeded in getting home a terrible blow on his opponent's left temple, laying bare the glistening bone. The Boranian staggered an instant, and failed to guard a second blow that struck him just below the first. A jet of bright red blood spurted from the wound.

"Halt!" roared the umpire.

Up flew the seconds' swords; and the doctor, dropping his attitude of lazy indifference, stepped briskly forward to examine the wound.

"Hum. Temporal artery cut and slight fracture of skull. No more fighting to-day, gentlemen!"

The Boranian stamped his foot with vexation; then, mastering his disappointment, turned to Zimmermann and held out his hand.

"I congratulate you," he said, bowing courteously. It was a pretty little touch of chivalry, and went far to counterbalance the element of brutality in the affair.

The surgery that followed was much more revolting than the fight itself, lacking

as it did any glamour of excitement. A few drops of cocaine or a slight anæsthetic would have rendered the dressing of the wounds perfectly painless ; but Young Germany scorns such merciful methods. It is part of the fun to watch how the men bear the doctor's rude punishment. Any flinching is followed by degradation in rank, or even expulsion from the Corps. As the surgeon ran his finger through the wound and felt along the bared bone for splinters, or dug his forceps into the throbbing flesh in trying to find the stump of the severed artery, the unfortunate Boranian paled with agony. But he bravely kept up the ghastly semblance of a smile, and even chopped out a few spasmodic jokes from between his clenched teeth.

Meanwhile Zimmermann, his face gashed almost beyond recognition, and dripping with blood, had thrown off his harness and was deeply engaged in the grateful occupation of imbibing iced beer through a straw. He took his seat before the doctor with profound nonchalance, and succeeded in looking intensely happy while the latter stitched merrily away at the numerous wounds, passing his cruel bent needle through the quivering lips of the gashes with as much indifference as if he were mending an old pair of boots.

As we left the Kneipe, with my friend's head looking and smelling like the accident ward in a general hospital, I remarked :

"Well, what have you gained by this absurd display? Is the stain of your spilled beer wiped out?"

He looked at me with a puzzled air, and then shook his head despairingly :

"You English don't understand," he said. "Honour must come before everything!"

ROBERT LLOYD





ON THE AXIOM THAT A POET SHOULD HAVE NO VOICE ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS—THE CIVIC SPIRIT IN CLASSICAL LITERATURE—THE MIND WHICH BELIEVES ALL IT SEES IN PRINT—AND THE ART OF DRIFTING, WITH A CANT—‘ART FOR ART’S SAKE’—WITH SOME REMARKS ON THE CULTIVATION OF GARDENS—AN EXPERIMENT IN TRANSLATION—THE PARABLE OF A GARDENER—THE GARDEN WHICH / LOVE—ROSES FOR ACCESSION DAY.

“Always be merry, if thou may,
But waste not thy good alway :

Have hat of floures fresh as May,
Chapelet of roses on Whitsunday,
For such array ne costneth but
lyte. . . .”



I DO not propose, even in honour of the month of Jubilee, to walk abroad with a wreath of roses ‘all round my hat.’ A modest button-hole shall serve me for Accession Day. As Pericles said of his Athenians, *Φιλοκαλοῦμεν μετ’ εὐτελείας*—I will cultivate the beautiful with a decent frugality ; and “such array ne costneth but lyte.”

I suppose that an author may go the length of a buttonhole in expressing his

feelings on a public occasion such as this? Pray do not think that I am trying to jest. I put the question quite seriously. You all believe that an author has no proper concern with public affairs, with the moving events which interest his fellow-citizens and direct his country’s destiny. You have been taught this from childhood : you find that all the newspapers take it as axiomatic, and will, with a serene confidence that the axiom lies beyond dispute, rebuke any poor servant of letters who has dared to lift his voice on a question of national moment, as solemnly as though he had intruded a profane foot into some holy of holies. My only wonder is that, holding so very strongly this cloistral view of the province of a man of letters, you have the face to ask him to pay taxes. This demand hardly consists with your other

blessed axiom that there should be no taxation without representation.

I PASS over some tempting reflections on the queer anomaly that in modern times these rebukes should as a rule be addressed by writers to writers, by newspaper writers to men who write books, and (as far as a distinction can be drawn) by men who write in a hurry to men who write deliberately. But I think it will be no unfair presentation



of the theory which obtains just now, if I say that, while every public man is allowed and even encouraged to write a book, no man of letters can express his thoughts on public affairs without being instantly reminded, by a shouting chorus, that he is a trespasser. Now, I want to suggest to you that a theory of this sort may easily harden by unthinking assumption into something very like Canto, and the cry of 'Trespasser!' by frequent repetition into something very like a parrot-call. And I wish further to look quietly into the history of this belief. Was it ever considered disputable? And if so, at what time and on what grounds was it accepted as axiomatic?

WELL, there certainly was a time when it *would have been* considered disputable, if any-one had thought it sufficiently reasonable to be worth discussing. And that time, oddly enough, coincided with the greatest era in the world's literature and the greatest era of political discovery. These two went together because they depended on each other, and both depended on an axiom which is the precise contradictory of yours: on the axiom that the artist and man of letters ought not to work in cloistral isolation, secluded from the echoes of the world and indifferent to public affairs; that on the contrary they were, in the directest fashion, servants of the State, and had a peculiar call to express themselves on matters of public moment. I speak, of course, principally of Greece, and particularly of Athens; but not by any means of Greece or of Athens alone, as you

will see by-and-by. But, to convince you that I am not advancing any pet one-sided proposition of my own, let me present it in the words of a grave and judicious student, Mr. W. J. Courthope, now Professor of Poetry at Oxford:—

"The idea of the State lay at the root of every Greek conception of art and morals. For though, in the view of the philosopher, the virtue of the good citizen was not always necessarily identical with the virtue of the individual man, and though, in the city of Athens at all events, a large amount of life was possible to the individual apart from public interests, yet it is none the less true that the life of the individual in every Greek city was in reality moulded by the customary life, tradition and character, in one intranslatable word, by the *ἥθος* of the State. Out of this native soil grew that recognised, though not necessarily public, system of education (*πολιτική παιδεία*), consisting of reading and writing, music and gymnastics, which Plato and Aristotle themselves accepted as the basis of the constitution of the State. But



this preliminary education was only the threshold to a subsequent system of political training, of which, in Athens at least, every citizen had an opportunity of availing himself by his right to participate in public affairs; so that, in the view of Pericles, politics themselves were an instrument of individual refinement. 'The magistrates,' said he, in his great funeral oration, 'who discharge public trusts, fulfil their domestic duties also; the private citizen, while engaged in professional business, has competent knowledge of public affairs, for we stand alone in regarding the man who keeps aloof from these latter not as harmless, but as useless. Moreover, we always hear and pronounce on public matters when discussed by our leaders, or perhaps strike out for ourselves correct reasonings upon them; far from accounting discussion an impediment to action, we complain only if we are not told what is to be done before it becomes our duty to do it.'

"The strenuous exertion of the faculties of the individual in the service of the State, described in these eloquent words, reflects itself in the highest productions of Greek art and literature, and is the source of that 'political' spirit which every one can detect, alike in the poems of Homer and the

sculptures of the Parthenon, as the inspiring cause of the noblest efforts of imitation. It prevailed most strongly through the period between the battle of Marathon and the battle of Charonea, and has



left its monuments in such plays as the *Persæ* and *Eumenides* of Æschylus, the *Antigone* of Sophocles, the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, the *History* of Thucydides, and the *Orations* of Demosthenes, its last embodiment being perhaps the famous oath of that orator on the souls of those who risked their lives at Marathon.—*A*

History of English Poetry, vol. i. c. 2.

I have quoted this passage at length, not because the truth which it contains is an unfamiliar one—for indeed it cannot be new to anybody who has read so much as a single play of Aristophanes; nor because Professor Courthope has been the first to expound it—for he has not, and he will not be the last. Should any one of my readers doubt that Professor Courthope is uttering a familiar and acknowledged truth, I would refer him to page after page of the very latest popular treatise on the subject, Professor Gilbert Murray's lucid "*Short History of Ancient Greek Literature*" (Heinemann). But I have quoted the passage because it occurs in an early chapter of a work of which the special aim is to elucidate the conditions of poetical achievement in our own country.

We see, then, that in the most brilliant age of Greece, and of Greek art and letters, the civic spirit was the inspiring spirit. But as the Greek cities sank, one by one, before the Macedonian power, and forfeited their liberties, this civic spirit died for lack of nourishment and exercise, and a 'literary' spirit took its place. In other words, literature was driven to feed on itself—which is about the worst thing that can ever happen to it. The old political education (πολιτική παιδεία) gave place to an encyclopædic education (ἐγκύκλιος παιδεία). The language fell into the hands of grammarians, sophists, rhetoricians, etc. "Whatever was invented by these men had a purely literary origin; and though their compositions have a certain interest of their own, they no longer reflect the feelings and energies of free political life."

TURN to Rome, and you will find very nearly the same story. A civic spirit in education and literature accompanies her growth; a 'literary,' 'art for art's sake' spirit, her decline. "The greatness of Rome was as entirely civic in its origin as that of any Greek city, and, like the Greek cities, Rome in the days of her freedom, and while she was still fighting for the mastery, preserved a system of political education, both in the hearth and in the senate, which was suited to her character." Cato the Censor, according to Plutarch, "wrote histories for his son, with his own hand, in large characters; so that without leaving his father's house he might gain a knowledge of the illustrious actions of the ancient Romans and of the customs of his country." As Mr. Courthope points out, it would be impossible to conceive a more complete contrast to the purely academic education, for which in the declining days of the Empire such careful provision was made: "*and what is of particular importance to observe is, that, even after the introduction of Greek culture Cato's educational ideal was felt to be the foundation of Roman greatness by the orators and poets who adorned the golden age of Latin literature.*" The civic spirit was at once the motive and the vitalising force of Cicero's eloquence, and still acts as its antiseptic. It breaks through the conventional from events of Virgil's *Eclogues* and *Georgics*, and declares itself, naked and exultant, in such passages as the famous eulogy—

"Sed neque Medorum silvæ ditissima terra

Nec pulcher Ganges atque auro turbidus Hermus
Laudibus Italiæ certent . . ."

and the rest. Avowedly it inspired him to write the *Æneid*, and throughout that great epic he recurs constantly to the source of its inspiration. It permeated all that Horace wrote. These two poets never tire of calling on their countrymen to venerate and hold fast by the rough simplicity and Sabine virtues, and

"Pure religion breathing household laws,"

which were the foundations of Roman greatness. And afterwards, when the mischief was done and Rome had accepted the Alexandrian model of education and literary culture, Juvenal echoed the old spirit in his denunciations of the hundred and more trivialities which the new spirit engendered. It was a belated, despairing echo. You

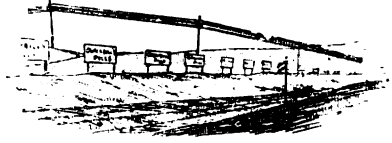
cannot expect quite the same shout from a man who leads a forlorn sortie, and a man who defends a proud citadel while yet it is merely threatened. But, allowing for changed circumstances, you will find that Juvenal's is just the old civic spirit turned to fierceness by despair. And he strikes out unerringly enough at the ministers of Rome's decline—at the poets who chatter and the rhetoricians who declaim on merely 'literary' topics; the rich who fritter away life on private luxuries and the pursuit of trivial aims; the debased Greek with his "smattering of encyclopædic knowledge," but no devotion to the city in which he only hopes to make money.

NOW I ask you readers of the PALL MALL MAGAZINE if this civic spirit in literature, which marked the greatest days of Greece and Rome, be one which England can easily afford to despise. As far as I know, it has been reserved for an age of newspapers to declare explicitly that such a spirit is merely mischievous; that a poet ought to be a man of the study, isolated amid the stir of passing events, serenely indifferent to his country's fortunes, or at least withholding his gift (allowed, with magnificent but unconscious irony, to be "divine") from that general contribution to the public wisdom in which journalists make so brave a show. He may, as a special favour, be allowed to strike his lyre and sing of an *accouchement*; this being



about the only event on which politicians and journalists have not yet claimed the monopoly of offering practical advice. But farther he may hardly go. People of a certain class of mind seem capable of believing anything they see in print, provided they see it often. For these, the announcement that somebody's lung tonic possesses a peculiar virtue has only to be repeated at intervals along a railway line, and with each repetition the assurance becomes more convincing, until towards the journey's end it wears the imperativeness almost of a revealed truth. And yet no reasonable inducement to belief has been added by any one of these repetitions. The whole thing is a psychological trick. The moral impres-

siveness of the first placard beyond Westbourne Park station depends entirely on



whether you are travelling from London to Birmingham, or from Birmingham to London. A mind which yields itself to this illusion could probably, with perseverance, be convinced that pale people are worth a guinea a box, were any one interested in enforcing such a harmless proposition: and I have no doubt that the

Man in the Street has long since accepted the reiterated axiom that a poet should hold aloof from public affairs, having no more capacity than a child for understanding their drift. But I confess it surprised me the other day to find Mr. H. D. Traill employing this axiom to rebuke Mr. William Watson and Mr. John Davidson for daring to lift their voices upon matters of public moment such as Armenia and Crete: Mr. Traill, whose "New Lucian" was the wittiest book of a generation, whose own ministering Muse has so often salted politics with humour!



AS a matter of fact, the cry is just a cant party trick, used by each party in its turn. Mr. Kipling writes "Cleared," Mr. Alfred Austin hymns "Jameson's Ride," and forthwith the Liberals lift hands and voices in horror. Mr. Watson denounces the



Armenian massacres, Mr. Davidson speaks up for Greece, and the Unionists can hardly find words to express their pained surprise. Mr. Swinburne inveighs against Irishmen, and delights a party; inveighs against the

Czar, and divides a whole Front Bench between shocked displeasure and half-humorous astonishment that a poet should have any opinions about Russia, or, having some, should find anybody to take them seriously. It is all cant, my friends—nothing but cant; and at its base lies the old dispute between principle and casuistry. If politics and statecraft rest ultimately on principles of right and wrong, then a poet has as clear a right as any man to speak upon them: as clear a right now as when Tennyson lifted his voice on behalf of the Fleet, or Wordsworth penned his "Two Voices" sonnet, or Milton denounced the massacres in Piedmont. While this nation retains a conscience, its poets have a clear right and a clear call to be the voice of that conscience. They may err, of course; they may mistake the voice of party for the voice of conscience: "Jameson's Ride" and "The Year of Shame"—one or both—may misread that voice. Judge them as severely as you will by their rightness or wrongness, and again judge them by their merits or defects as literature. Only do not forbid the poet to speak and enforce the moral conviction that is in him.

If, on the other hand, politics be a mere affair of casuistry; or worse—a mere game of "opportunism" in which he excels who hits on the cleverest expedient for each crisis as it occurs; then indeed you may bid the poet hush the voice of principle, and listen only to the sufficiently dissonant instruction of those specialists at the game who make play in Parliament and the press. If politics be indeed that base thing connoted by the term "*drift* of public affairs," then the axiom rests on wisdom after all. The poet cannot be expected to understand the 'drift,' and had better leave it to these specialists in 'drifting.'

But if you search, you will find that poetry—rare gift as it is, and understood by so few—has really been exerting an immense influence on public opinion all the while that we have been deluged with assertions of this unhappy axiom. Why, I dare to say that one-half of the sense of Empire which now dominates political thought in Great Britain has been the creation of her poets—and of her living poets, mark you. ("English poetry died with Tennyson"—see the newspapers, *passim*.) The public, if it will but clear its mind of cant, is grateful enough

for such poetry as Mr. Kipling's "Flag of England" and Mr. Henley's "England, my England"; and gratefully recognises that the spirit of these songs has passed on to thousands of men, women, and children, who have never read a line of Mr. Henley's or Mr. Kipling's composition.

AS for the axiom, it is merely the complement of that "Art for Art's sake" chatter which died a dishonoured death but a short while ago, and which it is still one of the joys of life to have outlived. You will remember how loftily we were assured that Art had nothing to do with morality: that the novelist, *e.g.*, who composed tales of human conduct, had no concern with ethics—that is to say, with the principles of human conduct. "Art's only business was to satisfy Art," and so forth. Well, it is all over now, and packed away in the rag-bag of weary paradoxes; and we are left to enjoy the revived freshness of the simple truth that an artist exists to serve his art, and his art to serve men and women.

"Have hat of floures fresh as May,
Chapelet of roses on Whitsunday,
For such array ne costneth but lyte,"

—and to that end let us follow the famous advice of Candide, and "cultivate our garden." Let me assure the timorous reader that the value of the foregoing remarks does not lie in any application which I propose to give them on my own account. I have no political treatise ready, no series of sonnets on the politics of the hour. On the contrary, I have been cultivating my garden and perpending a translation of the Georgics—which I take to be as agreeably useless a task as any man can engage in, (1) because nobody wants the Georgics translated, and (2) because dozens of people have done it already. There was a time when I wanted to write a whole novel about a garden: nay, I cannot remember a time, since I began to write at all, when this was not in my mind. For some years, through inconsiderable vicissitudes of climate and fortune, I always managed to carry three books about with me: (1) a pretty little text of Virgil, printed at Leipzig in 1873, and bound in crushed green morocco; (2) a first edition of

Stevenson's *Virginibus Puerisque*, in its original cover of orange cloth (price steadily rising, I am pleased to observe); and (3) a copy of "E.V.B.'s" prose cento "The Praise of Gardens." I have conned this last book in the most unlikely surroundings, and always with the same furious purpose. Lord knows there was never a man born less fitted to write about a garden! But a notion of this sort gets into one's system, and goes not out save with time and rigorous self-criticism. I know a man who has wasted some of the best hours of a distinguished career in composing the octave of a sonnet which he will never complete. And I myself have chased a childish impression in and out of half a dozen short stories, and never fixed it yet.



A barren stretch of downs, and two men talking together in a lonely cup of the hills—the younger in a scarlet coat, the older man in a suit of clerical black: that is a picture which I have carried with me for twenty years, and the right interpretation has never come yet. I can date the conception of my garden-story back to 1884 or 1885. It was to have a quiet crisis upon a terrace of the Italian style, below which a formal garden extended until the topiary art grew confused and melted into wilderness, until Jacobean flower-borders and statues and canals of the time of William and Mary were lost in orchards and natural streams. And it was to combine a Boccaccio atmosphere with the rather sentimental moral that *tout lasse, tout casse* (including beasts), but the flowers survive.

Well, the novel has been laid aside, and the Virgil has come forth again, and the world no doubt is neither the richer nor the poorer by consequence. Even the decision has nothing original about it. For Mr. R. D. Blackmore long since turned aside from novel-writing to gardening; yes, and produced a verse-translation of the Georgics too. I have not seen it; but promise myself,

one of these days, the chastening pleasure of comparing our two versions. Naturally in such enterprises, one begins at the end, or thereabouts: else their essential uselessness might stand in some momentary doubt. So I start upon the fourth Georgic:—

THE BEE.

Next of aerial Honey, gift divine,

I sing. Mæcenas, be once more benign!



'Next' is absurd, for I haven't been singing of anything. And I never had a Mæcenas; at least, I never had one who projected his benignity into the sphere of my knowledge. And, in short, if you wish to criticise this effort, you may find the lines of your best method laid down in My Uncle Toby's commentary on Corporal Trim's story of *The King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles*. To resume:—

Next of aerial Honey, gift divine,

I sing. Mæcenas, be once more benign!

Prepare the pomp of trifles to behold,—

Proud chiefs; a nation's polity unroll'd,
Customs, pursuits; its clans, and how they fight.
Slight things I labour—not for glory slight,
If Heaven allow, and Phœbus hearken me.

First then for *Sitte*. Seek, and install your Bee
Where nor can winds invade (for these forbid
His homeward load), nor sheep nor headstrong
kid

Prance on the flowers, nor vagrant heifer pass,
Disperse the dew and tramp the springing
grass.

No lizard shall in speckled armour prowl
By your fat hives; bee-bird, nor any fowl,
Nor Procne with her bloody-fingered breast:
These ravage all, our hero with the rest,
Snapp'd on the wing and haled, a tit-bit, to
the nest.

But welling springs and spongy pools supply,
And through the grass a streamlet fleeting by.
The porch with palm or oleaster shade,
That, when the regents lead their first parade
In kindly Spring, and the young hive-bloods
prank,

To woo their holiday heat, the neighbour bank
May lean with branches hospitably cool.
And midway, be your water stream or pool,
'Cross willow twigs and massy pebbles fling—
A line of bridges for the halting wing
To dry in summer sunshine, has it shipp'd
A cap of the wave, or steep in Neptune dipp'd.

Plant cassias green around, thyme redolent,
 Full flowering succory with heavy scent,
 And violet-beds to drink the channell'd stream
 But let the hives—sown concave, seam to seam,
 Of cork ; or of the supple osier twined—
 Have narrow entrances. For frosts will bind
 Honey as hard as hot days run it thin.—
 In bees' abhorrence each extreme's akin.
 Not purposeless they vie with wax to paste
 Their crannied walls, and wedge with pollen
 fast
 Their gates, and store that gum-specific which
 Outbinds or birdlime or Idæan pitch. . . .

I drop the pen and gaze out of window.
 I look down across my own garden, and
 across the tideway to the corner of a
 terraced garden on the opposite cliff, and
 an old man working there. So I break off
 my translating (there really is no need to
 hurry) and betake me to telling a parable.

"*Namque sub Oebaliæ memini me terribus altis
 Corycium vidisse scenam . . .*"

Some time before I was born there lived
 in this port a middle-
 aged man, whose ship
 came home. Her rig-
 ging wanted repairs ; she
 carried the mark of the
 ice-pack on her bows,
 and so much weed on
 her keel that the tug
 gave her an extra-stout
 rope. But she brought him a small fortune.



D'où viens-tu, beau navire ? À quelle heureuse
 plage,
 Léviathan superbe, as-tu lavé tes flancs ?
 Quels rameurs dégourdis sont courbés sur tes
 bancs ?
 Es-tu blessé, guerrier ? Viens-tu d'un long
 voyage ?
 Es-tu parti d'hier, ou si ton équipage,
 Monté jeune à la mer, revient en cheveux blancs ?
 Es-tu riche navire, et ta quille pesante ?
 As-tu pendant dix ans, devant ton gouvernail,
 Couvé d'un œil hagard ta boussole tremblante,
 Pour qu'une Européenne, une pâle indolente,
 Puisse embaumer son bain des parfums du sérail,
 Et froisser dans ta valse un collier de corail ?

—perfumes for the bath and coral necklaces
 for maids to wear at the dance—it may
 have brought these too. But for the man
 of whom I am telling, it brought a sum of
 money, which he invested in a wild plot
 of ground ; and he has been working there
 ever since. When I was a boy, no straw-

berries in the neighbourhood could compare
 with his ; and if I said none in the world,
 one or two people would not contradict me.
 That claim, however, cannot be tested now ;
 for his garden no longer produces any
 strawberries. For years he fought the small
 wilderness—hewing, digging, cultivating,
 adding plot after plot to his conquests.
 Then followed a year or two during which
 the invasion seemed to stand still. And
 then, little by little, the brambles and wild
 growth rallied and pressed in upon him,
 and drove him back. I don't suppose that
 he realised the truth and

"saw the wood for what it was :

The lost and the victorious cause,
 The deadly battle pitched in line,
 Saw silent weapons cross and shine,
 Silent defeat, silent assault,
 A battle and a burial vault."

Year by year, on one excuse and another, an
 outpost, a foot or two, would be abandoned
 and left to be reclaimed by the weeds. But
 age and stiffening joints were the real
 excuse, not given : for "Time, not Corydon,"
 was conquering him. He still keeps up
 the defence, but it is in the centre of his
 domain. And no doubt his title-deeds are
 as good as ever ; but as a matter of fact
 the weeds have beaten him, and have him
 at bay in a narrow ring.

REMEMBER, please, that this is only a
 parable. If you care, you may let
 your fancy expand it into a story on the
 lines of Daudet's "Wood's town." You may
 even imagine that the assaulted wilderness
 found its Joan of Arc. For me, I pursue
 the moral of it. My ship has not come
 home yet. But my hopes have long since
 conquered for me a garden which any man
 might envy ; and for the present its bound-
 aries go on merrily expanding. If you
 desire a rough sketch of its delectable acres,
 I must refer you to *The Carthusian* of
 the date 1839 for a description which falls
 far short of the glorious unreality. The
 following passage, however, will supply a
 hint or two :—

"My garden should lie to the south of the house ;
 the ground gradually sloping for some short way
 till it falls abruptly into the dark and tangled
 shrubberies that all but hide the winding brook
 below. A broad terrace, half as wide, at least,

as the house is high, should run along the whole southern length of the building, extending to the western side also, whence, over the distant country, I may catch the last red light of the setting sun. I must have some musk and noisette roses, and jasmine, to run up the mullions of my oriel window, and honeysuckles and clematis, the white, the purple, and the blue, to cluster round the top. The upper terrace should be strictly architectural, and no plants are to be harboured there save such as twine among the balustrades, or fix themselves in the mouldering crevices of the stone. . . . The gourd alone throws out its vigorous tendrils, and displays its green and golden fruit from the vases that surmount the broad flight of stone steps that lead to the lower terrace; while a vase of larger dimensions and bolder sculpture at the western corner is backed by the heads of a mass of crimson, rose, and straw-coloured hollyhocks that spring from the bank below. The lower terrace is twice the width of the one above, of the most velvety turf laid out in an elaborate pattern of the Italian style. Here are collected the choicest flowers of the garden; the Dalmatic purple of the gentianella, the dazzling scarlet of the verbena, the fulgent lobelia, the bright yellows and rich browns of the calceolaria, here luxuriate in their trim parterres. . . . But you must leave this mass of gorgeous colouring and the two pretty fountains that play in their basins of native rock, while you descend the flight of steps, simpler than those of the upper terrace, and turn to the left hand, where a broad gravel walk will lead you to the kitchen-garden, through an avenue splendid in autumn with hollyhocks, china asters, nasturtiums, and African marigolds.

"We will stop short of the walled garden to turn among the clipped hedges . . ."

—and so forth, for several pages. Years no doubt will compress this garden of my

aspiration within a very narrow space. And perhaps I shall wake up some day and discover that its walls are the walls of my present small demesne, after all.

Meanwhile I look forward (and I dare say that the old gardener opposite does the same) to having roses for the 20th, and again for the 22nd, on which date I propose (in the words of the Plymouth Volunteer on the Jubilee of King George the Third) to "take time by the firelock" (meaning forelock), "march vore early, an' fire a



volley to future joy" (meaning a *feu de joie*).

I HAVE to thank the many correspondents who have favoured me with their guesses at the name of the man (or woman) who is (or has been during the past ten years) master (or mistress) of the best English Prose Style. They exhibit a pleasing divergence of taste. But I am writing this before the close of the competition, and must hold over the result for the next Number.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.



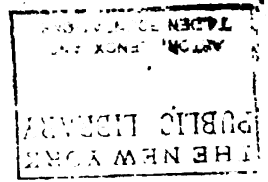
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PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

R. WESTALL. R.A.

THE QUEEN AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN.
(1880.)



THE EMPY CASS

BY J. M. G. H. G.

OVER the grey mountain and the sea,
Ugly and wild, the snow-white
Skins on the snow-white, all together, a scene,
Dust, his horn, and something else.

So, in a heart, a heart, a heart, a heart,
Should I not be a heart, a heart, a heart,
While I am, a heart, a heart, a heart,
Can I not be a heart, a heart, a heart.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

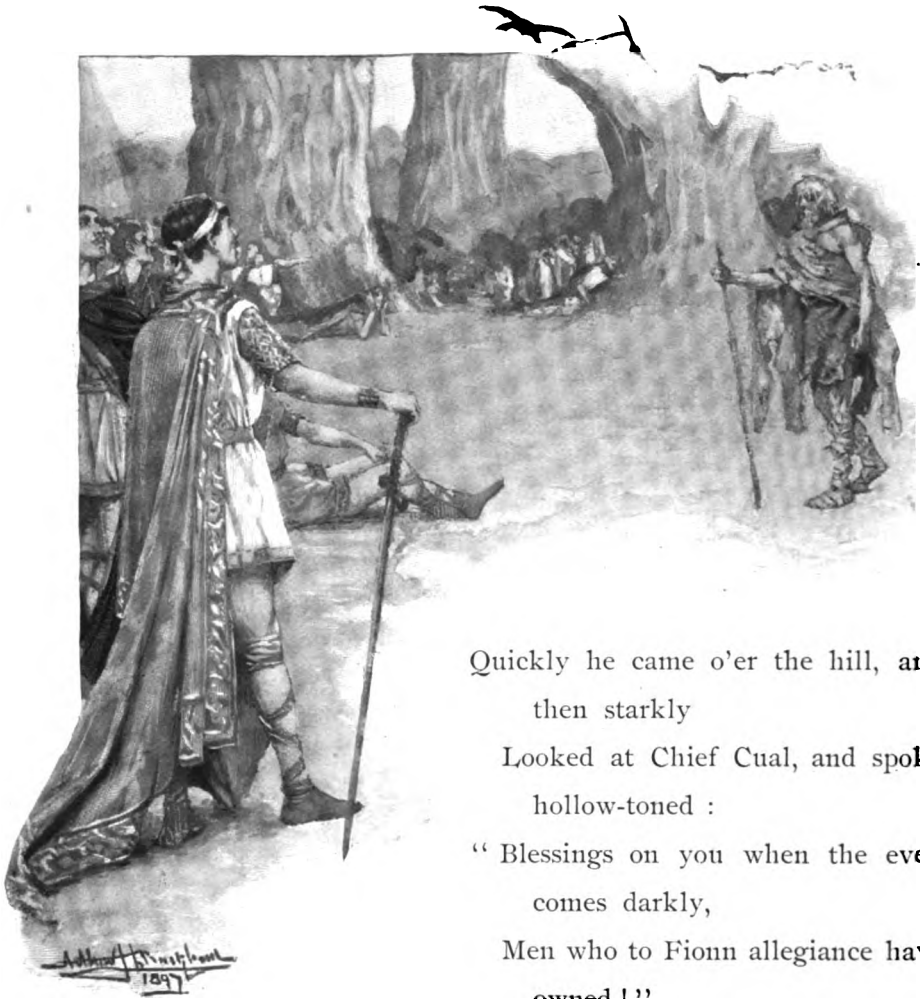


THE FAIRY BLACKSMITH.

(FROM THE GAELIC.)

O'ER the grey mountain an old man came grimly,
Ugly, and wearing scant shirt to his thigh,
Skins on his shoulders, all ragged, unseemly,
Russet his apron, and squinting his eye.


See 'neath a headdress of fur, half his forehead
Sloped from his eyebrows that mixed with his beard,
Wrinkled and pallid, and rugged and horrid,—
Countenance truly by all to be feared.



Quickly he came o'er the hill, and
 then starkly
 Looked at Chief Cual, and spoke
 hollow-toned :
 " Blessings on you when the even
 comes darkly,
 Men who to Fionn allegiance have
 owned ! "

" Blessings to you in requital," replied they,
 " Ugly old man ! " And he said, " You may all
 Some day be standing at door of my smithy,
 Bound to keep silent, or ever be thrall ! "

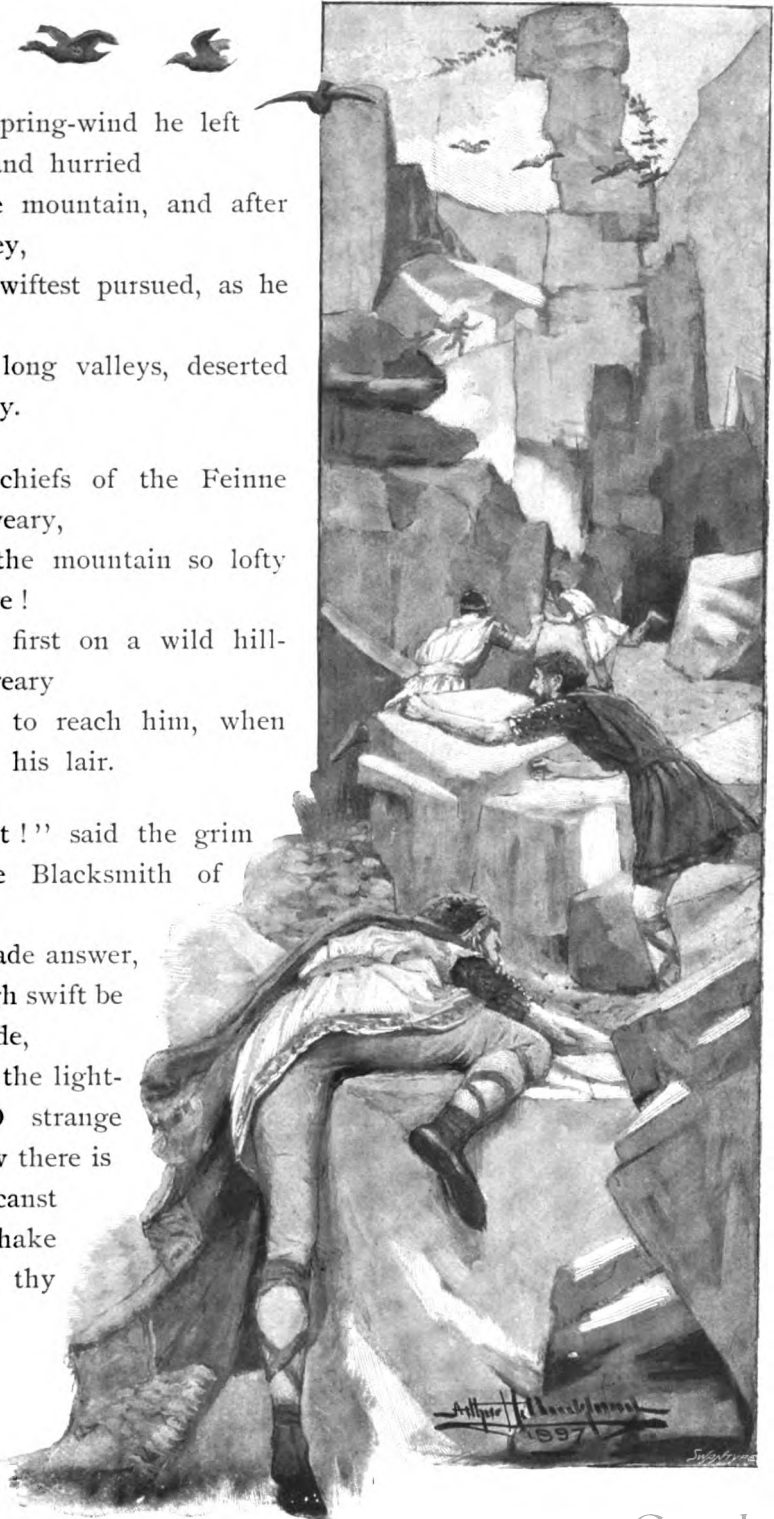
" Where are the doors of thy smithy, O old one ? "
 Asked they ; but he, with a horrible grin,
 Answered, " Who sees them must aye be a bold one !
 Few may behold them, though many come in ! "


 Swift as a spring-wind he left
 them, and hurried
 On to the mountain, and after
 him they,
 Six of the swiftest pursued, as he
 scurried
 Past the long valleys, deserted
 and grey.

Six of the chiefs of the Feinne
 never weary,
 On, o'er the mountain so lofty
 and bare !
 Dorglas was first on a wild hill-
 slope dreary
 Breathless to reach him, when
 close to his lair.

“ Wait ! wait ! ” said the grim
 one, the Blacksmith of
 fairies :

Dorglas made answer,
 “ Though swift be
 thy stride,
 Yea, swift as the light-
 ning, O strange
 one, now there is
 One thou canst
 never shake
 off from thy
 side ! ”





Lo, we, toiling after them, saw there before us,
Shaped as a smithy, a place vast and hoar,
Where stood great bellows, and hammers in chorus
Smote where the smoke volleyed out at each door !

Flames were outpouring, and loud was their roaring,
While from the vapour a multitude came,
Horrible, monstrous, and round them kept soaring,
Whirling, and hissing the tongues of the flame !

Then the grim Blacksmith put hands on a hammer ;
Dorglas seized quickly vast tongs in his fist ;
Loudly then sounded the monsters' wild clamour
As they grinned and they questioned in flames and
in mist.

"Who is the slender youth, breathless and fearless,
Stretching rash hands to the blade of the steel?"

"Dorglas," said Cual, "our youth who is peerless!"
Laughter then rose from them, peal upon peal.

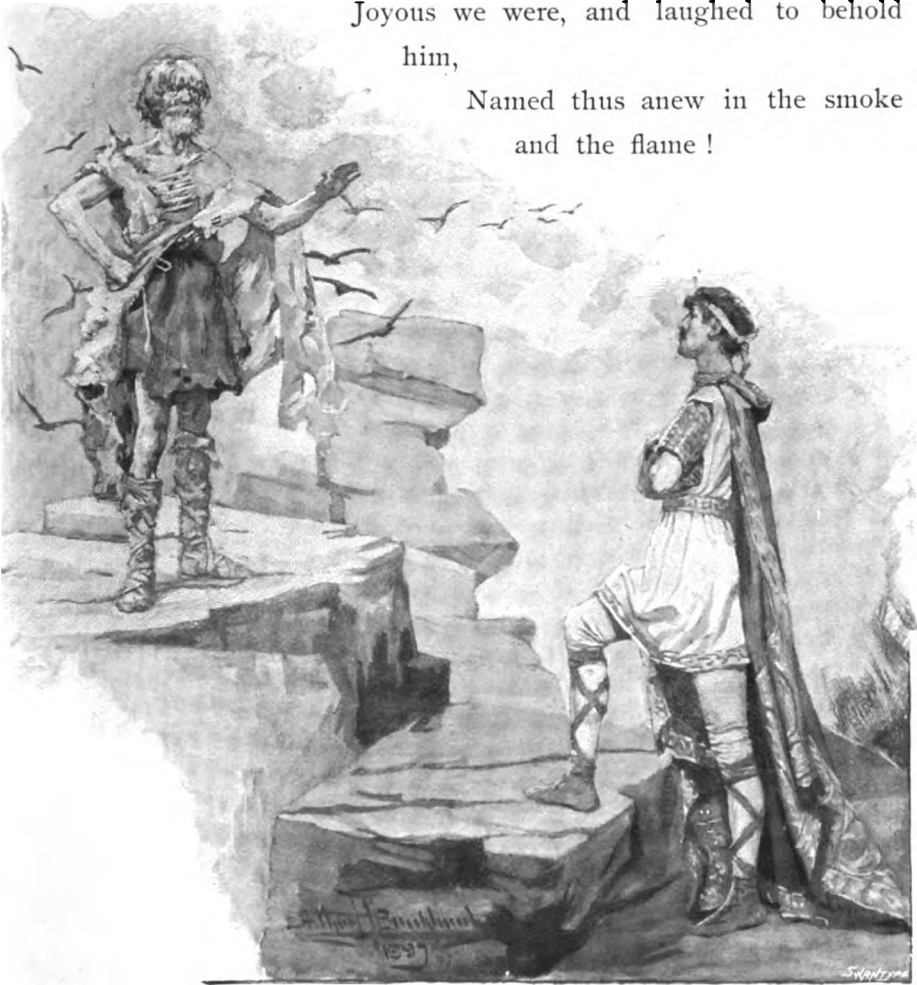
"Dorglas or 'Dear one'? Nay, we call him 'Slender,'
Caolte's the name that will suit him the best!"

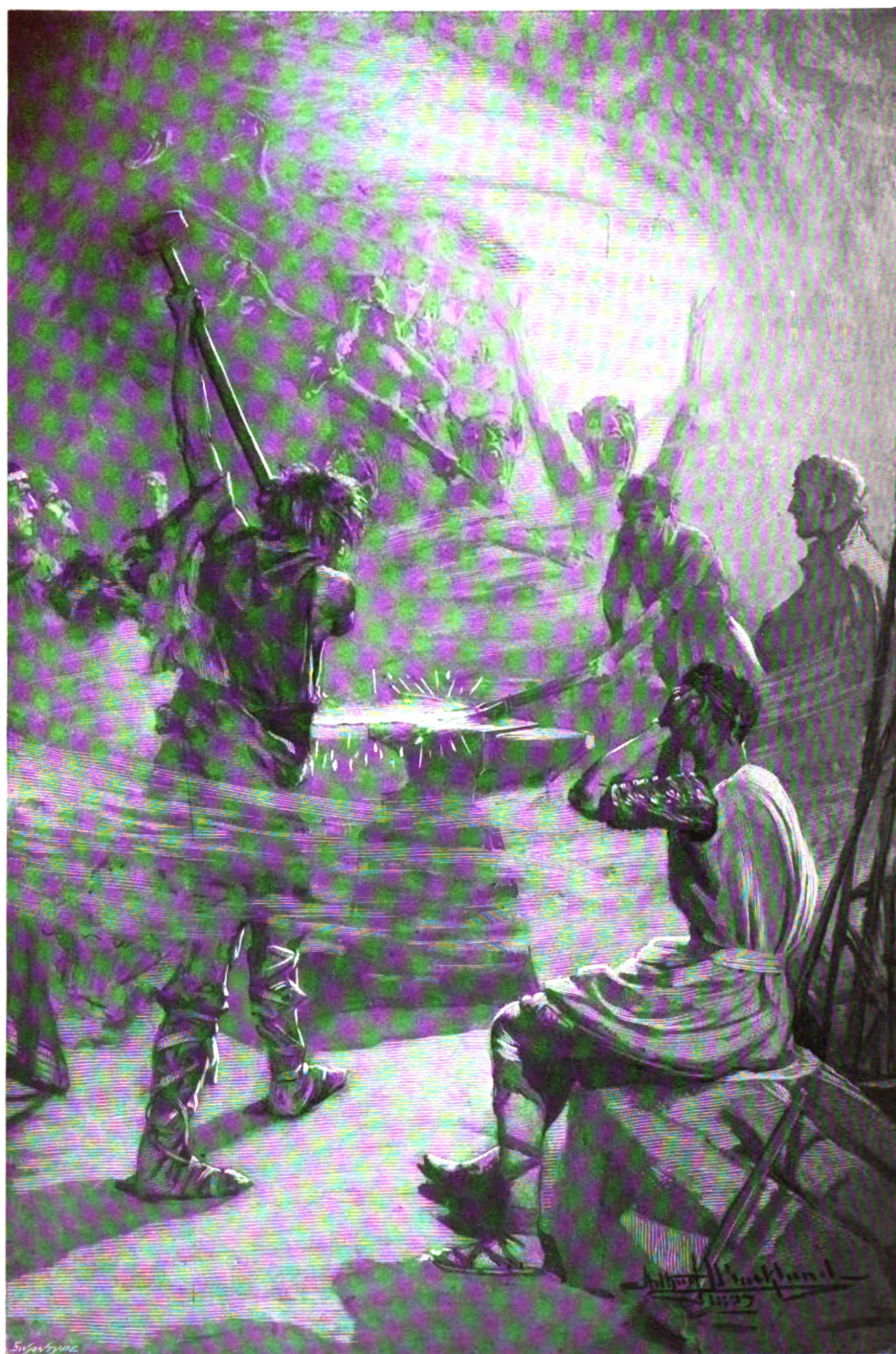
"Yea, if it please you," smiled Fionn, "to tender
Title and honour, with him let it rest!"

Turning to Dorglas, Fionn praised him, and told him,
Caolte was name he could take without shame;

Joyous we were, and laughed to behold
him,

Named thus anew in the smoke
and the flame!





Joyous we were on that day and thereafter,
Dwelling where dwelt the grim fairies as lords :
Wondrous the spears that we forged 'neath their rafter,
Mighty the steel we there gave to our swords !

There then was welded the blade Cual wielded,
Named "son of light" from that smithy we found ;
How from his sword-stroke could mortal be shielded ?
Strength fell before it, bowed down to the ground.

Oscar then smote, and the brand he created
"Sparkler" was named for the sheen of its blade ;
Caolte ! what triumphs thy labour awaited
When thy sword "the Destroyer" with magic was made !

There, O Diarmid, for thee from the furnace
Rose the red weapon thy foes knew too well ;
Hewers of limbs, long swords, stern and true, trace
From those loud anvils the glories they tell.

O how we joyed as we leaped from their heating,
Each with our brand in our hand and away,
To the sound of the hiss of their fury when greeting
Fiercer delight in the surge of the fray !

LORNE.





BRITISH ARMY TYPES.
2. A CAPTAIN, 1ST LIFE GUARDS.



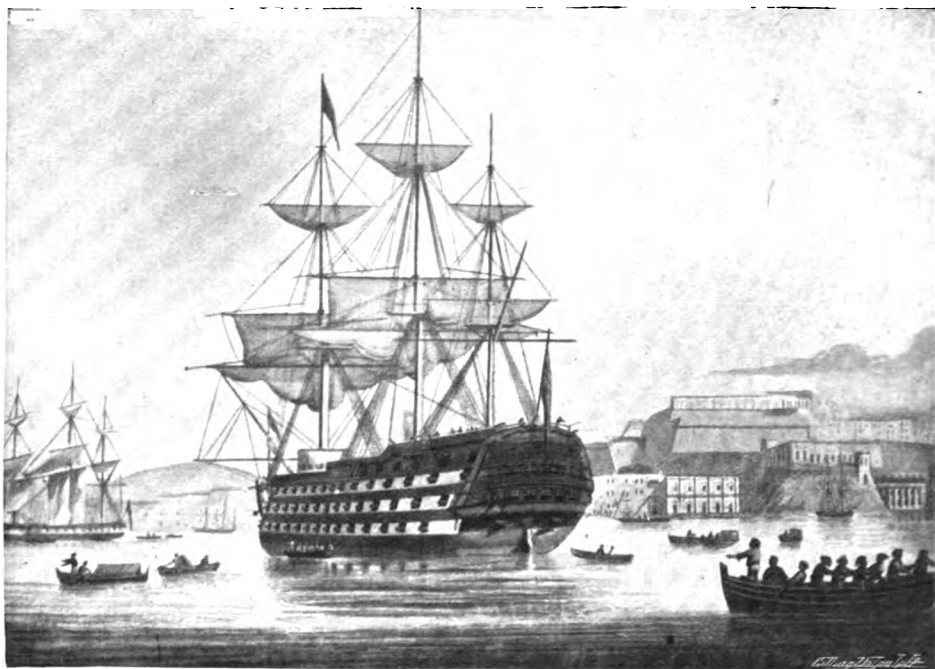
SOME CONTRASTS.

"And since the very existence of Great Britain as a nation depends infinitely more now than it did then upon her First Line of Defence, no effort should be thought too great, no sacrifice too heavy, in order to keep the great British Navy in the perfection of strength and efficiency. Thus only can be maintained against all comers that indisputable supremacy, the slowly-fashioned and majestic fabric of one thousand years, to the safe-guarding of which every thought and action of Nelson's life was devoted, and on which, in the moment of his death, he placed the crowning stone." [Hamilton Williams, in *Britain's Naval Power*.]

HAVING been asked by the Editor of this Magazine to show some of the contrasts which exist when we put side by side the leading causes or the chief evidences of England's power and position in 1837 and in 1897, I naturally begin with the Navy—that strong stockade of these islands, to whose strength is due the vigorous life of the industrial and social activities carried on inside the defences, and spreading outside of them to all parts of the Empire, mainly by reason of the assured might of our fighting ships and their men.

There will be no attempt to show within the limits of a magazine article all the pieces of contrast that might be cited as having been brought into existence during these sixty years of Queen Victoria's reign,—I am not concocting a Victorian Liebig's Extract. Some of the more important factors of national importance have been chosen for simple pictorial contrast, others have been chosen for simple diagrammatic-statistical contrast; and all the activities selected for illustration form but a very small part of the vast array of things material—national, commercial, social, and individual—which marks the progress made from 1837 to 1897, during the most pregnant reign in the history of any one of the nations of the earth. I have merely picked out from this array a few of its units which stand up taller than the rest; and if these few stand out sharply, each of them should carry with it a train of suggestion which ramifies in many directions, and which may set us thinking, each in his own way, upon the real wonders of the Queen's reign, and upon the vast progress made in it.

The first contrast is illustrated on the next two pages. The picture on page 298 shows H.M.S. *Britannia*, one of the large three-deckers of sixty years ago, in Malta Harbour; that on page 299 is H.M.S. *Majestic*, a first-class battle-ship of 1897.



H.M.S. "Britannia," First-rate Sailing Battle-ship of 1837

Even the non-expert reader who glances from one to the other of these fighting ships must notice the amazing difference between the two. Here are some of the technical differences, supplied to me by Sir William White:—Length, *Britannia*, 205 feet, *Majestic*, 390 feet; Breadth, *B.*, 54 feet 7 inches, *M.*, 75 feet; Total weight of ship and equipment, *B.*, 4780 tons, *M.*, 14,900 tons; Speed, *B.*, 11 knots (in favourable conditions of wind and sea), *M.*, $17\frac{1}{2}$ knots; Weight of broadside, *B.*, 1466 pounds, *M.*, 4126 pounds; Weight of projectiles from the simultaneous discharge of all guns, *B.*, 13 tons, *M.*, 37 tons; Hull, material of construction, *B.*, wood, *M.*, mild steel; Weight of hull, *B.*, 2470 tons; *M.*, 10,180 tons, including armour; Total cost, excluding gun-mountings, *B.*, £117,200; *M.*, including gun-mountings, £916,166; Total complement of officers and men, *B.*, 970, *M.*, 775.

Of the preceding features, which are those that admit comparison as between the



A broadside gun of the type in use in 1837 being fired (from a drawing lent by Sir W. Armstrong & Co.).

Britannia of 1837 and the *Majestic* of 1897, only the last item, the complement of officers and men, stands out as the exception to the many quantitative superiorities possessed by the first-class battle-ship of to-day as contrasted with the first-rate battle-ship of sixty years ago.

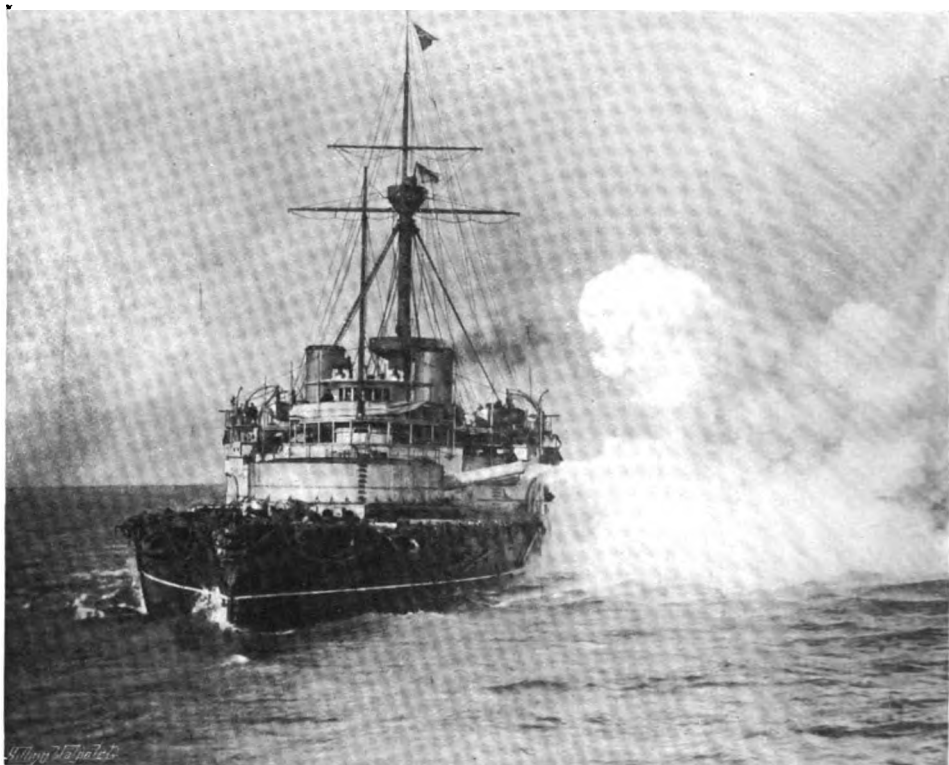


H.M.S. "Majestic," First-class Battle-ship of 1897 (from the Admiralty photograph, lent by the Chief Constructor).

The guns shown on pages 298 and 300 form another remarkable contrast. The former shows the type of 32-pounder gun in the service between 1830 and the Crimean War, during which period there was little change; the latter is the heaviest gun in the English service, some of whose ballistics and dimensions, as stated by Sir W. G. Armstrong and Company, are:—

Calibre 16·25 inches, Total length 44·8 feet, Powder charge 960 pounds, Projectile 1800 pounds, *i.e.* '8 of one ton, Muzzle velocity 2100 feet per second, *i.e.* 1432 miles per hour. The energy of the projectile from this gun is 55,252 feet-tons, a technical expression which will be better understood if we say that this amount of energy is about one hundred times as great as that of the projectile of the old 32-pounder of 1837.

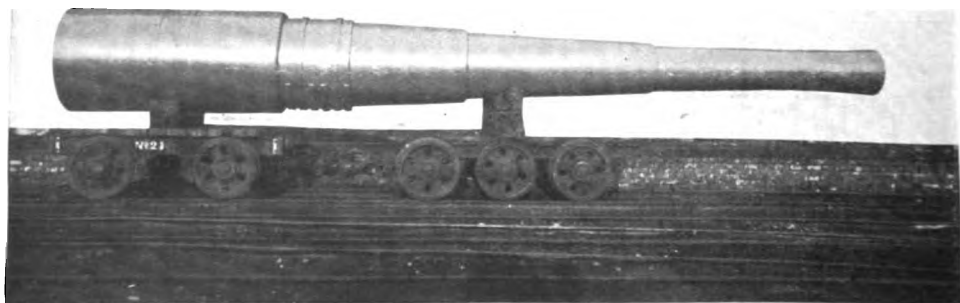
Our next picture shows H.M.S. *Camperdown* firing the 110-ton gun, a description of which has just been given: compare this thundering shot with that modest lump of iron about to issue from the gun of A.D. 1837 on p. 298; in a simple, direct, and forcible sort of way, this comparison suggests a good deal more to the non-expert



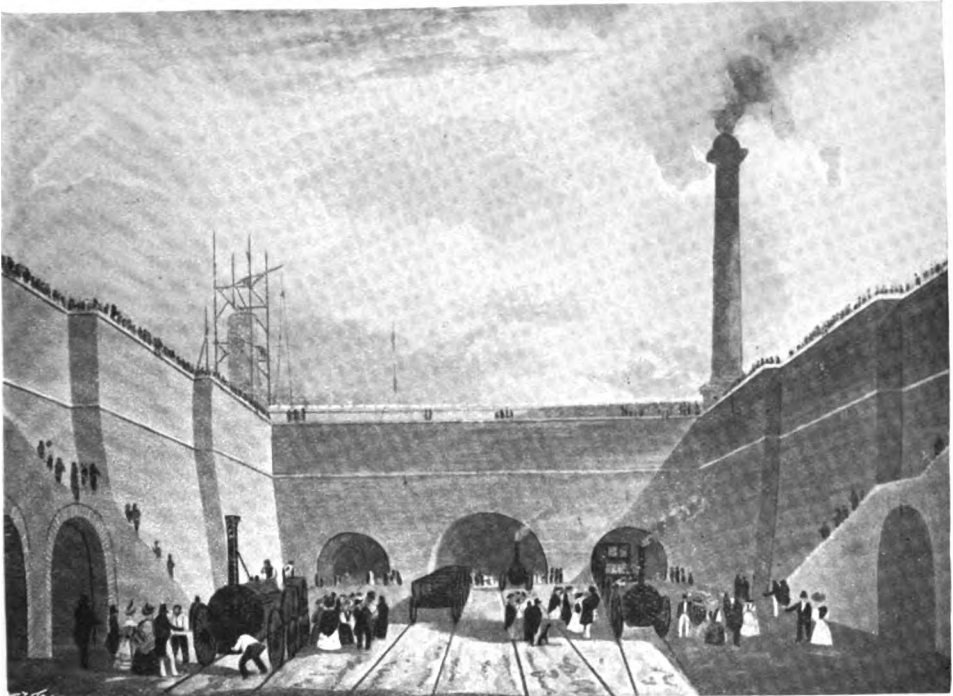
H.M.S. "Camperdown," firing a 110-ton gun.

reader, as to the immense development of our Navy's striking force, than might be gathered from many technical statements as to sizes of ships and the ballistics of their guns.

Sixty years ago, we were spending 4 to 5 millions sterling on the Navy; now the Navy Estimates for the year amount to about five times the cost for 1837, although the National Expenditure of the United Kingdom has, in round numbers, only doubled itself. So that, while the Total National Expenditure is now £200



A 110-ton gun, the heaviest in the British Service (from a photograph lent by Sir W. Armstrong & Co.)



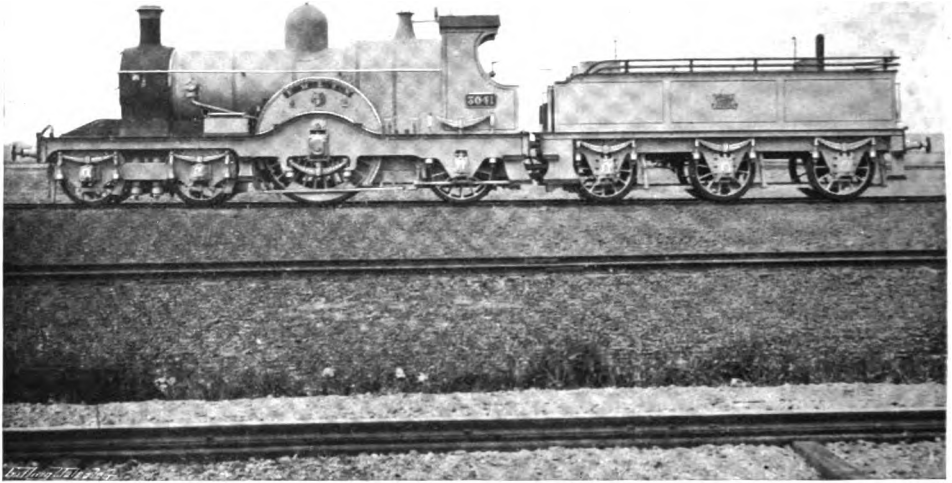
Entrance to the Railway Station, Edge Hill, Liverpool, in 1831

for each £100 spent when the Queen began her reign, the expenditure on the Navy is now £500 for each £100 then spent. The House of Lords, in an address to Queen Anne in 1707, laid down as "a most undoubted maxim, that the honour, security, and wealth of this Kingdom does depend upon the protection and encouragement of trade, and the improving and right encouraging its naval strength . . . therefore we do, in the most earnest manner, beseech your Majesty, that the sea affairs may always be your first and most peculiar care." There can be no question as to the wisdom of this advice offered by the Lords to Queen Anne, which seems to have been acted on by Queen Victoria; and this sound "maxim" of Anne's advisers still expresses the opinion of the great majority of the responsible inhabitants of these islands.

The illustration above shows us an important railway station at about the date of the Queen's accession—that at Edge Hill, Liverpool. There is a great pit for a station, with no protection from the weather, steep flights of steps (with no handrail) which lead down to the track, no platform, no Smith's bookstall, open trucks for the passengers, who are straying over the permanent way, some explaining to each other the marvels of the "Puffing Billy" at the left of



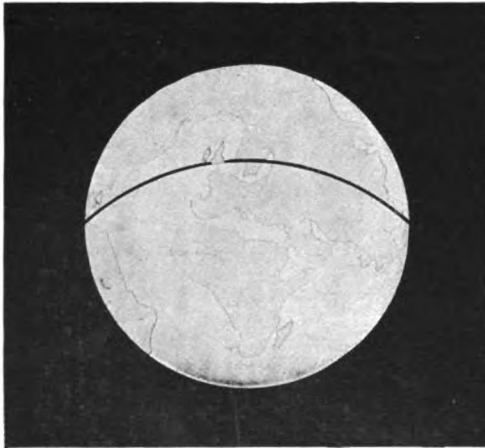
The "Rocket." Total weight of engine and tender (when loaded) 7½ tons.



*An Express Engine, Great Western Railway, 1897. Weight of engine and tender 81½ tons
(from a photograph lent by the Chief Engineer G.W.R.).*

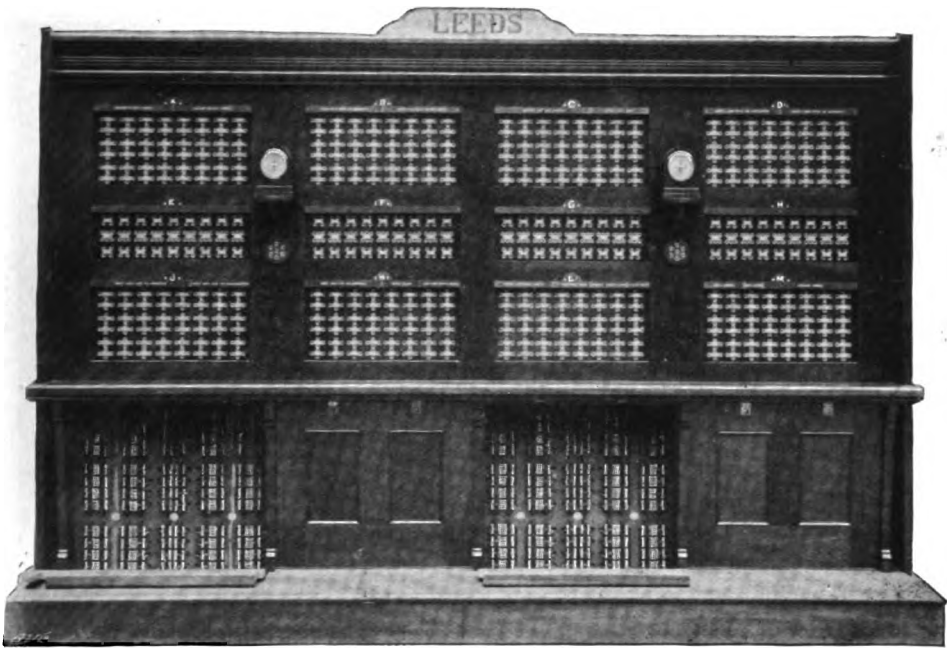
the picture, while others stand unconcerned in the track of the locomotive seen to be advancing from the middle tunnel of the three in the background of this curious old print. There is no need to show a contrast to this picture, for the everyday experience of readers will suffice to make quite clear the extraordinary degree of difference between the great railway stations of to-day and this almost grotesque specimen of sixty years ago.

But we may look at the contrast next illustrated, of two locomotives, and find our admiration settle on the insignificance of Stephenson's *Rocket*. For is not this poor thing of clumsy crank, and rod-tied smoke-stack, the materialised embodiment of the great inventor's brain, which, despite all opposition and ridicule, forced itself into this shape of wood and iron and fathered the most wonderful social and industrial development of the Queen's reign? Admire as we must the splendid piece of modern work shown above, an express engine of the Great Western Railway Company, we yet must feel at the least a trace of something that passes admiration for the now forgotten *Rocket* of George Stephenson the brave and dogged.



Round the World in forty minutes. The trains in the United Kingdom are now running at a total mileage-rate which is rather more than equal to running round the circumference of the Earth once in every forty minutes of the day and night, without stopping.

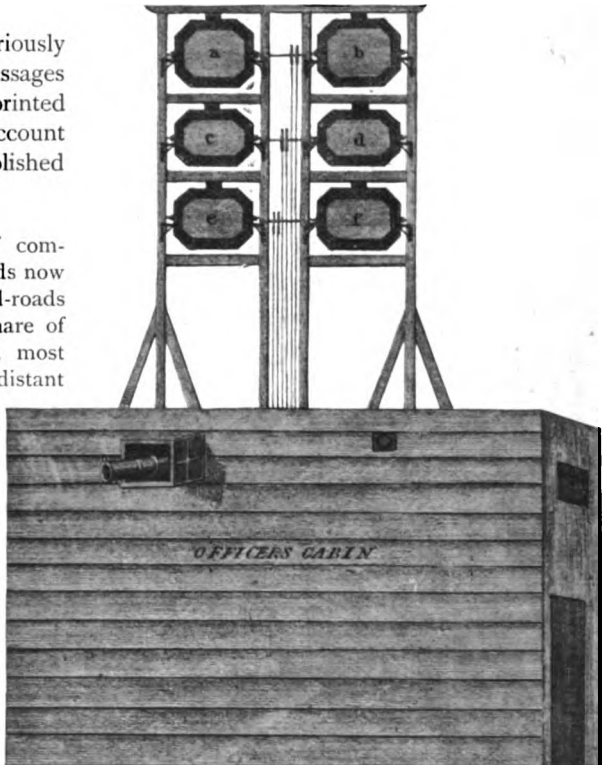
Some measurements and capacities are printed below the illustrations which give an idea of the vast difference between these two locomotives. And yet, despite these enormous differences, the *Rocket* ran twenty-nine miles per hour at its trial, and some years later it ran four miles in four and a half minutes, being a speed of over fifty-three miles per hour.



Front view of a recently made test box, or "nerve centre," of the Telegraph Department, G.P.O., accommodating approximately four hundred lines (from a photograph lent by the Engineer-in-Chief, G.P.O.)

In this connection, it is curiously interesting to read now such passages as the following, which are printed in McCulloch's "Statistical Account of the British Empire," published in 1837 :—

"Exclusive of the means of communication by the common roads now described, and by canals, rail-roads have lately engaged a large share of the public attention, and will, most likely, be established, at no distant period, between all the great towns of the empire—where the ground is at all practicable. They are made either of wood or iron. . . . The length of the Liverpool railway is thirty-one miles ; and the fact that passengers were regularly conveyed that distance, in carriages drawn by locomotive engines, in from one and a half to two hours, produced an extraordinary sensation. The advantages likely to be derived from the



Old Semaphore formerly used for signalling on the roof of the Admiralty (from a print lent by the Engineer-in-Chief, G.P.O.)



The General Post Office in 1837. (From a print lent by Mr. A. Ogilvie of the Post Office.)

extension of the system to other parts of the country have, we believe, been a good deal exaggerated."

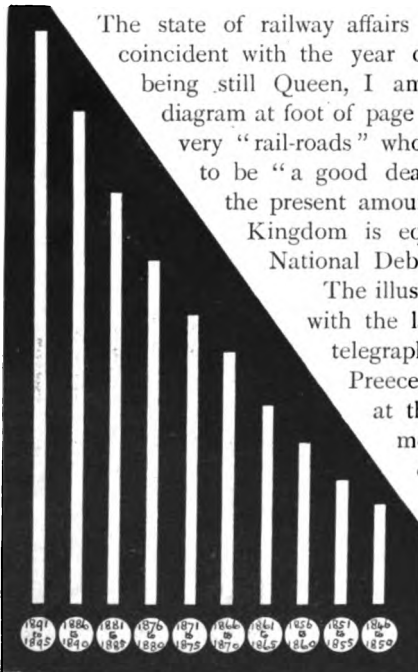


Diagram illustrating, in ten five-year periods, fifty years' growth of the number of letters (only) delivered in the United Kingdom.

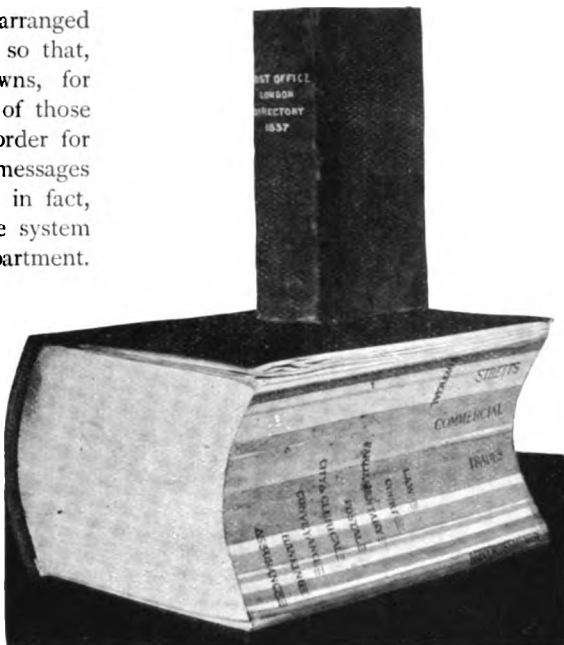
The state of railway affairs illustrated by these words of McCulloch was coincident with the year of the Queen's accession; and now, Victoria being still Queen, I am able to draw the extraordinarily significant diagram at foot of page 302, as embodying the present activity of these very "rail-roads" whose advantages were in the year 1837 thought to be "a good deal exaggerated." Incidentally, I may say that the present amount of the paid-up railway capital of the United Kingdom is equal to nearly £150 for each £100 of the National Debt of this country.

The illustrations on page 303 contrast the old semaphore with the latest thing in test boxes, now to be used at all telegraph offices of the first importance. Mr. W. H. Preece, C.B., F.R.S., Engineer-in-Chief and Electrician at the Post Office, has enabled me to explain the meaning of the wonderful "nerve-centre" shown on previous page.

At important telegraph offices it is impracticable to take the lines that enter the building from all quarters direct to their respective transmitting instruments. Therefore the lines are brought first to a test box, the mechanism of which is so arranged that the wires can be taken off from their respective instruments and batteries, and earthed, disconnected, or

looped for testing, or quickly rearranged in relation to the instruments; so that, in the case of storm breakdowns, for example, the most may be made of those wires which remain in working order for the purpose of transmitting messages received. These test boxes are, in fact, the nerve centres of the immense system of the Post Office Telegraph Department. This contrast shown on page 303 suggests to one a degree of development in electrical nerves akin to the degree of development between the nervous system of a garden snail and that of Mr. Gladstone, and it has practically occurred during the reign of the Queen.

As regards the next two cuts, the Secretary of the Post Office, Mr. Spencer Walpole, has given me some information about letter-carrying sixty years ago. The number of letters (only) then delivered was delivered during the year ended



The Post Office London Directory, 1837-1897. (By permission of Messrs. Kelly & Co.)

approximately 78 millions. The number of letters March 31st, 1896, was the appalling total of 1834 millions—nearly 24 times as many letters as were delivered when the Queen began her reign. Taking all postal packets, we have for the two dates 129 millions and 3031 millions, totals which again show an activity nearly 24 times as great now as then. But perhaps the diagram on page 304 will show more plainly than figures can the altogether extraordinary increase in letter-writing; and, hidden by the black of this diagram, there lie all the innumerable activities and improvements, social and industrial, which to a large extent owe their very existence to letter-carrying.

The *Post Office London Directory* is a thing common to all, but it becomes uncommon if we make it share in the contrast shown above. When we think how closely this book is identified with London and London's growth, and London with England's growth, we see much more in this picture than two books—a small one and a big one. Viewed in this light, the contrast now pointed to becomes one of the most remarkable of those contained in this paper. Here are some particulars about the books which are



UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS MAJESTY'S POSTMASTER
GENERAL

**THE POST-OFFICE
LONDON DIRECTORY**

1837.

PLATE 4 LIST OF

**THE MERCHANTS, TRADERS, &c.
OF LONDON, AND PARTS ADJACENT.**

LEST of the LORD MAYOR and COURT LEST of the BANKERS in LONDON LEST of the COUNTRY BANKERS, with the BANKERS they drive us on LONDON. LEST of PUBLIC NOTABILITIES LEST of LONDON and COUNTRY	NEWSPAPERS, with the Press and LISTS of ARMY and NAVY AGENTS, DIRECTORS of FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE OFFICES. LISTS of the LONDON, WEST INDIA, EAST INDIA TRADING COMPANIES, FOREIGN MINISTERS, &c. &c.
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The Country Members, Alphabetically Arranged.

SECURITY INFORMATION RELATIVE TO THIS PAGE

POST-OFFICE.

INCLUDING THE LAST RATES OF POSTAGE,
REGULATIONS OF THE TWOPenny POST-OFFICE E. &c.

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH EDITION

By F. KELLY.

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietor, by
G. H. Llewellyn, Taler Street, Birmingham.

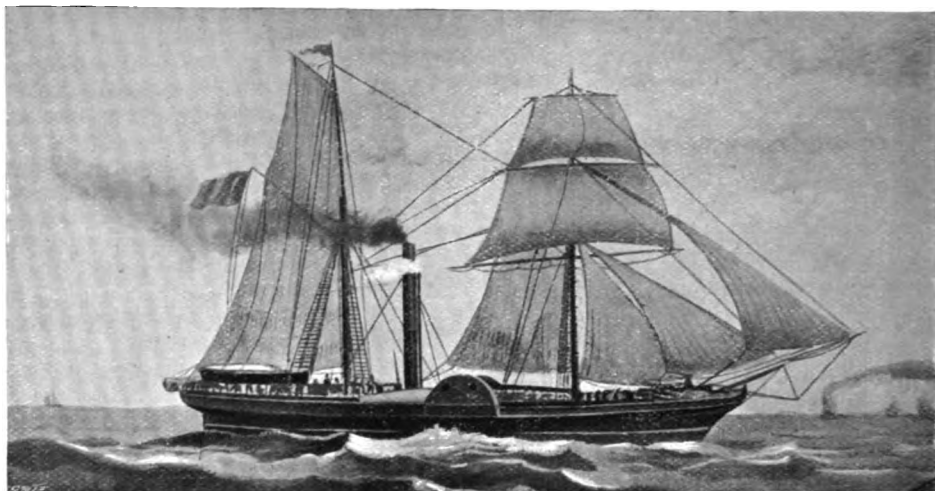
Sold by J. Richardson, Royal Exchange; J. M. Richardson, 23, Cannon-
hill; Sturwood and Co. Patterson Row; Hupkins and Marshall, Stamen-
court; W. H. Allen and Co. Lombard Street; Smith, Elder, and
Co. 63, Cannon; W. Edwards, Ave. Maria Lane; Richard and Wilson 39
and 37, St. Martin's Court; St. Martin's Lane; and by all other Booksellers.

[Prior Ed. bound.]

• with the Green and Capless C-100, 80. 00. 10000

**Title page Post Office London Directory
of 1837.**

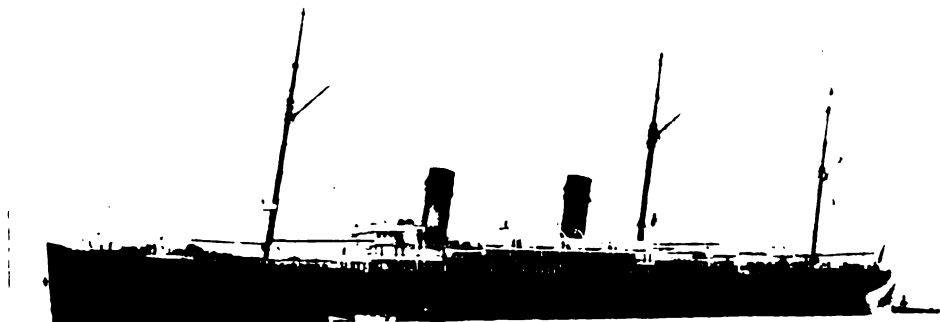
VOL. XII.—No. 51.



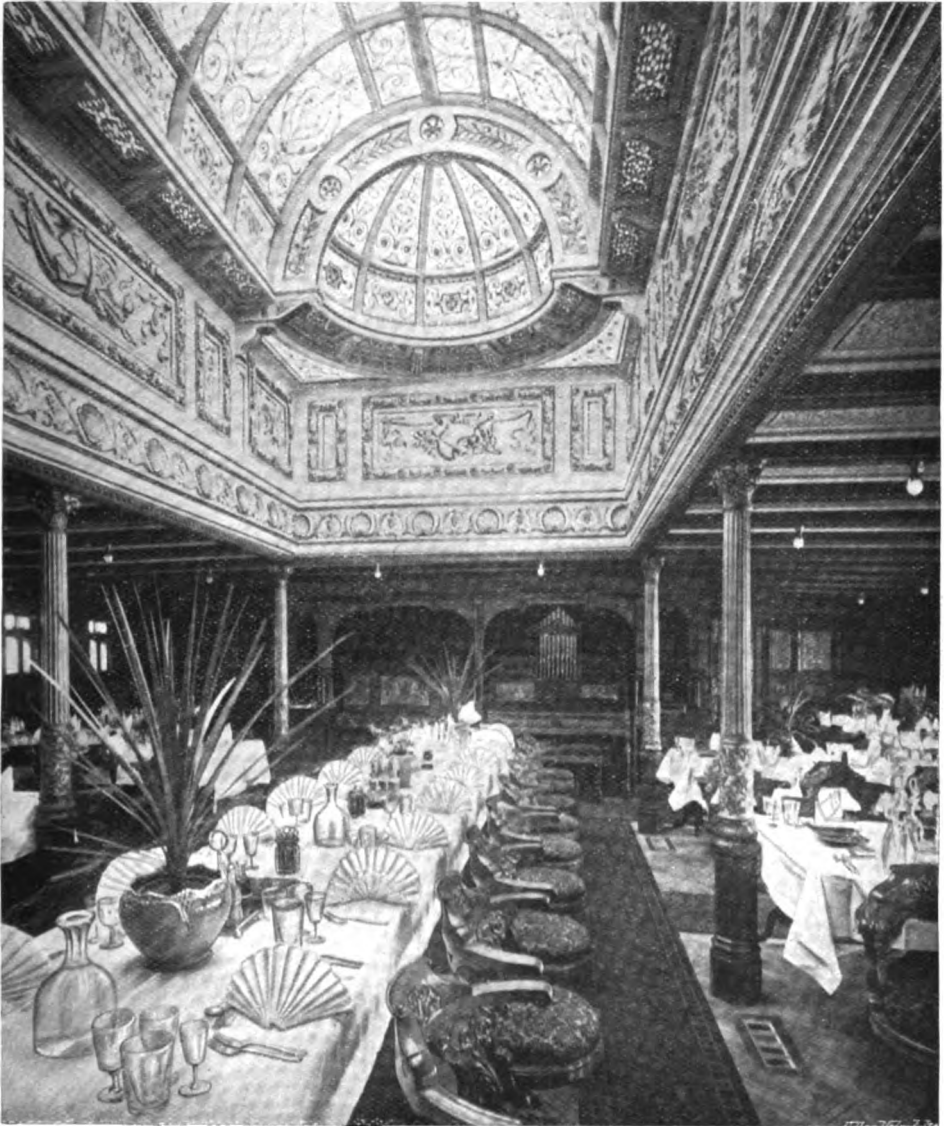
The Steamship "William Faucett," 1837, the first Mail Boat of the P. & O. Company. (From a print lent by the Company.)

worth noting, and which have been obtained from measurements taken from the original Directories:—

The 1837 book, whose title-page is shown on page 305, contains 60 cubic inches; the 1897, 368 cubic inches—more than six times as much in solidity, and about thirty times as much printed matter if we take into account the much smaller type used now than that used in 1837. The number of pages in the old book is 996; in the new, 3291. The number of square feet of printed matter in the 1837 Directory is 165, in the 1897 Directory, 1215 square feet. The leaves of the early Directory if placed end to end would measure 97 yards; the leaves of the current Directory would measure 480 yards—*i.e.*, more than a quarter of a mile. The weights are respectively $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. and 11 lb., and the selling prices, 5s. 6d. and 32s. Bear in mind that these solidities, linear measurements, and weights, stand here for the most condensed essence of London's activities: that the entry, for example, "Rothschild, N. M., *Mercht.*, 2 New Court, St. Swithin's lane" in the 1837 Directory, differs but little nominally from the "Rothschild, N. M. & Sons, merchants, New Court, St. Swithin's la. E" quoted from the 1897 Directory, but that the wealth and power of this one house only has increased enormously during



The R.M.S. "Teutonic," White Star Line. (From a photograph lent by Messrs. Ismay, Imrie & Co.)



The Saloon of the R.M.S. "Norman," Union Line. (From a photograph lent by the Union Steamship Co.)

the last sixty years, until Rothschild is now the "seventh Great Power." Remember that the quintessence of financial might, of intellectual ability, of commercial activity, is represented by the present solidity (368 cubic inches) of the *Post Office London Directory*, and was similarly represented in 1837, to the extent of its then development, by the 60 cubic inches of the little book perched on the top of the big one on page 305 ; let this thought suggest the almost impossible development of London during the time that has passed from the publication of the 38th edition to that of the 98th edition of this most wonderful book ; and never any more think that the *Post Office London Directory* is commonplace, for it holds, in its solidity of one-fifth of a cubic foot, the quintessence of the activity and supremacy of London and, indirectly, of England also.



The Promenade Deck of the R.M.S. "Norman." (From a photograph lent by the Union Steamship Co).

The paddle-wheel steamship shown on page 306 is the *William Fawcett*, the first mail packet of the P. and O. Company. It was a tiny boat of about 300 tons, but it was the forerunner of the mighty Royal Mail Steamships and Mercantile Armed Cruisers of to-day. The R.M.S. *Teutonic* is shown below it—582 feet long, 10,000 tons; used as a troopship, this descendant of the 300-ton *William Fawcett* can accommodate a thousand cavalry with their horses, or two thousand infantry—a fact that serves to illustrate the contrast between these two typical vessels.

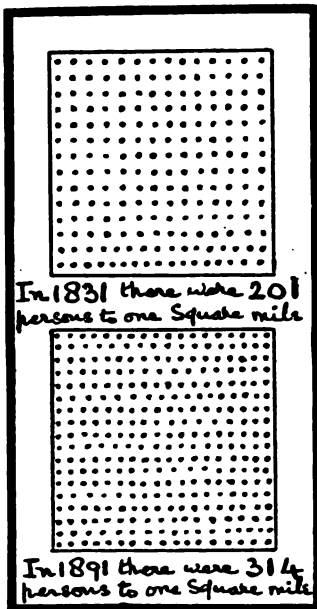
But the extraordinary development of the mercantile navy is strikingly suggested without the aid of any figures by inspection of our illustrations of the Saloon and Promenade Deck of the R.M.S. *Norman*. As regards the Atlantic liners, we may briefly say that such a ship as the *Paris* carries, each journey, in coal alone a weight equal to eight times the gross tonnage of the *William Fawcett* seen on page 306. The ordinary Atlantic speed of the *Paris* is 20 knots, and 18,000 horses drive her; each hour 14 tons of coal are burnt, and a staff of 120 stokers is needed to dig the coal out of the bunkers and put it on the fires! It sounds like Jules Verne, or Baron Munchausen—but it's true, and all this has developed during the sixty years 1837 to 1897.

Such developments of energy as those at which we have been glancing, suggest that—as they have all come out of man's activity—the population of the country must be vastly stronger now, in the aggregate, than it was in the year 1837. On this score, we may look at the diagram on next page which shows the growth of the home population during the sixty years covered by the last seven censuses, from

24·4 millions to 38·1 millions ; and we may note that at the present time, 1897, our population is nearly 40 millions. An interesting thought is suggested by these white discs of increasing size as one glances from top to bottom of the diagram—what an incalculably vast number of possible combinations, physical, mental, and moral, is hidden by the increase of a population from 24·4 to 38·1 millions : not only do we get the immense increase in the nation's aggregate of physical and mental energy, which would itself lead to some mighty developments in material progress, through sheer accession of energy ; but we also get the much more subtle and prolific force which is the almost necessary outcome of the incalculable number of different combinations that must result from the infusion of fresh units among a population, fresh units whose *net* sum during the sixty years is no fewer than 14 millions. The possible combinations, physical and psychical, resulting from this increase defy the very broadest attempt to measure them, but we can see a few of their practical effects when we look at the material developments during the Queen's reign. So far as I know, this vitally important feature of sociology is constantly overlooked by the advocates of artificial restraint of population ; but we shall not, I think, strain our logic if we say that this feature

of *variety of units*—physical and psychical variety—is far and away more important than any of the stock arguments for and against what is usually termed the population question. We have not to look very far from our own country to see results, the reverse of satisfactory, which have come out of a wide-spread carrying-out of the theory of artificial restraint of population.

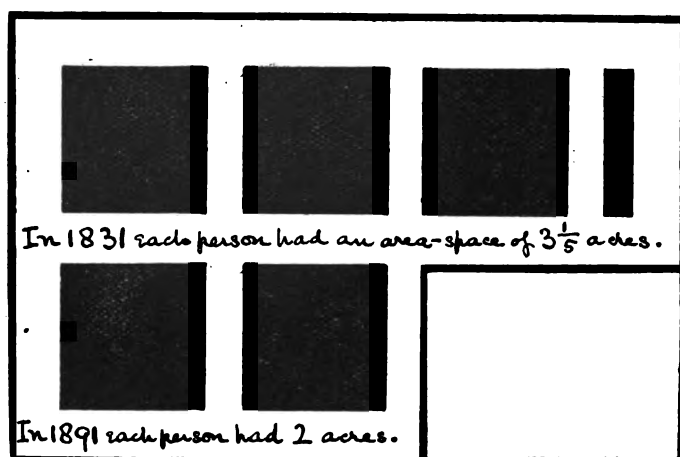
Reverting to the purely material, we glance at the left-hand diagram, and see that the increase in population shown by that on the right has had the



Contrasting, for the population of the United Kingdom in 1831 and 1891, the number of persons to one square mile of the Kingdom.



Sixty years' growth of the Population of the United Kingdom.



A Diagram showing the decrease in area space, for each member of the Population of the United Kingdom, during the Sixty years. (1831—1891, Census years)

tion from $3\frac{1}{5}$ acres in 1831 to only 2 acres at the date of the last census in 1891: and now, of course, there is for each of us a rather smaller average space than two acres.

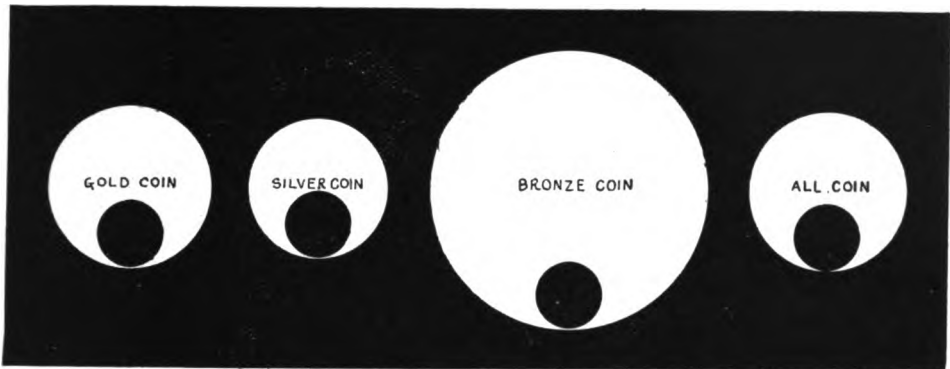
The filling-up of England during the nineteenth century is also evidenced by the following diagram, which gives a bird's-eye view of this aspect of the population question for each of the ten decennial censuses of the century. From 1801 to 1891 we see that the number of persons to one square mile of the surface of England and Wales has increased from 153 to 497; that the number of acres per person has decreased from 4.20 acres in 1801 to 1.29 acres in 1891; and that if the whole population of England and Wales be assumed to be distributed as equally as possible over the entire surface of England and Wales, the number of linear yards that would separate each person from his or her nearest neighbour has decreased from 153 yards in 1801 to only 85 yards in 1891. At the back of even a purely mathematical calculation, such as this last one is, there lies much meaning: the shrinkage of the separation-distance of 153 yards in 1801 to the 85 yards of 1891 means an interminable series of social causes and effects, out of which has grown much of the vast progress of the century.

One of the most striking population features of the sixty years now under notice is the decrease in the population of Ireland coincident with the increase of the populations of Scotland and of England and Wales:—

effect of crowding us to the degree of 314 persons per square mile of surface of the United Kingdom, as compared with only 201 persons per square mile at the census of 1831. The diagram annexed emphasizes this feature by showing that the lapse of these sixty years has resulted in reducing the area-space of each unit of the home popula-

CENSUS YEAR	Persons per Square mile	Acres per Person	Proximity of Persons. (yards)
1801	153	4.20	153
1811	174	3.67	143
1821	206	3.11	132
1831	238	2.69	123
1841	273	2.34	114
1851	307	2.08	108
1861	344	1.86	102
1871	390	1.64	96
1881	445	1.44	90
1891	497	1.29	85

The filling up of England during the Nineteenth Century. A statement for each of the ten Census years of this Century, of the increasing number of persons per square mile, of the decreasing number of acres per person, and of the decreasing number of linear yards which would separate each individual from his or her next neighbour, if the whole population were spread as uniformly as possible over the surface of the country. (England and Wales only.)



The Nation's Increase in Hard Cash: a Coinage Contrast for 1837 and 1897.—The four black discs respectively represent £100 of new gold coin, of new silver coin, of new copper coin, and of all three mixed, annually struck in the Royal Mint sixty years ago; the four white discs respectively represent the present yearly coinage of gold, of silver, of bronze, and of all three mixed, in proportion to each £100 worth coined in 1837: viz., Gold £628 per £100 in 1837; Silver £444 per £100 in 1837; Bronze £1880 per £100 in 1837; All sorts £800 per £100 in 1837. (The 1837 discs are based on the average yearly coinage for the six years 1835–1840; the 1897 discs on the average yearly coinage for the last six years.)

	In 1831.	In 1891.	In 1831.	In 1891.
Ireland's population . . .	7·8 millions	4·7 millions	100 .	60
Scotland's „ . . .	2·4 „	4·0 „	100 .	167
England and Wales' population . . .	14·2 „	29·4 „	100 .	207
Total . . .	24·4 „	38·1 „	100 .	156

For every 100 persons in Ireland in the year 1831 there were in 1891 only 60: the corresponding results for the other two parts of the United Kingdom being, Scotland, 100 persons in 1831, 167 in 1891; England and Wales, 100 persons in 1831, 207 persons in 1891. Here I may say that, if the average yearly rate of decrease of the Irish population which has operated during 1831–1891 is to continue in future years, the Irish population will proceed to extinction as follows:—

In the year	The Irish population will be (persons)
2076	1,000,000
2352	100,000
2627	10,000
2903	1,000
3178	100
3454	10
3730	1

So that in the year A.D. 3730, 1833 years from now, the Irish population will consist of one person only—a result that may possibly facilitate the final settlement of the interesting and perennial Irish Question, for this unit might be made Secretary for Ireland and then left to administer “justice” to himself in the way that might please him most.

It is not practicable, nor would it be interesting, to deal here with the matter of trade development of this country during the sixty years; this question would need a long and technical account of all sorts of side issues quite out of place in a popular magazine. But, thanks to the courtesy of the Deputy Master of the Mint, who has supplied to me the unpublished facts for sixty years ago, I have been able to make the diagram shown above, which, in a practical way, serves to illustrate the increase in the hard cash, during the years 1837–1897, which

is wanted and obtained by the population by way of small change—not a bad practical test of increased wealth.

The description printed underneath the diagram on page 311 exactly explains its meaning, and one can hardly fail to be impressed by the large size of the white discs as compared with the black discs that stand for the yearly supply of hard cash sixty years ago.

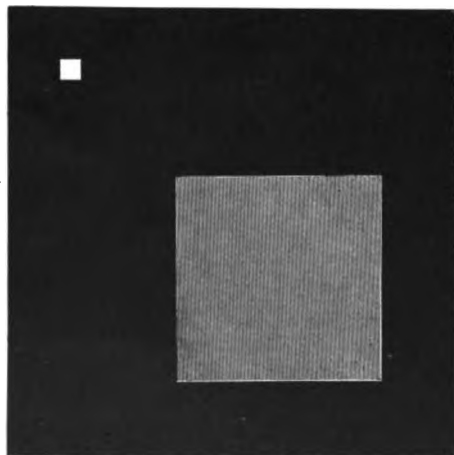
If we examine this matter of hard cash—taking into the account the supply *per hundred of the population* in 1837 and in 1897, we get the following results:—

	(New) Gold coin.	(New) Silver coin.	(New) Copper or Bronze coin.	(New) All coin.
In 1837, each 100 persons in the population were supplied by the Mint, on the average, with	£ s. d. 4 16 7	£ s. d. 0 19 2	£ s. d. 0 0 3	£ s. d. 5 16 0
In 1897, each 100 persons in the population were supplied by the Mint, on the average, with	19 13 8	2 15 4	0 3 0	22 12 0

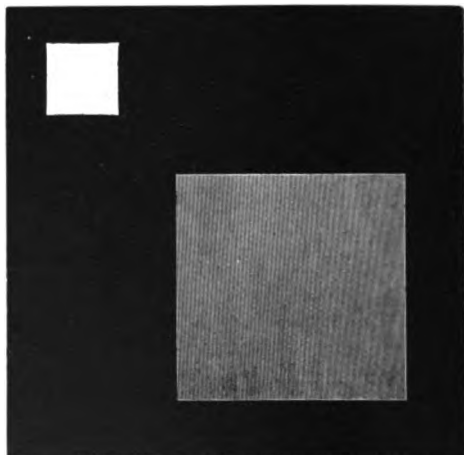
These results mean a lot. They show a very large actual increase in the amount of new coin annually supplied by the Mint, per hundred of the population, in the years 1837 and 1897; and when we note that the present system of paying by cheque was relatively trifling sixty years ago, this actual increase in the yearly supply of small change means a great deal more than is evidenced even by the very remarkable results just shown.

As in the last diagram, so here, the results for 1837 have been based on the average coinage for the years 1835—1840, and those for 1897 on the average coinage for the last six years.

A COMPARISON IN THREE SQUARES, AS REGARDS LAND AREA AND POPULATION, OF THE EARTH, THE BRITISH EMPIRE, AND THE UNITED KINGDOM. (ON THE BASIS OF THE 1891 CENSUS.)



1. Land Area in Square Miles of the Earth (Black Square), of the British Empire (Grey Square), of the United Kingdom (White Square).



2. Population of the Earth (Black Square), of the British Empire (Grey Square), of the United Kingdom (White Square).

The preceding financial statement must do duty for the omitted account of trade progress, already condemned as too technical and uninteresting; and I think the statement serves to illustrate the very great advance in material prosperity that has come to all sections of society during the past sixty years.

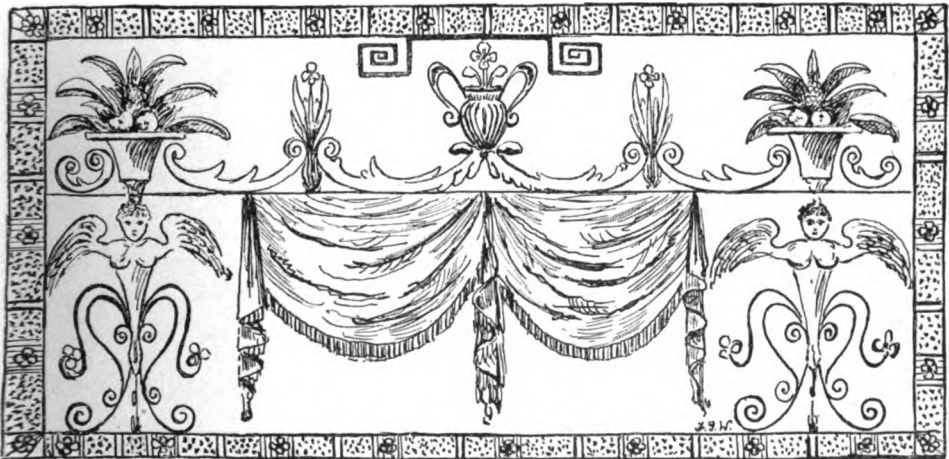
Finally, I invite attention to the diagram on previous page. This arrangement of squares in black, grey, and white shows to us, as regards land area and population, how we as a Nation and as an Empire compare quantitatively with the planet Earth.

Out of that tiny bit of white up in the left top corner of the huge black square that stands for the land area of the Earth, has grown the large grey square, whose land area makes a very appreciable patch on the land area of the Earth. Looking at part II. of this diagram we see the population of the United Kingdom, a population almost insignificant when compared with that represented by the large grey square, which however is dominated by the little white square. And the grey square of part II. is even larger as compared with the population of the Earth than is the grey square of part I. which compares the land area of the British Empire with the land area of the Earth.

The British Empire covers more than one-fifth of the land area of the Earth, and contains more than one-quarter of the Earth's population. The United Kingdom, from which has grown the Empire, covers only $\frac{1}{133}$ part of the land area of the Earth, and contains only $\frac{1}{37}$ part of the Earth's population.

Three cheers for the vigour and the prowess of the white and the grey, and for the Queen and Empress who ruled them "then" and who rules them now!

J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

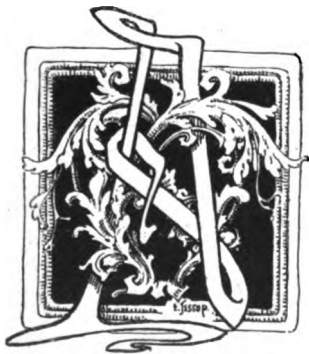




Western Front of Audley End.

AUDLEY END.

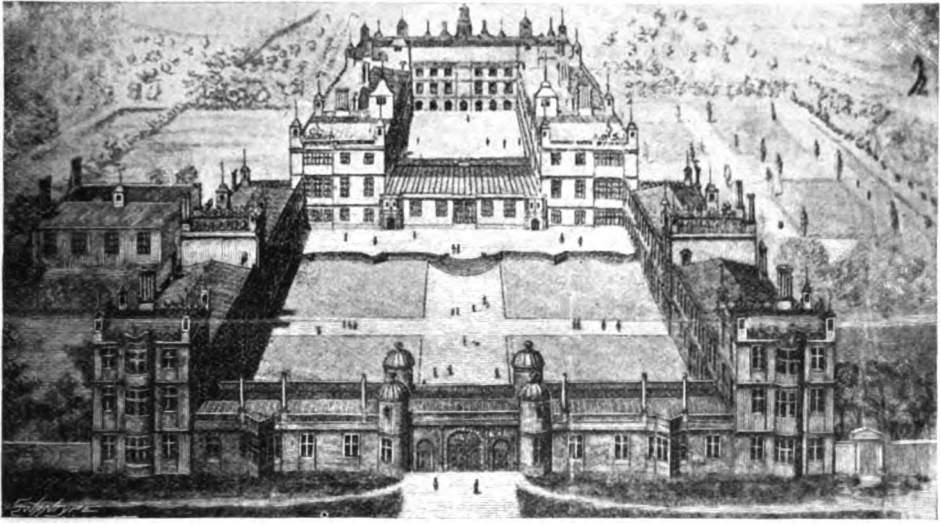
ILLUSTRATED FROM SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE REV. A. H. MALAN.



FINE view of the west front of Audley End is obtained from the high road, so that in the old coaching days it was a familiar object to travellers from London to Cambridge. No glimpse of it, however, is visible from the Great Eastern line, which here runs through a tunnel. A broad sweep of lawn stretches between the house and the river, the greater part of which was once covered by the large quadrangle and other buildings pulled down more than one hundred and seventy years ago.

A curious and interesting print, which gives a representation of the whole extent of the original buildings, shows how splendid was the stately pile described as the "royall pallace of Audley End." Thoresby mentions posting from Cambridge to London by the "greatest house in England, Audley End, a vast building or rather town walled in; it is adorned with so many cupolas above, walks and trees below, as rendered it a most admirable seat." The print shows also that the present west front then formed the inner side of the great quadrangle.

Like Burghley, Audley End is built of stone, while many other houses of about the same date, including Hatfield and Temple Newsam, are of red brick. Audley End has two entrance lodges, one on the main road, about a quarter of a mile from the house, the other on the road which branches off at right angles to Saffron



The Original House as built by the Earl of Suffolk (from an old print).

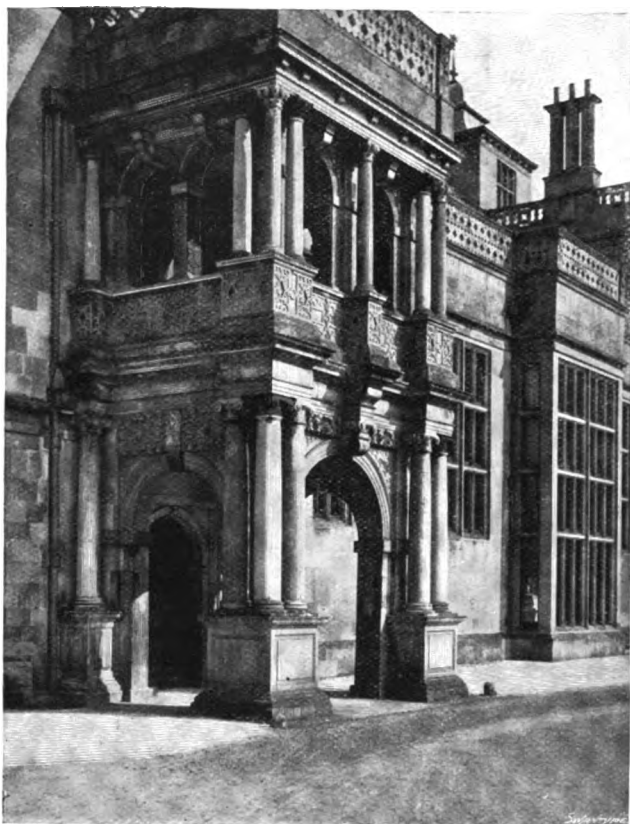
Walden. Both the lodges are modern; but the centre gateway of this last, sometimes called the "Lion" lodge, dates from 1616, and bears the Howard lion at the top. It was restored in 1786.

The building of the house is supposed to have been begun in 1603, and to have taken thirteen years in completion. The first Earl of Suffolk, who built it, seems to have wished to "erect a mansion which should surpass in size and magnificence all the private residences of the kingdom, and in aid of this design he procured from Italy a model executed in wood." There is some uncertainty about the name of the architect, but it seems most probable that John Thorpe was employed. In a volume of drawings and plans, made by John Thorpe himself, is a ground-plan of Audley End with pencilled alterations, which circumstance strongly confirms this idea.

Thomas Howard, first Earl of Suffolk, Lord Treasurer to James I., had inherited the estates of Audley End from his mother, Margaret Audley, daughter and eventually sole heir of Lord Chancellor Audley, to whom Henry VIII. had given the lands of the Manor and Abbey of Walden.

The buildings must have been considerably advanced by 1610, in which year the King visited Lord Suffolk, and again in 1614. It was probably on one of these occasions that King James made the often quoted remark that "the house was too large for a King, though it might do for a Lord Treasurer"! The size of the house soon proved a source of considerable embarrassment to its owners, none of whom, after the death of the first Earl of Suffolk, were able to keep up an establishment suitable to its magnificence.

In 1721 three sides of the great quadrangle were demolished under the advice of Sir John Vanbrugh; and in 1749 the whole of the eastern wing of the present quadrangle was pulled down by Elizabeth Countess of Portsmouth, shortly after it came into her possession. At one time, indeed, Lady Portsmouth contemplated the destruction of the whole house, and then had an idea of converting it into a silk manufactory. But the manner in which she finally decided to reduce its size, and adapt it to the means of her nephew and successor, Lord Howard de Walden, resulted in entailing great expense on him. For much rebuilding became necessary



The Entrance Porch.

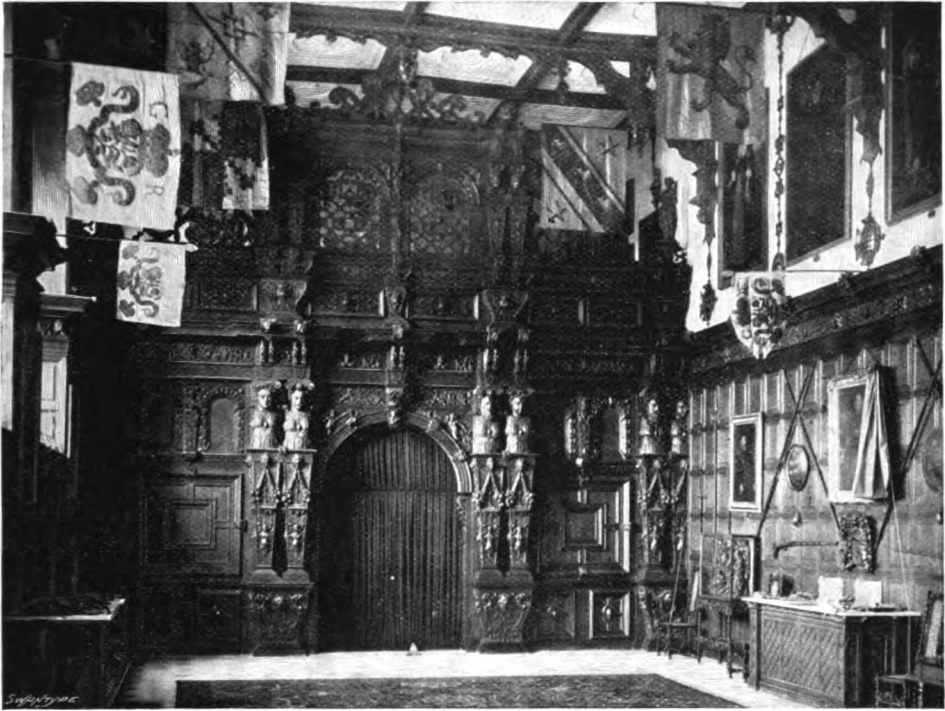
to restore the communication between the north and south wings, while the loss of the magnificent gallery, two hundred and twenty-six feet long, which was situated in the eastern wing, was irreparable.

Evelyn describes the architecture of the house : "It is a mixt fabrick 'twixt antiq and modern, but observable for its being compleately finished, and it is one of the stateliest palaces in the kingdom." It is, in fact, a fine example of that intermediate style between Gothic and classical in which the great houses of England were built during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., called Elizabethan by some, by others Jacobean. A fine cedar-tree, somewhat injured by the winds and storms of many

years, stands close to the south-western angle of the house. The west front has two porches, exactly alike, two-storied, with pillars and arches, the lower story Ionic, the upper Corinthian. The balustrades and architrave of these are elaborately and delicately carved. The entrance is by the north porch, which leads into a lofty vestibule communicating by an archway on the right with the Great Hall. The Hall runs up to the roof: it is lighted by five windows, the central one a large projecting bow. It has a stone floor, and ceiling of plaster compartments separated by oaken beams, the compartments bearing crests and cognizances of the Howard family. The walls are panelled with oak half-way up to the ceiling; the chimneypiece is of fine carved oak, with the arms of Charles, seventh Earl of Suffolk, and his wife Arabella, daughter and co-heir of Sir Samuel Astry, in the centre. Silken banners, bearing the arms of the different possessors of the Manor of Walden, beginning with Geoffrey de Mandeville, are suspended from the beams of the ceiling. But the chief glory of the Hall is the magnificent screen of carved oak, which occupies the whole of the north end. It is richly carved, and ornamented with grotesque figures in bold relief, and is said to have been originally procured from Italy.

In 1740 Lord Suffolk,* with inconceivable bad taste, had this beautiful screen covered with white paint, as well as the walls and chimneypiece. The paint, however, was successfully removed in 1826 by the application of soft soap. The work of restoring the screen to its pristine beauty required much care and patience,

* Henry, tenth Earl, who died in 1745.



Oak Screen in the Hall.

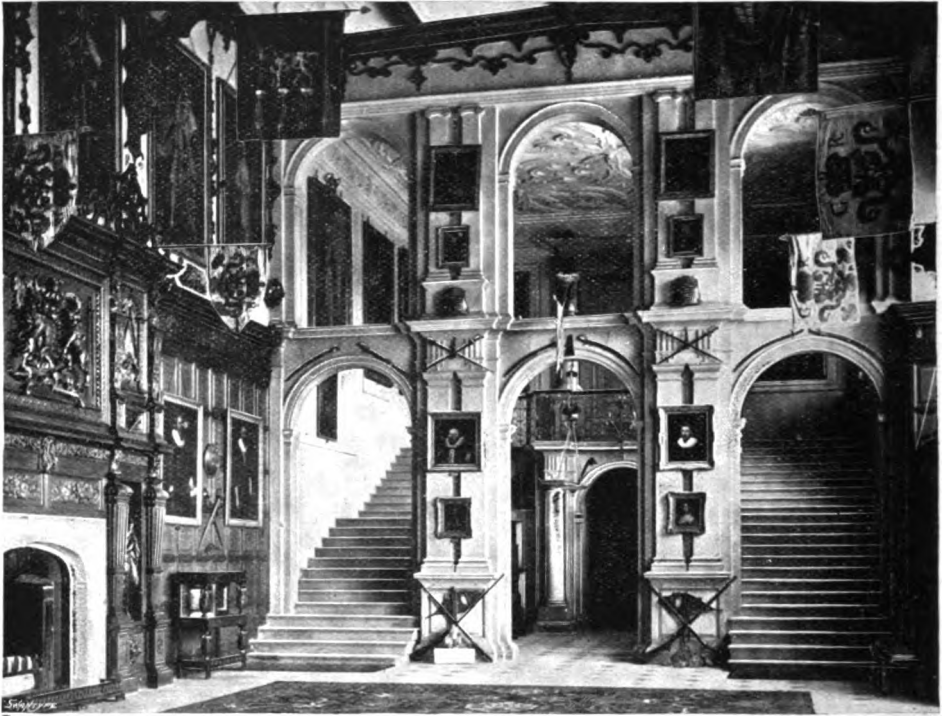
and was undertaken by an old servant of Richard, third Lord Braybrooke. Some carved oak chimneypieces in different parts of the house have since then been freed in a similar manner from the disfigurement of white paint.

Unfortunately, when the Hall was enlarged by the removal of the south wall, this was, under the directions of Sir John Vanbrugh, replaced by an open stone screen, with double flight of stone steps leading into the Saloon. This screen is totally unsuited to the original design, and out of keeping with the Hall. The ceiling over this staircase is quite different from that of the Hall, but the raised mouldings on it are of beautiful design.

A piece of carving, cut out of a block of solid oak, which stands in the Hall, represents an ecclesiastical legend, and was bought at an auction of Dutch furniture in 1826.

The narrow straight chair of carved oak called "Pope's Chair" belonged to the poet Alexander Pope, who, as is well known, was a very little man. He lived at one time at Binfield, in Berkshire, close to Lord Braybrooke's estate of Billingbear. The Rev. T. Ashley, for many years curate of Binfield, presented this chair to the third Lord Braybrooke in 1844. He bought it in a cottage, and was told by the woman who owned it, "My husband's mother lived many years with the late Mr. Pope, and this was master's chair given to her as a keepsake." Mr. Ashley thought that the chair was a present to the poet after he had translated the *Iliad*, and that the carving on the chair, of Cupid and a flaming heart, with a town in the background, had reference to Helen of Troy. It was also suggested that the Phoenix at the top may have been placed there as an allusion to Troy being again raised from the flames by the poet's translation of the *Iliad*.

There are many portraits in the Hall, some of which deserve special notice. Those of Lord Chancellor Audley and his wife are attributed to Holbein.



Southern End of the Hall.

Thomas Audley received a grant of the Manor of Walden, and the recently dissolved Abbey of Walden, from Henry VIII., as a reward for his services in aiding and abetting the King in all his schemes for the dissolution and surrender of the religious houses. He did not belong to the ancient family of the Barons Audley, whose surname is Touchet, but came of a respectable family seated at Earl's Colne, in Essex, in the time of Henry VI. Thomas Audley inherited a competent fortune, possessed good natural abilities, and received an excellent education. But even with these advantages his rise to fame and fortune was unusually rapid. He was Speaker of the House of Commons, and King's Sergeant, knighted and appointed Keeper of the Great Seal on the resignation of Sir Thomas More, and on January 26th, 1532, became Lord Chancellor.

In 1538 Sir Thomas Audley was created Lord Audley of Walden, and installed a Knight of the Garter. His first wife, of whom nothing is known, was dead, and he married secondly Elizabeth Grey, daughter of Thomas, first Marquis of Dorset. Lady Audley's brother Henry, second Marquis, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, was beheaded in 1554 for proclaiming his daughter, Lady Jane Grey, Queen of England.

It is amusing to hear that Lord Audley spoke of his alliance with this illustrious family as his "pore marriage."

Lord Audley died at his house in Aldgate on April 30th, 1554, leaving his sole surviving daughter Margaret heiress to his vast possessions. The use of the Walden estates was, however, allowed to Lady Audley* for her life, and she was "to have and enjoy his chief and capital mansion house at Walden with the parke adjoining, and all houses and precincts thereof," also for her life.

* She married secondly, Sir George Norton, Knight.



Oak Carving in Hall, Pope's Chair, and Portraits of Lord Chancellor Audley, Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Lady Katherine Grey.

This house must have been the original Audley End, about which very little is known. But the present house stands on the site of the old Abbey, and therefore the statement that Lord Audley converted the Abbey into his country residence, though not absolutely certain, seems most probable.

Margaret Audley was first married at the age of fourteen to Henry Dudley, fourth son of John, Earl and Duke of Northumberland, who was killed at the battle of St. Quentin in Picardy, in August 1557, and left no child. Before the year was over the girl-widow Margaret became the second wife of Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk. The Duchess of Norfolk's portrait, in an elaborate dress and close ruff, by Lucas de Heere, hangs in the Hall. It was originally painted on the same panel as that of her husband, but for some reason the portraits were divided, the coat-of-arms between the two being severed in the middle, the first two words of the motto, *Sola virtus*, being on the Duke's half, the third word, *Invicta*, on the Duchess'. The Duke's picture became the property of the Earls of Westmoreland, his sister Jane having married Charles Nevill, Earl of Westmoreland : while the Duchess of Norfolk's portrait, formerly at Drayton House, was presented by Lord George Germaine to Lord Howard de Walden. The portrait of Margaret Audley and her ill-fated husband, disunited for so many years, met once more within the walls of Burlington House during the winter exhibition of 1885. Since then Lord Westmoreland has sold the Duke of Norfolk's picture, which now belongs to the Rothschilds.

Margaret Audley had by her second marriage four children : one died early ; William, her second son, was ancestor of the Earls of Carlisle, and is well known as "Belted Will Howard," when, holding the post of Lord Warden of the

Marches, he was the dread of turbulent Borderers. Her daughter Margaret married Robert Sackville, Earl of Dorset, and probably carried away her mother's picture to Drayton; while Thomas, the eldest son, eventually became first Earl of Suffolk, and the builder of Audley End. The Duchess of Norfolk died in 1563, at the early age of twenty-three.

Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, who thus became a widower for the second time in his twenty-seventh year, was son to the celebrated Lord Surrey. The small portrait of him on panel is by an unknown painter. He appears to have been a man of most amiable character, and there is a letter written by him to his children previous to his execution, containing a passage which shows both his kindness of heart and the interest he took in his Audley End estates, by the mention of St. Aylott's, still a farm on the property. He says, addressing Lord Thomas Howard:—

"Tom, I had forgotten to request one thing at your hands, which I hope you will hereafter, when the time cometh, perform. It is this: I promised Bowles a lease of a farm of yours in your hands called St. Aylott's, which if I had lived I would have performed; and now I hope you will, if God send you to come to years, perform as much as I would have done. He hath been as honest and true a servant to your father as any that he hath had, and therefore I hope at this my request, he shall have the lease at your hand."

The Duke of Norfolk was beheaded on September 2nd, 1572, for desiring to marry Mary Queen of Scots, thus meeting the same fate under Queen Elizabeth which his father had experienced under Henry VIII.

Portraits of Lady Audley's nieces, Lady Jane Grey and Lady Katherine Grey, are at Audley End. Lady Katherine, who married Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, is represented with her infant son, Lord Beauchamp, in her arms. He was born in the Tower, where Queen Elizabeth, indignant at her marriage, had imprisoned her. Lady Katherine's captivity was continued at Pyrgo, in Essex, where she died of a broken heart; so that her fate, while less tragic, was nearly as sad as that of her sister. Sir Thomas Lumsford's portrait hangs in the Hall at the top of the stone staircase. He was the well-known Cavalier whose devotion to his royal master was considered a crime, and to whom his enemies imputed all sorts of cruelty.

Passing from the Hall through a small room hung with tapestry, of which only a portion is real old work, one door leads to the Billiard-room, and another door opens into the south lobby; by a passage on the right from this the ground-floor rooms in the south wing are reached. At the foot of the south staircase, which is of oak, finely carved, and of very handsome design, hangs the large print of Audley End in its original splendour, engraved by Henry Winstanley.

Winstanley was Clerk of the Works to Charles II. during the time of that king's occupation of Audley End, and the series of views engraved by him are of the greatest value in showing what the house was in its original state. It was this same Henry Winstanley who built the first Eddystone Lighthouse, and perished there in the great storm of November 26th, 1703.

A suite of state apartments are among the rooms on the ground floor.

The ceiling of the State Bedroom was designed by Adam. The hangings of the bed are of very pale blue silk, richly embroidered, and are supposed to have been made out of a Court gown of Lady Portsmouth's. A full-length portrait of Queen Charlotte hangs opposite, copied by Honeyman from the Gainsborough at Windsor.

The next room, fitted as a boudoir, has walls and ceiling painted by Biagio Rebecca.

*The Saloon.*

All the principal sitting-rooms are on the first floor. The Saloon can be reached either by the stone staircase leading from the Hall, or by the oak staircase of the south wing.

The Saloon, which is sixty feet long, was once called the Fish Room, because dolphins and sea monsters are represented in bold relief on the ceiling. This ceiling, which is of stucco divided into thirty-two compartments, has finely-wrought pendants suspended from each angle. The walls are panelled with wood, painted white and gold in divisions, forming a series of arches, which frame the collection of portraits all round the room. These pictures, most of which are copies, are placed in order to show the descent and succession of the owners of Audley End. The arrangement by which the pictures appear to be let into the wall has a particularly good effect. A cornice of arabesques and grotesque heads is also in white and gold, as well as the fine chimneypiece, with its elaborate ornament and gilding. The coat-of-arms in the centre of this is that of Thomas, first Earl of Suffolk, impaling Knyvett and its quarterings, encircled with the Garter; while the arms of Lord Howard, and his first and second wives, with two classical figures, were painted by Biagio Rebecca. A large western bow-window is raised by three steps above the level of the floor of the room, and commands a charming view of the lawn, river, and picturesque old red stables. An inscription in this room records its refitting and decorating by Lord Howard de Walden, "to commemorate the noble families through whom with gratitude he holds these possessions." Two swans, now acting as screens in this room, belonged in their lifetime to the numerous tribe of swans on the river near at hand. Over two doorways are half-length portraits of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, copied by Rebecca from originals at Kensington and Hatfield.



Portraits of Elizabeth, Countess of Portsmouth, Lord Howard de Walden and Hon. Mrs. Whitwell.

Lord Chancellor Audley, and his daughter, Margaret, Duchess of Norfolk, arrayed here in white satin and pearls with a large ruff, are on either side of the great doorway from the Hall. Then next to the Duke of Norfolk's portrait, in which a cherub weeping over the fatal axe symbolises his doom, we come to Lord Thomas Howard, the builder of Audley End, a view of which appears in the background.

Well might the unfortunate Duke entreat his children "to beware of the Court"; but the warning was unheeded by this son, who passed the greater part of his life there.

Thomas Howard was born August 24th, 1561, and was trained in the profession of arms by sea and land. Queen Elizabeth summoned him to Parliament, as Baron Howard de Walden, but it was under her successor that he attained to place and power. James I. made him Earl of Suffolk in 1604, and he held for many years high and lucrative offices, becoming in 1614 Lord High Treasurer of England.

Lord Suffolk was possessed of ample means, but his extravagance was unbounded. We are told that he expended no less than £190,000 in building Audley End! By his first wife, Mary, daughter of Lord Dacre of Gillesland, he had no children, and as she died when very young it seems doubtful whether his alliance with her was a marriage, or only a betrothal. And Lord Suffolk was very unfortunate in his choice of a second wife. This lady was Catherine, daughter and co-heir of Sir Henry Knevit, or Knyvett, of Charlton in Wiltshire, and widow of Richard, eldest son of Robert Lord Rich. She was a celebrated beauty until 1619, when her charms were entirely destroyed by smallpox; but she was terribly avaricious. She rendered herself odious by extorting money from persons who had business at the Treasury, and was accused of selling places procured by her influence at Court. Lady Suffolk obtained a great ascendancy over her husband, and the accusations brought against him, which obscured his fair fame, were no doubt aggravated by the evil transactions in which she was engaged. For although Lord Suffolk was deprived of his office, and committed to the Tower for nine days in 1618, on a



A Corner of the Saloon.

charge of alleged embezzlement of money received from the Dutch, the general opinion held was that his chief error was the concealment of his wife's conduct. Lady Suffolk is also said to have received bribes from the Constable of Castile, and this charge gave rise to the common saying that Audley End was built with Spanish gold.

Lord Suffolk was partially restored to the King's favour in July 1620; he died in 1626, and was buried at Walden. His widow survived him about ten years, but during that time she was reduced to great distress, and obliged to conceal herself from her creditors.

The portraits of Theophilus, second Earl of Suffolk, and his son James, third Earl, with James' first wife, Lady Susannah Rich, come next in order of the pictures. Theophilus, when Lord Walden, in his father's lifetime, was the author of a love sonnet found with his signature amongst the Ashmolean Manuscripts.

When James, the third Earl, succeeded his brother, he must have found the estates in a sadly embarrassed condition. He was very lukewarm in his support of the Royal cause during the Civil Wars, but in spite of this was impeached by the Parliament in 1647, and committed to the Tower for some months. After his release, however, he lived quietly at Audley End during the Commonwealth, and had interest enough with the ruling powers to secure his estates from sequestration. It was this same Earl James who, after selling the house at Audley End to Charles II., executed a settlement of his estates in 1687, which eventually secured them to the descendants of his elder daughter and co-heiress, Lady Essex Howard. Her portrait, an original by Sir Peter Lely, hangs on one side of the south bow-window in the Saloon, and that of her husband, Edward, first Lord Griffin, on the

other. Both had Jacobite proclivities; and at one time Lady Essex was sent to the Tower, while her husband was imprisoned there, and condemned to be beheaded, but reprieved. He, however, died in the Tower in 1710, and was buried there.

Earl James had another daughter (by his second wife), Lady Elizabeth Howard, who married Thomas Felton of Playford, to whose heirs the Barony of Howard de Walden ultimately reverted, after the extinction of Lady Essex Howard's descendants in 1797.*

James, second Lord Griffin, left one son, Edward, third lord, who died without issue, and two daughters. The elder of these daughters, Elizabeth, married first, her cousin, Henry Neville of Billingbear, who assumed the name of Grey, and secondly, John Earl of Portsmouth; but had no children. The younger, Anne, married William Whitwell, of Oundle in Northamptonshire, and was the mother of John Griffin Whitwell, who inherited the Audley End estates from his aunt, Lady Portsmouth, and made out his claim to the Barony of Howard de Walden as great-grandson of Lady Essex Howard and her husband, the first Lord Griffin.

Lord Howard de Walden's portrait, in the robes of the Order of the Bath, hangs on the west wall of the Saloon, between the portraits of his mother and aunt.

Elizabeth Lady Portsmouth only established her right to the Audley End estates after a lawsuit with Thomas, second Earl of Effingham, to whom Charles, ninth Earl of Suffolk, had bequeathed their reversion after his brother Henry's death. Judgment was given for Lady Portsmouth, in accordance with Earl James' settlement, and Earl Charles' disposition of the property set aside.

Curiously enough, as has been mentioned, the house was not included in this settlement, for Earl James having in 1669 disposed of it to Charles II., it was in 1687, and for some years after, Crown property. But the purchase money of £50,000 was never fully paid, some remaining on mortgage, so that the house was re-conveyed to Henry, fifth Earl of Suffolk, in 1701, on his relinquishing all claim to the mortgage.

It has always been asserted that William III., during his ownership of Audley End, took away from it many valuable articles for which the family never received any equivalent, and especially the tapestry, valued at £4500. If tradition be correct, this was sent to the Palace of Loo, in Holland, although Horace Walpole says that it went to Windsor Castle.

Lord Effingham, after the lawsuit went against him, was under the circumstances glad to sell the house with the land adjoining it to Lady Portsmouth for the sum of £10,000! A small amount indeed in comparison with its value. Six Lords Suffolk, possessors of the Audley End property, had thus died in a little over thirty-five years.†

Lord Howard de Walden served for many years in the army, and before he became a peer was M.P. for Andover. He was twice married, but left no children, and his three brothers and five sisters also died without leaving any descendants.

As the Lord Treasurer founded the original house, so Lord Howard may be regarded as the restorer of the remaining portion; for he expended £100,000 in altering and improving the house and grounds at Audley End. In 1788 the Barony of Braybrooke was granted him, with a special remainder to his kinsman, Richard Aldworth Neville, of Billingbear, in Berkshire, on whom he settled Audley

* Mrs. Parker, Lord Howard de Walden's youngest sister, survived about a year, but never established her claim to the title.

† After the death of the tenth Earl of Suffolk, this Earldom reverted to the Earls of Berkshire, descended from the second son of the Lord Treasurer.

End, and who was grandfather to the present owner, Charles, fifth Lord Braybrooke. Lord Howard died May 26th, 1797, after a long and honourable life, and is buried in Walden Church.

The Saloon at Audley End is a particularly cheerful room; indeed, the rooms all over the house are well lit, and entirely free from the gloom which often pervades the large and lofty rooms in many old houses. Next to the Saloon, with windows facing south, is Lord Braybrooke's sitting-room, which has a carved chimneypiece in white and gold, handsomely moulded ceiling and walls hung with red. Many pictures, chiefly of the Dutch School, are in this room, which opens into the South Library. The Great Library is at the extreme end of the south wing; it has a



Portrait of Margaret Audley, Duchess of Norfolk.

large bow-window facing east, from which is obtained a fine view over the flower garden and park, with the spire of Saffron Walden Church in the distance. On the chimneypiece are blazoned the arms of Lord Audley, and Richard, third Lord Braybrooke, with his wife Lady Jane Cornwallis' * arms in a scutcheon of pretence on his shield. In the centre of the room is a large ottoman with silk covering, richly embroidered in flowers and gold thread. This belonged to Queen Charlotte, and was bought when her things were sold after her death; it is believed to be the work of some of the royal family. A large number of books are arranged in the two Libraries, and a splendid illuminated Psalter of the time of Edward I., formerly belonging to the Cornwallis family, is the gem of the collection.

The Dining-room faces north into the quadrangle. This room was enlarged by taking down the wall between it and the next apartment. The mouldings of the ceilings and friezes at the two ends do not therefore correspond. There are many interesting portraits in this room. The only original painting of George II., by Pine, is at one end. This king's dislike to sitting for his picture is well known, and the artist had to watch the opportunity to take a surreptitious sketch while he passed down the staircase of Kensington Palace. George III. asked for this portrait, but in vain, as Lord Howard had made the picture an heirloom; but it was copied for Windsor.

* She was eldest daughter and co-heiress to Charles, second and last Marquis of Cornwallis.

At the opposite end hangs a full-length of Charles, first Marquis Cornwallis, in the robes of the Garter, by Sir W. Beechey. This distinguished soldier and statesman was grandfather to Jane Lady Braybrooke.

There is a portrait by Dobson of Sir Charles Lucas, who was shot by the Roundheads for his gallant defence of Colchester for the King. The head of a large dog appears in this picture, and tradition says that this favourite dog was killed and eaten during the siege of Colchester, so terrible were the straits to which the garrison were reduced for food.

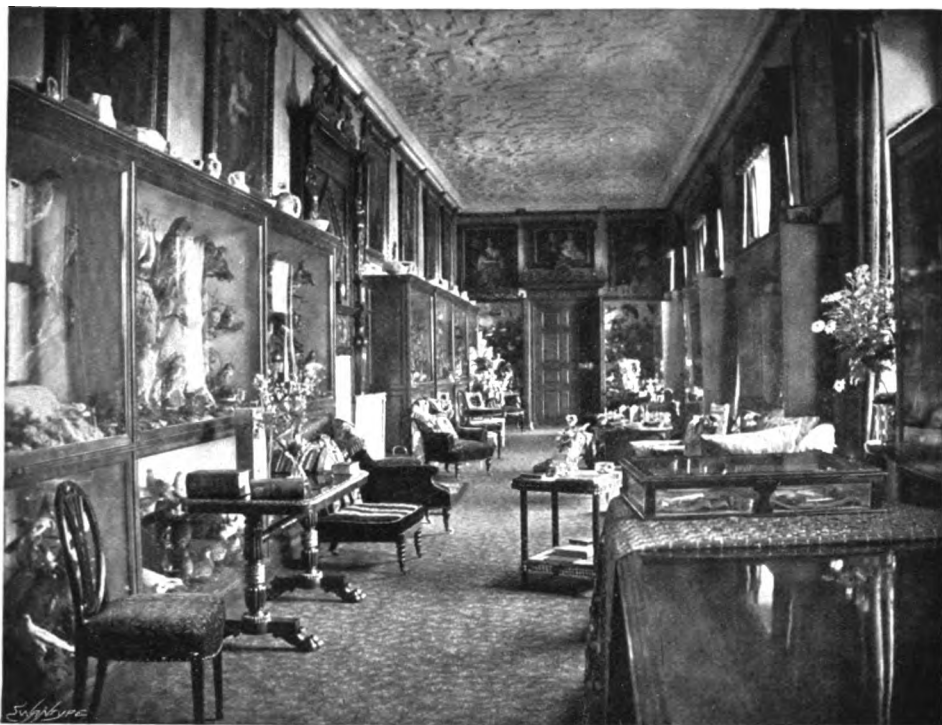
A full-length of Richard Neville Neville of Billingbear, by Vanderbank, was painted for Mr. John Dodd, M.P. for Reading, who fitted up his gallery at Swallowfield in Berkshire with pictures of his intimate friends, which were all dispersed after his death. Mr. Neville is represented in the blue suit worn by him at Mr. Dodd's wedding. The picture of John Marquis of Granby belonged to the same collection. It was painted by Ramsay in 1745. Lord Granby was Commander-in-chief of the British forces in Germany in 1759, and this portrait is said to be the only one of him taken in civilian dress.

There is also a half-length portrait of Mary II., in a Fontange head-dress, holding a fan, by Vanderwaart.

In the south lobby there is a charming portrait by Romney of Lady Mary Singleton, *née* Cornwallis. From this lobby a door leads into the Picture Gallery, often used as a sitting-room. Cases of stuffed birds are placed along the walls, and over them hang portraits of the Cornwallis family. The collection of birds is a very good one, and there are specimens of the beautiful gold and silver pheasants, which, up to a few years ago, were kept in an enclosed aviary of five acres in extent, on the Ring Hill in the park, about a mile from the house. Here is also an albatross, its size making one feel the deepest sympathy for Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" with such a bird hanging round his neck! Some glass cases on tables in this gallery contain various interesting relics and curiosities, including a massive ring with a large jewelled bird, which once belonged to Tippoo Saib. There is also a snuff-box which belonged to Voltaire, containing a letter written by him. The north lobby leads to the north wing, where are Lord and Lady Braybrooke's private rooms, while a door on the left opens into a small gallery at the back of the screen in the Great Hall. When the heavy, carved doors of this screen are open, a good view is obtained of the Hall below. This gallery communicates with the Chapel, which has no distinguishing features. It contains the original plaster cast of the monument to Lord Cornwallis in St. Paul's Cathedral. The old chapel, which was pulled down, was on the south side of the house.

In Mrs. Delany's "Life and Letters," there is a letter giving a description of a marriage, which took place in this present chapel, on November 14th, 1786. The wedding was that of Miss Marianne Clayton, half-sister to Lord Howard's second wife, and the bridegroom was Colonel Honourable H. Fox. Another sister of the bride wrote this account to Miss Port, Mrs. Delany's niece, and her spelling is decidedly quaint. The ceremony "was performed this morning at half-past eight. We were all in the *Gallery* at that time. . . . Her (the bride's) dress was silver muslin night gown trimmed with white *sattin*, a very fine sprigged muslin apron, and handkerchief trimmed with beautiful lace, and white silver shoes. . . . Colonel Fox was in a dark green coat, with a very pretty waistcoat she *net* him."

The guests' costumes are then described, and Miss Clayton adds, "After having signed our names as witnesses, we went to breakfast, which was vastly pretty." The happy pair left Audley End at half-past ten in the morning.



The Picture Gallery.

The oak staircase on the north side is a fine one, of entirely different design from that on the south side.

The offices are detached buildings on the north side; they were rebuilt some years ago, the previous offices having been, in 1881, destroyed by a fire, which fortunately did not extend to any portion of the house itself. The arched cloister on the ground floor of the quadrangle facing east was inclosed some thirty years ago, and forms a long corridor of communication between the north and south wings. It contains several cases of stuffed birds. A room on the ground floor of the north wing is arranged as a museum. Here are some curious Roman remains, chiefly discovered in the neighbourhood, and collected by Richard, fourth Lord Braybrooke, who took keen interest in all archæological discoveries.

The flower garden, with a fountain in the centre, is on the east side of the house. Part of this must once have been used as a burying ground belonging to the Abbey, for many skulls and bones have been dug up. As late as 1887, two skeletons were discovered when some digging was going on.

On the south side of the house numerous foundations and brick drains still exist under the lawn. A beautiful avenue of limes is on the south of the flower garden, bounded by the fine old brick wall, which runs for some distance along the Saffron Walden road. The flower garden is separated by a sunk fence from the park, where the ground rises rapidly behind the house. A small Temple of Concord was placed in this part of the park by Lord Howard in 1792, to commemorate the recovery of George III. from his illness. Higher up in the deer park Lord Howard also erected a lofty column to the memory of his aunt, Lady Portsmouth. A gravel walk from the flower garden leads to the Elysian garden, where the river was converted into a cascade, and is spanned by a bridge

from which the kitchen gardens are reached. These are of very large extent surrounded and divided by walls of old red brick. Parts of these were formerly paddocks, as at one time the third Lord Braybrooke, with Lord George Cavendish, owned and bred some racehorses, of which the famous "Sir Joshua" was one. "Sir Joshua" won eight times at Newmarket, but his chief victory was in a match there in April 1816, when he beat Filho de Puta, the St. Leger winner. On this day the building of a bridge over the Cam, on the road leading from Walden to Wenden, was begun; and when the bricklayers heard the result of the race they christened it "Joshua's Bridge" in honour of the event, which name it has borne ever since.

The stables stand close to the river, on the left of the approach to the house from the main road. The front extends one hundred and seventy feet, and the building is of most picturesque old red brick, toned and mellowed by age. It was certainly in existence at the time of the monastery, and is supposed to have been the hostel where strangers were entertained. On the north side facing the stable-yard are gables, projecting bows, and central doorway. The part now used as a coach-house is believed to have been the refectory.

In 1670, after Charles II. had purchased Audley End, the Court was established at "their new palace," as it was called, and Mr. Henshaw, one of the earliest members of the Royal Society, writes an account to Sir Robert Paston of the manner in which the Queen and her ladies amused themselves:—

"Last week, there being a Faire near Audley End, the Queen, the Dutchesse of Richmond, the Dutchesse of Buckingham had a frolick to disguise themselves like country lasses, in red petticoats, waistcoats, etc., and so goe see the Faire. Sir Bernard Gascoign,* on a cart-jade, rode before the Queen, another stranger before the Dutchesse of Buckingham, and Mr. Roper before Richmond. They had all so overdone it in their disguise, and look'd so much more like Antiques than country volk, that as soon as they came to the Faire the people began to goe after them; but the Queen going to a booth to buy a pair of yellow stockings for her sweet-hart, and Sir Bernard asking for a pair of gloves sticht with blue, for his sweet-hart, they were soon, by their gebrish, found to be strangers, which drew a bigger flock about them. One amongst them had seen the Queen at dinner, knew her, and was proud of her knowledge: this soon brought all the Faire in a crowd to stare at the Queen. Being thus discovered, they, as soon as they could, got to their horses; but so many of the Faire as had horses got up with their wives, children, sweet-harts, or neighbours behind them, to get as much gape as they could till they brought them to the Court Gate. Thus by ill conduct was a merry frolick turned into a pennance."

Queen Elizabeth paid two visits to the earlier house at Audley End. She was there for the first time in 1571, when it was the property of the Duke of Norfolk. But he was then in disgrace, and was at the moment in the custody of Sir Henry Neville and Henry Skipworth, though allowed to occupy his own residence at the Charter House. And the Queen while staying at Audley End absolutely issued, "from our Court at Audeley," a commission "to examine the Duke of Norfolk touching the money he had sent to Scotland, and other matters," a curious manner of requiting her host's hospitality! The second time that Queen Elizabeth came to Audley End, in 1578, she received a deputation and presents from the University of Cambridge, as well as presents from the Corporation of Walden.

Another royal visitor was William of Orange, who, on his way from Cambridge to London, November 26th, 1670, slept the night at Audley End. He was described at that time as a "well-countenanced man, with a handsome head of hayre

* He was a German.



Eastern Side of Audley End.

of his owne." As William III., he came again to Audley End in 1689, when it was one of the Royal residences of his new kingdom.

Samuel Pepys paid his first visit to Audley End in February 1659-60: he says,—

"From Cambridge straight to Safron Walden, where at the White Hart we set up our horses and took the master of the house to show us Audley End House, who took us through the park and so to the house, where the housekeeper showed us all the house, in which the stateliness of the ceilings, chimneypieces, and form of the whole was exceedingly worth seeing. He took us into the cellar, where we drank most admirable drink, a health to the King."

As this visit took place three months before the Restoration, Pepys' toast was a bold measure at that critical period.

On May 7th, 1667, Pepys was again at Audley End, but he had become more fastidious:—

"Took coach to Audley End, and did go all over the house and garden, and mighty merry we were. The house indeed, do appear very fine, but not so fine as it hath heretofore to me . . . not one good suit of hangings in all the house, but all most ancient things. . . . Only the gallery is good, and above all things the cellars, where we went down and drank of much good liquor. . . . And then to the garden, and there did eat many grapes, and took some with us; and so away thence well satisfied, though not to that degree that by my old esteem of the house I ought and did expect to have done, the situation of it not pleasing me."

Richard, third Lord Braybrooke, was the first editor of "Samuel Pepys' Diary." He was also the author of the "History of Audley End," which gives an interesting account of the house, and also of the various families who have at different times possessed the property.

Cosmo, third Grand Duke of Tuscany, while travelling in England in 1669 as

Hereditary Prince, visited Audley End and admired it greatly. The original narrative of his travels, still existing in the Laurentian Library at Florence, contains three large drawings of Audley End, and was written by Magolotti, the Prince's secretary. This same Cosmo was a friend of Henry Neville of Warfield (son to Sir Henry Neville of Billingbear), who was the author of various works, a Republican, and at one time a favourite of Oliver Cromwell. The Tuscan prince gave Henry Neville some curtains of crimson Florentine damask, with the saltire, the first quartering of the Nevilles, worked in the pattern; and by a curious coincidence these curtains were brought by the Nevilles to Audley End, the house which their donor had so much appreciated. They hung for many years in the South Library.

The lawn in front of the house was levelled and laid down as a cricket-ground in 1842. It exceeds "Lord's" in extent, and many cricket matches have been played on it, as both the present Lord Braybrooke and his father took great interest in cricket.

Lord Howard employed Robert Adam the architect to build the stone bridge of three arches which crosses the river Cam on the road to Saffron Walden. Just after passing the "Lion" lodge in this direction, a narrow street on the right leads, through the hamlet known as Audley End village, to the old brick buildings, dating from early in the fifteenth century, which once formed part of the property of the monastery. These comprise two courts, one now occupied as a farmhouse and known as the "Abbey Farm," the other arranged as almshouses for nine old women. These buildings, with their fine old chimneys, are half covered with ivy and creepers, and form a charming subject for a sketch. They face a wall which bounds the wood known as "Gamages," the entrance to which is opposite the lodge gates, and through which there is a pleasant drive, and shady walks in different directions.

The high road in front of the house runs for a short distance through the park, and on the slope to the west, opposite the house, is a round temple designed by Adam, which Lord Howard built to commemorate successes of the British arms in the war which ended in 1763. It was close to this temple that the aviary of gold and silver pheasants was placed; and from the pleasant green rides in this part of the park constant peeps of the house are obtained between the trees.

An old hunting tower once stood on this hill, and was certainly more interesting than the temple which replaced it, being described by Stukeley as "placed in a great Roman camp called 'Ring Hill.'" The inclosure is still known as the Ring.

Under the beech-trees in several parts of the Park truffles are found. The truffle seems to have been long known at Audley End, being mentioned by St. Evremond, who was on a visit there in 1670. It has at times been very abundant in the chalky soil west of the house, and is usually found a few inches below the surface. The truffle is obtained by means of dogs trained for the purpose, who, being attracted by the smell, and scratching up the ground with their feet, indicate the exact spot where the fungus lies, and are rewarded with a bit of cheese after each discovery. These dogs are of a particular breed, brought originally from France, and now obtained from Sussex, but they are not numerous. They are small and short-legged, having rough, shaggy hair like water-spaniels, and are by no means remarkable for their beauty.

The culture of saffron, from which the town of Walden for many years derived so much advantage and took its arms, besides part of its name, has entirely disappeared from the neighbourhood. Holinshed says that it was first planted in Walden in the time of Edward III., and there is a legend that it was introduced into England by a pilgrim who stole a bit of saffron and hid it in his palmer's staff wishing to benefit his country. The saffron near Walden was usually grown

on fallow land after a crop of barley. Saffron was presented at different times to royal and distinguished visitors by the Corporation of Walden.

There are many springs in the park, and one of them, the Lady Well, is mentioned by Holinshed, as supposed to possess medicinal virtues.

The earliest mention of the name of Audley End occurs in an old account book belonging to the almshouses, in 1547, so that it was evidently derived from Sir Thomas Audley. The name of "End" is common to various hamlets in this part of Essex.

The famous old house built by Lord Treasurer Suffolk has seen many stately pageants and many stirring scenes, and has experienced many vicissitudes, but too many of these events have been left unrecorded. Since the land was granted to Lord Chancellor Audley it has belonged to the Howards, the Crown, and the Griffins, from whom it passed to the Nevilles, its present owners.

Audley End has borne its part in English history, and is well known as one of those "stately homes" in which England is richer than any other country.

ELIZABETH J. SAVILE.

JUST SIXTY YEARS AGO.

OUR fathers sixty years ago
 Enthroned a maiden fair,
 And placed a mighty nation's crown
 On maiden's golden hair.
 Her fair, sweet face, and girlish grace,
 Set loyalty aglow;
 Ah! well, I ween, men loved their
 Queen
 Just sixty years ago.

Our fathers loved their Sovereign then,
 We love her better *now*,
 When cares and years and bitter tears
 Have dimmed her eyes and brow,
 Our mother Queen, whose warm kind heart
 Aches for her people's woe;
 Our world-renowned, the Queen they
 crowned
 Just sixty years ago.

And, year by year, they watched with
 pride
 Each phase of woman's life,
 And saw the young and happy bride
 Merged in the faithful wife,
 The tender mother, wise and good;
 Her Royal home fire's glow,
 So bright and grand, illumed the land
 Just sixty years ago.

The Queen, who wore her queenly robes
 Unsmirched by spot or stain—
 Queen loved by Heaven, to whom was
 given
 Most glorious, longest reign:
 Who, type of noblest womanhood,
 Brought Britain fresh renown:
 Queen, mother, wife, whose honoured life
 Sheds lustre o'er her crown.

And so we sing, "God save our Queen!"
 And far, far be the day
 When, o'er our lands, those firm kind hands
 The sceptre cease to sway!
 Long may she reign, and ne'er again
 One cloud of sorrow know:
 Her worth long proved, now more beloved
 Than sixty years ago.

REBECCA SCOTT.



COLONEL DRURY.



IN all the county there was no better liked man than Colonel Drury, of the Chase, Elmhurst, that quaint old red dwelling-house of two stories, which stood in its well-wooded grounds just off the high road between Selehurst and Hastings. The Colonel had served with the great Marlborough, and had named his only son John Churchill, after the chief whom he still worshipped, and still regarded as a hero without flaw or stain.

Long since had the fever of blood and war faded from the Colonel's life; and now, in summer days, he loved to dally in the terraced garden, with its box hedges and plashing fountains, and its riot of blossom and colour and perfume, plucking here a flower and there a half-opened bud that looked coyly for the first time upon the morning, and veiling them with lacy ferns of tender green. Then he would carry the whole bunch of sweets within doors to dark-eyed Mistress Betty, his niece, and present them to her with a word of loving grace, like the old courtier that he was; and Betty, who loved the dear old man and his flowers too, would fill great china bowls with the treasures of the garden, and droop them into slender vases, and altogether work such wonders of loveliness among them with her slim white fingers, that the Colonel's admiration was scarcely to be expressed.

Tall and erect, his white hair queued in a club, always dressed with almost foppish precision, the Colonel, with his fine features and bronzed face, was a man whom no one would pass unnoticed. Grave, yet kindly, and easily pleased, he had marched through life with as little concern for danger as a brave and not foolish man may have. Four times he had been wounded, and at Ramillies he had defended the colours against such odds that Marlborough had said, "Drury has more devil in him than the greatest fire-eater in the army!"

Always the same calm gentleman, in battle or at home, was the Colonel. He had led the way to danger, and followed to safety. Few officers at that time were so beloved by their men, for it was too generally the custom to treat the private soldier as a brutal gladiator, bought and paid for, soul and body—a debased creature, drilled and forced to fight, to whom hardship was but a right measure, and death the final reward of a slavish service. Captain Drury—as he was then—treated his company as men of honour, and expected implicit obedience and respect in return.



"I am fortunate, Madam, in finding you alone."

"I respect every honest man, sir," he would say, "and if he does not respect me, then I would avoid him, for either he or I cannot be fitted for the positions we occupy."

Now in his latter days he employed himself with the management of the

property he had inherited, and of the larger inheritance of Betty, an estate which under his care increased in value year by year.

One great wish the Colonel had, and it was that Betty, whom he loved as a daughter, should marry her cousin John; but it seemed that his wish would not be gratified, for the lady, who was at this time not much over eighteen, had many admirers, and was of a capricious and haughty disposition. She loved her cousin as a brother, so she said; and John, mindful that she was an heiress, would not press his suit a second time. Betty might have regretted her words when the bright-faced, handsome young man left her and joined his regiment; but she never showed it, for she was proud, and of that nature which can suffer in silence. Never had she been so gay as on the morning when John left the Chase; and the good Colonel, who knew naught of the ways of women, lost all hope of the fulfilment of his cherished wish.

Betty had many suitors, and her estates had some ardent admirers; and among these latter was Sir David Noakes, who was in the same regiment as John Drury, and whose heavily mortgaged lands adjoined the Chase. When at length creditors became pressing, Sir David determined to put his fate to the test, and rode to The Chase one afternoon, and requested an interview with Mistress Betty.

He found the heiress in the garden, among her rainbow flowers; and advancing across the soft turf, he gazed at her critically, and told himself that the prize had other attractions than its money value. Betty was arrayed all in snowy white muslin, and had a wide-frilled kerchief crossed over her breast, and secured by a tiny brooch of pearls; a cap of filmy muslin crowned her powdered hair, and her rounded white arms were bare to the elbow. She was a handsome girl, with her big dark eyes and long eyelashes, and the deep rose-hue of health and youth flushing her cheeks. She was all red and white, like a York and Lancaster rose, Sir David thought. As he crossed the gravelled path his heavy footsteps became audible, and Betty looked up with a certain eager anticipation, which passed away when she became aware of her visitor's identity.

"These young military men walk so much alike," she thought; and there was a heightened glow upon her cheeks which Sir David altogether misinterpreted.

"I am fortunate, Madam, in finding you alone," he said, after the usual formal salutations had passed.

"The Colonel will be with us very soon, I hope," she said, and stooped to gather a gorgeous peony.

"Two is company, three is none," he ventured.

Betty was perverse. "So my uncle and I find," she said.

Sir David's eyes looked angry, but still he smiled.

"Your wit is as keen as ever, Miss Drury. It has often wounded my heart."

"Then 'tis keener than I could have believed, Sir David."

"Meaning that my heart is hard, Mistress? Ah, well, perhaps 'tis true of it when I go into the world, for it is a hard world, and would crush a heart unready to bear its cruelties,—but 'tis tender enough when I meet with you, dear Miss Drury."

"Ah!" said Betty indifferently, and moved off, as if desirous of plucking flowers that grew farther away. He followed her, growing hot with indignation at her disdain, but displaying a self-control which his comrades would not have given him credit for possessing.

"Why should you take pleasure in wounding me, sweet Mistress Betty, when you of all the world can create Paradise for me with a smile? What is life if one heart takes no pity upon another? Take you pity upon mine, dear lady!"

He seized her hand, and showered kisses upon it. She managed to release it, and although she said nothing, the sparkle in her eyes betrayed her rising anger at his persistence.

It became evident to Sir David that his wooing was not prospering, and in vague sweet words he was but wasting his time ; so he came to the point at once.

"I think of no one but you, Miss Drury. Will you not take pity on my misery and my loneliness? Will you be my wife?"

She was standing with her back to him, and she turned slightly and looked over her shoulder.

"What think you of my estates, Sir David?" she said coolly, as though she had not heard his last speech.

"Why speak of them now?" he asked, perfectly comprehending the innuendo, but deeming it wise to feign ignorance. "My thoughts are of you! Let us forget that there is aught in the world but love, or other people save lovers who wander in a summer garden, hand clasped in hand, breathing joy with the fragrant air! Have mercy upon me, dear Miss Drury—Betty—tell me if you will be my wife!"

"No!"

She said it very quietly, very unconcernedly, as though it were a matter in which she had little interest one way or the other, but the tone carried conviction to the listener. Nothing could have been more effective, more crushing, than that single monosyllable, coming as it did at the end of the suitor's flowery rhapsody. It stung Sir David to fury, and he sprang from the kneeling posture he had so gracefully assumed but a moment before, and grasped the girl's arm with an almost brutal force, crying,—

"I say that you shall marry me!"

"*Shall*—to me, sir!" she said angrily, her eyes flaming, her red lips set in a curve of contempt.

Sir David saw that he had gone too far.

"Forgive me," he pleaded, releasing her arm. "I am mad with love of you! I cannot live without you!"

"Not in such a fine mode as you might wish, sir," she returned, with an affectation of the most stately ceremony, "but I have no doubt but that you will contrive to live in passable comfort nevertheless; and I wish to assure you that I shall live in most excellent comfort without you!"

Sir David could restrain himself no longer; his fine manners, which were but a surface polish after all, went to the winds."

"You vixen!" he cried, with an oath.

Betty grew very pale, but she faced him, her eyes full on his.

"It is well for you, sir, that my cousin is not here!" she said haughtily.

"Your cousin! Aha, that is it, is it, my lady! So you've been brought up to be his wife, eh? Stap me! 'Tis a fine fortune for the boy, and a plan well contrived!"

"Silence, sir!" and her tone was such as she might have used to a disobedient dog. "You are a craven cur to speak thus! You would not dare so far in my cousin's presence!"

"Would I not, Mistress? Would I not? Show me the man that David Noakes *dare* not speak his mind to! I say that all this contrivance shall go for naught! You *will* not marry me, Mistress, but I say that you *shall* not marry young John Drury! On that I'll wager my fortune, stap my vitals!"

"Or wager its mortgages, sir!"

"Gad's life, you need have estate to balance that cursed tongue!" he cried out,

in a violence of fury. "Mark you, Mistress, what I have said, and remember it on that day which is coming when you will wish that your tongue had been cut out rather than given such freedom with me!"

He had recovered himself a little as he spoke, and he bowed to her, and walked away with something of his accustomed ease.

That evening, strolling in the garden, with her little hand fondly clasping the Colonel's arm, Betty told the story of Sir David's wooing, but not of his insolence. Her anger was over, and she could laugh at the episode, and she related it with such quaint conceits that the old soldier laughed too.

"I scarce thought he would have presumed to ask for thy hand, Betty," he said.

"I fancied he would," she answered demurely.

"Ah, little one, perhaps thy bright eyes glanced his way," said the Colonel, stroking her dimpled hand.

"Uncle!" she cried indignantly.

"Nay, Betty, I ask thy pardon. Your pure instinct would tell you his character. The man is profligate; his very soul is black with sin!"

"Uncle," said Betty thoughtfully, "do you know that I have never heard you speak so harshly of any one before. You have always tried to find excuses for people who are spoken against."

"God forgive me if I am unjust! But when I think of this man, Betty, my blood boils in anger. He is a murderer—for such I account all those who are known as duellists, and he is a noted one."

A duellist! Some troubling thought must have crossed Betty's mind, for her mouth drooped a little, and her face lost some of its rose tints.

"It is his boast," went on the Colonel hotly. "Seven times has he been out, and every time has killed his man. I say 'tis murder!"

"Seven men he has killed," repeated Betty. The mirth had gone from her voice altogether.

"Yes. The last was poor young Foster, my old comrade's only boy. Poor lad, poor lad! He was murdered. This man, Sir David, never misses his mark. Betty, my child, it is my boast that, though I have done my best against my country's enemies, I have never shed the blood of one of my countrymen. Once I was in a duel, I confess. I could not avoid it—but I did not fire. Yet, thank God, my courage and my honour have never been doubted!"

The Colonel had not been looking at his niece while he was speaking, but as she clutched his arm he glanced down at her. He was amazed, horrified! Her face was colourless, and an awful fear was in her eyes.

"Betty! My child! What is it?" he cried.

The words forced themselves from her pale, parted lips.

"My John! My John! He will kill him! That is what he meant!"

Joy and pain came to the old Colonel's heart together when he understood her fears, for he saw that his boy had not bestowed his love in vain, and he felt that Sir David's words had been no idle threat.

"John will not quarrel with this man, Betty," he said, comfortingly: "he will not be led into a duel, for he thinks with me on that point."

"Supposing he were grossly insulted?" whispered Betty.

"Then the honour of the regiment would demand that he should go out with the man who insulted him."

Betty was half fainting, and as she leaned heavily upon the Colonel's shoulder, her fancy showed her a terrible picture, wherein was John, fallen upon the ground,



SIMON HARMEN VEDDER

"'God bless you, Betty!' said the Colonel gently."

a bullet wound in his forehead, the dark blood dabbling his golden hair, and his blue eyes staring blankly at the heaven above him.

The Colonel tried to soothe the poor child, but his face was white and stern, and his mouth had lost its sweet look of gentleness and had become almost hard in its lines.

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"Believe me, Betty," he said, in a hushed but steady voice, "believe me that John is in no danger. I know that he has nothing to fear!"

"Oh, uncle! and yet——"

"You think I may be mistaken. No, love, not that—not that. Be of good heart, little one; let us not think of this again. Come now, Betty, within doors, for I must prepare for my journey. I go to London to-night!"

"To-night?"

"Aye, to-night. 'Tis a fine night for a ride, and will do me good."

And later on the Colonel kissed his niece, and bade her farewell so tenderly, so regretfully, that the tears filled her dark eyes and welled over on to her soft cheeks; and then the old soldier had to kiss her again before he rode away, and to assure her that his business in London would not keep him long.

"And what if I should see John, little one?" he asked, half sadly.

Betty looked away and blushed until even her pretty neck and little ears glowed; and then she looked up bravely into the Colonel's eyes, and said in a tremulous little voice, very unlike her usual ringing tones, "Give him my dear love, and tell him to bring my uncle back to me soon."

"God bless you, Betty!" said the Colonel gently; and then he rode away, and the groom clattered after him, and soon they had passed down the avenue and were lost to sight in the gloom of the trees.

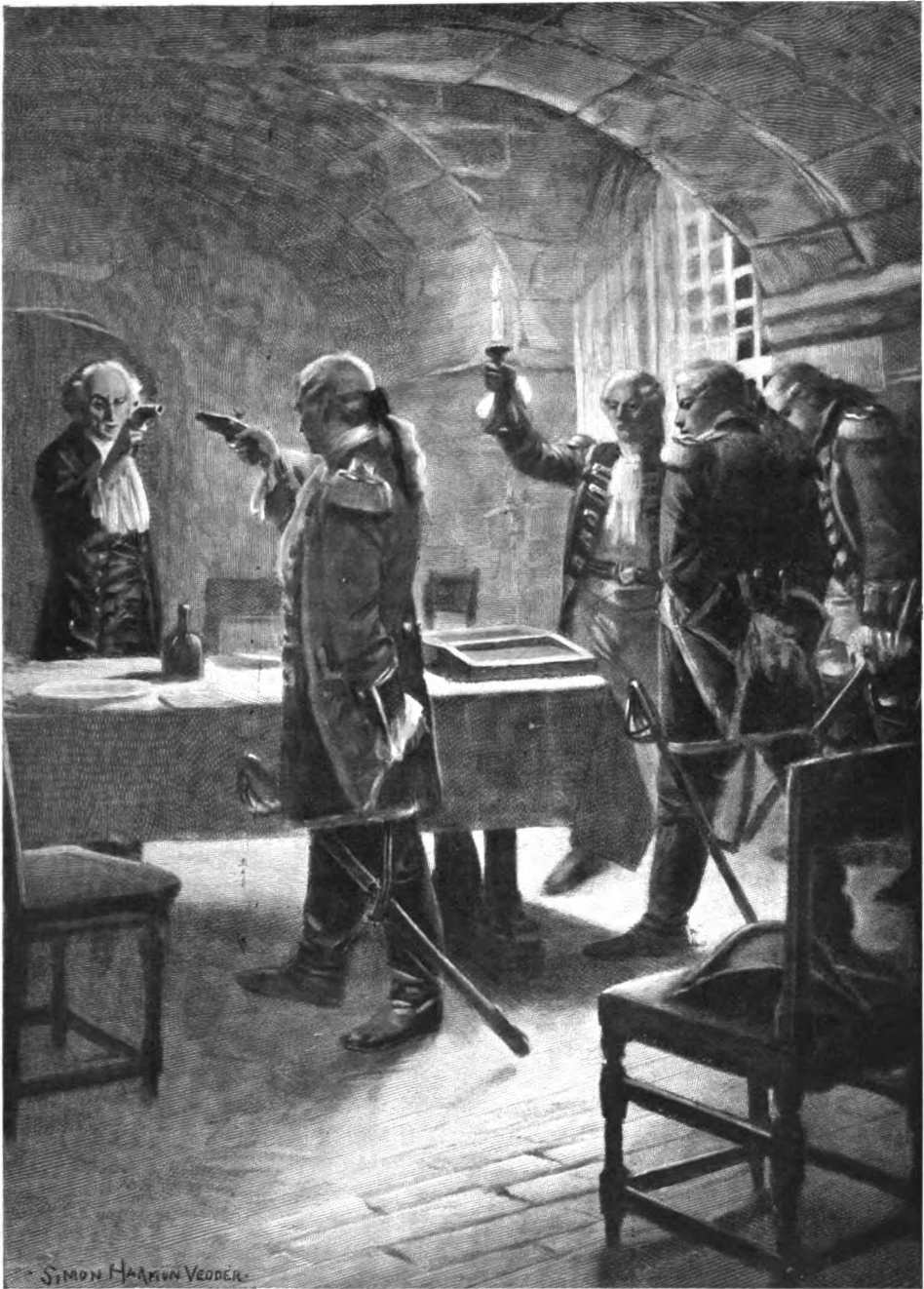
Young John Drury's regiment was then stationed in the Tower, and thither the Colonel made his way the following afternoon. He was well known to all the officers, and hearty were the greetings he received. Merry faces surrounded the mess-table that night, but the influence of the Colonel was noticeable: instead of questionable stories, tales of past campaigns were told, battles were fought over again, until subalterns, with bright unfleshed swords by their sides, listened eagerly, and felt the blood course more swiftly through their veins.

The Colonel's stories were all of others; and to hear him tell of gallant deeds done by his old comrades was to make his hearers feel proud that they were soldiers, to sweeten their hearts, and drive self from their souls. He was speaking of his old comrade, Major Foster, when Sir David Noakes entered the mess-room. The baronet had just returned from his country seat, and after carelessly saluting his commanding officer and his comrades, he flung himself into his seat, and helped himself plentifully to wine. John Drury was on guard duty, and Sir David, looking round, saw the Colonel in the young man's place with some surprise.

There was a minute's pause, and the Colonel went on with his interrupted story.

"It was a miserable daybreak, cold and wet, and a mist hung over the ground so that we could not see ten yards ahead, and it was chilly enough to freeze the valour out of our bodies. All night we had heard the challenge of the French sentries only half a mile away, and we knew that we might expect an attack in the morning. My company and Foster's were detailed to hold a bridge across a canal, and we had instructions to blow it up if we could not hold it. We had the powder bags stowed all ready, and there was a dreary wait. At last came the muffled tramp of many feet, and we stood at the bridge ready, straining our eyes to see through the fog.

"Foster, who was in command, gave the word to fire, and in sections we sent in volleys which drew their fire; and we saw by the flashes that the enemy was within fifty yards of us, and on they came, firing when they had the chance. They tried to charge over the bridge, but of course failed, and after three repulses they spread out along the opposite bank and fired at us. We had only a hundred



"At the word 'three,' gentlemen, you will fire together."

and sixty men, and they had probably ten times as many, and soon our numbers were terribly reduced. Again they charged, their men on the banks trying to clear the way for them; and again they met with a repulse, during which I received a wound that spoiled my sword-arm for a while. By the time we had sent them back across the bridge, we hadn't sixty men left, and so Foster agreed with me

that we must blow it up. Whether or not the French had divined our purpose I cannot say, but certainly they concentrated such a fire on one end of the bridge that it was almost impossible for us to reach the powder-bags.

"A sergeant, and then five men, one after another tried to fire the charge, and were shot down, riddled by bullets. Then Foster insisted on marching up to the bridge with me close behind him, so that when he fell, I should be nearer the powder-bags, and unharmed. Ah, he was a gallant fellow was Foster, a marvellous gallant fellow! He placed himself before me, and on we marched, for there was no disobeying him; and we hadn't gone five yards when he was hit.

"Hold up and double!" he cried, and then he staggered as he was hit again; but he wouldn't let me stop him, and he only dropped when we had reached the bridge, which was about twenty yards from the bank behind which our men lay. I set the match alight, and picked Foster up to carry him back; but having only one arm I could use I could not get far away before the bridge blew up and sent us flying!"

"A gallant fellow, that Foster!" said the commanding officer, with kindling eyes.

"Ah, he was a gallant fellow, sir!" said Colonel Drury, rising. "Gentlemen, I drink to the health of my old comrade, Major Foster, and confusion to the villain who has embittered his last days!"

The Colonel's clear voice rang through the mess-room, and there was a stir and amazement among those who sat round the table, for it was well known that Captain Noakes was the man who had shot young Foster.

Amid dead silence the baronet rose, and, pallid with excitement and anger, he turned toward the noble figure of the old Colonel, who was still standing.

"Your age shelters you from the consequences of this insult, Colonel Drury," he said hoarsely, "but if your son has a particle of honour in him, he shall——"

The Colonel interrupted him.

"My age shall not debar me from the pleasure of offering you satisfaction, sir," he said. "My hand is still as steady as your own. If you refuse to meet me, you prove yourself a coward, a despicable poltroon who dares not face death!"

There was a hush, and then a movement to make the Colonel sit down, and an endeavour to prevent the affair going any further. The Colonel was so popular, so revered; he was old and unduly excited; the whole incident was painful to every one present. Sir David Noakes left the mess-room in silence.

"Gentlemen," said the Colonel, calmly and courteously, "I tender you a heartfelt apology for acting as I have done, but there are times when, if a man be a man, he must speak. Colonel Beauchamp and gentlemen, I crave your forgiveness. And now, gentlemen, may I ask who will act for me?"

"Your son?" suggested some one.

"I beg you to say nothing to him of this. I would have this little matter settled quietly and at once!" replied the Colonel.

Then one Captain Davies and another man came forward, and the three left the mess-room together, saying that they would be found in the Captain's rooms should they be inquired for. And the Colonel told his seconds a tale that made them look at each other and remember the heroes who marched through a storm of bullets to what seemed certain death, to blow up the bridge.

Then, while Sir David's seconds called on Captain Davies, the Colonel withdrew and sought his son, to whom he bade farewell, saying that he was called away.

And when Sir David's seconds heard the Colonel's conditions through Captain Davies, they stared aghast.

"But that is murder!" they cried out.

"The choice is with us," said Captain Davies gravely: "either your man accepts, or, by God, I'll let the world know that he was afraid to face us!"

Sir David had but the choice between accepting the Colonel's conditions and a ruined and dishonoured life; and so it came about that he faced the old soldier that night, pistol in hand, with only the width of the now deserted mess-table between them, as they waited for the word to fire.

There was a smile on the Colonel's handsome clear-cut face, and the light of peace in his grave blue eyes; and Captain Davies whispered to his assistants that their principal was the finest-looking man he had ever seen, and a soldier and a hero every inch of him, by God! And Lieutenant Spencer whispered in return that Sir David looked a hangdog wretch who was afraid of his doom.

Truly the baronet's pistol-hand was trembling, his face was blanched and sunken into dark and heavy lines, his teeth clenched upon his lower lip. He was gazing into the black barrel of the Colonel's duelling-pistol, and he knew with a sick horror that the bullet would strike him between the eyes, and that in another minute he would have passed into the hereafter. He was not wanting in a certain kind of courage, this noted duellist; but the man who can face certain death, without the faintest shadow of hope of escape, must be the bravest of the brave, and only those of noble heart and unstained honour can claim that glorious title.

"At the word 'three,' gentlemen, you will fire together."

The voice fell upon Sir David's ear like his death-knell, and seemed to come from far away. He had a wild thought of flinging down his pistol, but the fear of what would follow restrained him. Should he pretend to mistake and fire first? The idea nerved him, and he took steady aim as the voice cried "One!"

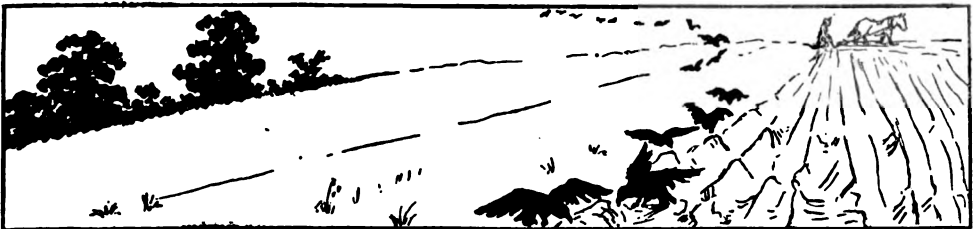
The Colonel thought of his beloved son, whose life would be safe now; and of little Betty, who would weep so bitterly and pray so earnestly for the old man whom she loved. He fixed his eyes on the distorted face of his enemy, and kept his weapon steady.

Sir David's purpose was formed. He would wait for the word "Two" to pass, and would fire before the interval was over. His lips curved downward into a strange smile as he waited. But the words followed quickly upon each other, as though the dastardly thought had been read.

"Two-three!"

Two reports rang out together, and both men dropped, each with a bullet wound in his forehead.

JOHN LE BRETON.





THE voice of England is a trumpet-tone
 When that inviolate Mother wills it so :
 Nations may rise and fall, and tyrants go
 Upon their devious, darkened paths : alone
 England preserves her people and her throne,
 Her ancient freedom, her perpetual flow
 Of broad and brightening life ; time shall not show
 This mighty Nation pitiful and prone ;

It is the Saxon soul that speaks in her,
 The staunchest soul that earth has ever wrought
 To guide humanity in faith and light :
 The shivering slave has been her worshipper,
 And with defiant courage she has taught
 Red Tyranny to cringe before the Right.

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

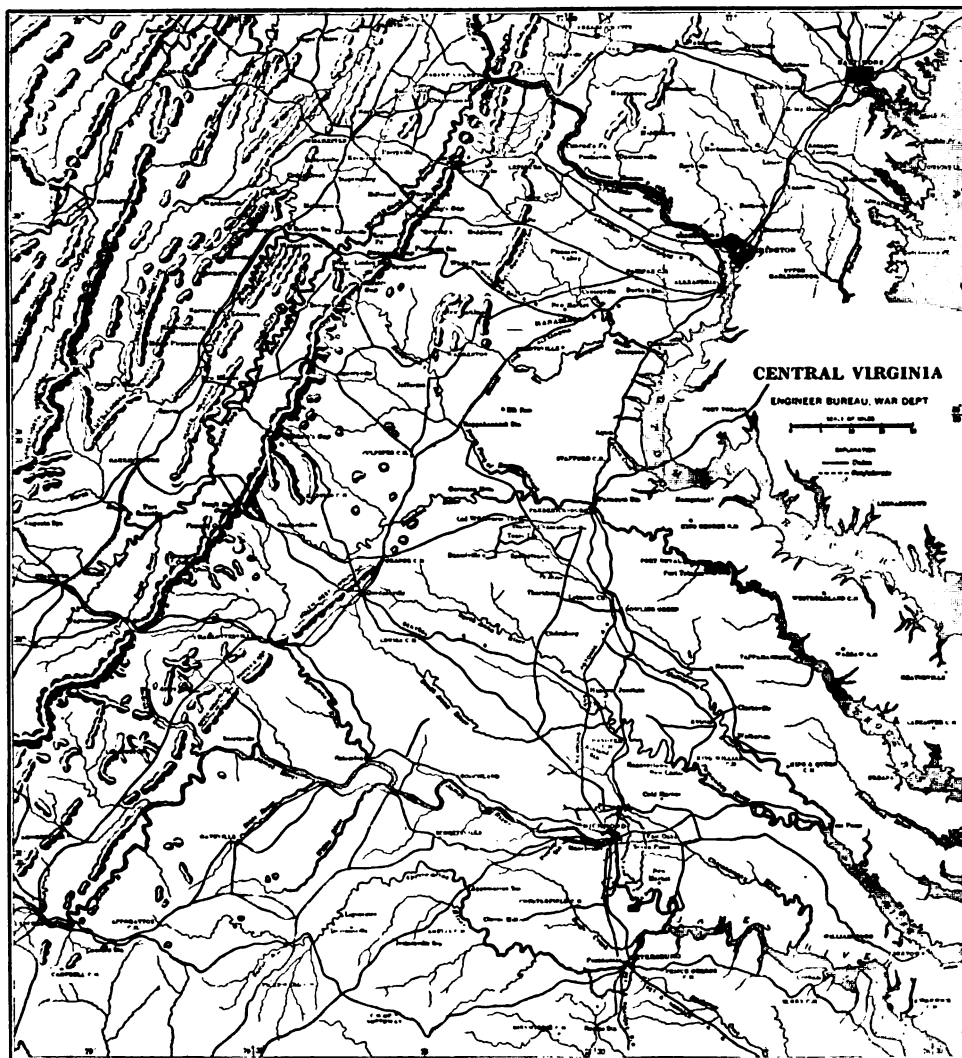
New York, 1897.







General Lee.



LEE OF VIRGINIA.

I.—FROM THE DEFENCE OF RICHMOND (1862) TO THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

GENERAL LEE died peacefully at his home in Lexington, Virginia, on October 12th, 1870, being then in the sixty-third year of his age. More than five years had elapsed since war had ceased with the last gun at Appomattox; and from the culminating anguish of that day, so bravely borne, yet in his proud heart more than the bitterness of a thousand deaths, he had retired to the little college town in the Valley of Virginia, there to find the unflinching solace of a deeply religious nature walking habitually nearer to his God, and, as President of the Washington College, to devote the remainder of his life to "bringing these young men to Christ." Thus, in the too brief period of calm

that preceded his passing, his character took on that "look southward, and was open to the beneficent noon of Nature and Deity." It was in such aspect that he died. The last heart-tributes of tears from the men, women and children of the South, of silent and reverential sympathy from the North, were paid rather to the Christian gentleman and beloved friend than to the soldier chieftain, the martial hero of American chivalry.

Yet it is as a soldier that Lee will stand immortal in history. His name is written upon the same brief scroll that contains those of Cæsar, Hannibal, Marlborough, Frederick, Napoleon. It is one of the four that America blazons highest upon her Pantheon of war—Washington, Lee, Grant, Scott.

The time is not yet come, indeed, for a deliberate and final estimate of Lee. It is not for us of the present day to adjust the historical perspective through which posterity shall view his genius and achievements. But it is our especial opportunity and dutiful task to fix the actual record and true presentment of fact upon which the future legend must rest. Lee himself wrote, after the close of the war, "It will be difficult to make the world believe the odds against which

we fought." The one authentic source of information lies in contemporary official testimony—in the personal statements of those who prominently participated, on both sides, in the events reviewed. The facilities now at hand for the collation of such testimony, in the case of General Lee, are exceptional. Within a single generation, since the war ended, all of the great principals in the conflict have passed away. With the exception of the Federal General Rosecrans, not a single general who commanded an army on either side in any of the great battles of the war is living to-day. Nearly all of the dead warriors and statesmen who were prominently connected with the struggle have left their published memoirs. These undoubtedly, are strongly partisan on



General Fitzhugh Lee, Nephew, and Cavalry Commander of General Robert E. Lee.

their respective sides ; but the eternal verity dwells in the sober balance between their over-statements.

General Grant penned his "Personal Memoirs" under the very shadow of death, with Fate at his elbow, and the dying seal of truth upon his always frank and dispassionate lips. General Lee, who never wrote anything about his own career and campaigns, had nevertheless intended to record the deeds of his soldiers ; but he waited for a "convenient season," and waited too long. Of his chief lieutenants, however, his corps commanders in the Army of Northern Virginia, two survive to speak of the mighty past in no uncertain tones, though from different points of view. These two are General Fitzhugh Lee (nephew of the Confederate



General James Longstreet (in 1888).

chieftain, and his cavalry commander after the death of Stuart), who in his military biography of General Lee gives with intimate authority his impressions, opinions and reports upon the momentous events with which he was so closely connected ; and General James Longstreet, whose volume entitled "From Manassas to Appomattox" is probably the last that will be contributed to the history of the American Secession War by any of the principal actors therein.

It is by no means the pretension, in the four brief chapters herewith begun, to present either a personal biography or a full military appreciation of General Lee, summarising the various material indicated as being now available. The purpose, far less assuming, is to offer a kind of animated picture, or reproduced impression, as accurate and vivid as may be, of the foremost American soldier, in action, at the climax of his career. To this end, portraits and other illustrative matter, hitherto for the most part unpublished, will figure in important measure ; and in the same "pictorial" spirit, certain new and well-authenticated personal anecdotes, which seem characteristic, will be introduced : the final result being, it is hoped, a presentment of something like the real "Lee of Virginia," in his grand traits and in his habit as he lived.

I.

THE SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES WITH M'CLELLAN, IN FRONT OF RICHMOND.

IN April 1861, when the first gun of the Civil War was fired upon Fort Sumter, Robert Edward Lee, of Virginia, fifty-four years old, was Colonel of the First Regiment of Cavalry in the United States Army. He had seen thirty-two years' honourable service in that army, including the campaign of Mexico. There, as an officer of Engineers, on the staff of General Winfield Scott, he had won high distinction,—so much so, that General Scott, when subsequently brevet Lieutenant-General, said: "It is my deliberate conviction, from a full knowledge of his extraordinary abilities, that if the occasion ever arises Lee will win his place in the estimation of the whole world." And the old General added, enthusiastically, "I tell you, sir, Robert E. Lee is the greatest soldier now living, and if he ever gets the opportunity he will prove himself the great captain of history."

The secession of South Carolina, Georgia and the Gulf States from the Union had been followed by that of Arkansas, Tennessee, and North Carolina. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, had been elected, at Montgomery, Alabama, President of the Confederate States. Finally, on April 17th, 1861, the Ordinance of Secession was passed by the Virginia Convention assembled in the old Capitol building at Richmond.

The veteran General Scott held the chief command of the United States Army, after more than half a century of continuous service therein; and, though a Virginian by birth, he refused to follow the mother state in her withdrawal from the Union. Naturally he strove to influence Lee to the same conclusion. To make the argument irresistible, while at the same time in perfect consistency with his previously expressed estimate of his distinguished lieutenant, General Scott exerted his powerful influence with President Lincoln, with the result that Lee was offered, through Francis Preston Blair, the succession to his own (Scott's) commission in chief command of the Federal army.

Colonel Lee, it should be remembered, was from the first and always opposed to secession, and he deplored the necessity of war. "If I owned the four million slaves," he declared, "I would give them all for the Union." Leaving out of the question the magnificent inducement offered through the influence of his old commander, every consideration of self-interest, to say nothing of personal convictions and sympathies, would have prompted him to take the Federal side. Nor can it be doubted that, with his experienced judgment and knowledge of the national military resources, he saw from the outset that the Confederacy was embarking upon what must prove eventually a lost cause.

But a Lee could not hesitate here. To quote his own undying phrase, "Duty is the sublimest word in our language." With Dante, he would have relegated to the vestibule of the Inferno, as a spectacle for the everlasting contempt of gods and men, those who in time of civil war sought escape from the dangers and responsibilities of citizenship by shirking the discharge of its highest obligation. In 1792, his own gallant father, the "Light-Horse Harry" of the Revolution, had said at a similar crisis: "No consideration on earth could induce me to act a part, however gratifying to me, which could be construed into disregard or faithlessness to this Commonwealth." Robert Lee, in April 1861, having formally resigned his commission in the United States Army, wrote:—

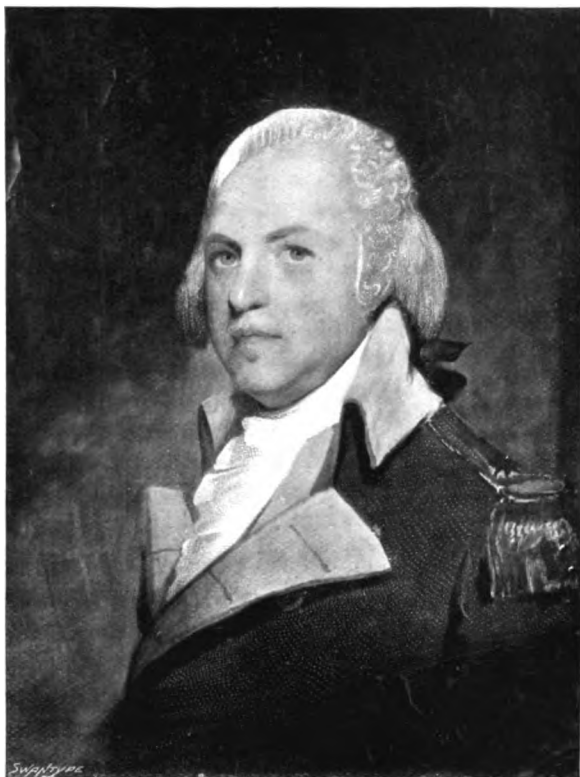
"With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an

American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home."

And when, immediately after this resignation, Virginia called him to the chief command of her forces by land and sea, he accepted it with these words:—

"Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native state, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword."

The exalted moral conviction with which Lee entered the arena of this mighty struggle is scarcely paralleled in the chronicles of knighthood and war. It is in the light of this, and of this only, that his subsequent achievements can be accounted for and understood.



Major-General Henry Lee ("Light-Horse Harry," etc.).

Jefferson Davis, the provisional President of the new Confederate States Government, proceeded from Alabama to Virginia in the latter part of May 1861, and took up his residence in Richmond, which became the capital of the Confederacy. At the same time the advance-guard of the Federal Army of the Potomac, under General McDowell, crossed the river from Washington, and took up its first headquarters on Virginian soil at Arlington Heights, the historic home which General Lee had but lately quitted. The objective point of this army of invasion was Richmond, 115 miles to the south, the capture of which might speedily break the force of the rebellion and terminate the war.

General Lee immediately set to work, with his quiet energy and masterful skill, to organise, drill, and equip the raw recruits as they poured into Richmond from the Southern States. He virtually created the army of Northern Virginia, having no nucleus of "regulars" to work upon, no commissary, quartermaster's, or ordnance departments, no cavalry, arms, or equipments, and scarcely any artillery. His strategic genius predicted the probable line of the Federal advance upon Richmond, and pointed out Manassas Junction (Bull Run), thirty miles west-south-west of Washington, as the first battlefield. The phenomenal victory gained there on July 21st, by the Confederate army under Beauregard and Joseph E. Johnston, was acknowledged to be in large measure due to the admirable condition in which General Lee sent his newly organised troops to the field.

Prevented by his duties in Richmond from participating in person, as he would have desired, in the battle of Manassas, General Lee made his first appearance in the field as a commander of troops in the early part of August, when he was sent



General Robert E. Lee in field uniform.

(This portrait was taken expressly for Her Majesty Queen Victoria.)

no response to public criticisms. In November he was sent south to look after the Atlantic coast defences of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. It was at this period that Paul H. Hayne, the distinguished Southern poet, meeting him at Fort Sumter, Charleston, recorded his personal impression in language worthy to stand as the classic pen-portrait of the noble Virginian:—

“Leaning against a great columbiad which occupied an upper tier of the fortress, we were engaged in watching the sunset, when voices and footsteps attracted our notice. Glancing round, we saw approaching us the then commander of the place, accompanied by several of his captains and lieutenants; and, in the middle of the group, topping the tallest by half a head, was perhaps the most striking figure we had ever encountered,—the figure of a man seemingly about fifty-six years of age, erect as a poplar, yet lithe and graceful, with broad shoulders well thrown back, a fine, justly-proportioned head posed in unconscious dignity, clear, deep, thoughtful eyes, and the quiet, dauntless step of one every inch the gentleman and soldier. Had some old English cathedral crypt or monumental stone in Westminster Abbey been smitten by a magician’s wand and made to yield up its knightly tenant restored to his manly vigour, with a chivalric soul beaming from every feature—some grand old Crusader or Red Cross warrior who, believing in

to Western Virginia to take charge of an army there, consisting of some six thousand men, pitted in the mountain passes against ten thousand Federals commanded by General Rosecrans, seeking, what they eventually obtained, the alliance of that doubtful territory. His two months’ campaign there was not marked by any defeat or disaster, and did finally check the advance of Rosecrans; yet it was indecisive, and disappointed public expectation.

The President of the Confederate States, however, and the Governor of Virginia, never wavered then or afterwards in their optimistic faith in Lee. The General himself returned quietly to Richmond to resume his duties under the eye of the Chief Executive, and, calmly confident alike of present and future, made

a sacred creed and espousing a glorious principle, looked upon mere life as nothing in the comparison—we thought that thus he would have appeared, unchanged in aught but costume and surroundings. This superb soldier, with the glamour of the antique days about him, was none other than Robert E. Lee, just commissioned by the President, after his unfortunate campaign in Western Virginia, to travel southward and examine the condition of our coast fortifications.”

With the opening of the spring of 1862, preparations for active military operations began in fearful earnest: at the north, for an overwhelming attack upon Richmond; at the south, for a determined defence of that capital. Early in March President Davis called General Lee home from the Southern Department to assign him to the position of Commander of the armies of the Confederacy, and charged with the duty of conducting all their military operations, under his (the President's) direction. In the meantime, Northern Virginia had been formed into a new military department, under General J. E. Johnston's command, extending from the Alleghany Mountains on the west to the Chesapeake Bay on the east, and divided into three districts: the Valley, to be commanded by Thomas Jonathan (“Stonewall”) Jackson; the district of the Potomac, under Beauregard; and the section around Aquia Creek, on the right bank of the lower Potomac, under Major-General Holmes. In March 1862, this entire army, including Jackson's force in the Valley and the few regiments under Holmes at Aquia Creek, numbered barely fifty thousand; while General M'Clellan's report shows the Federal army in Washington at the same time, swollen with the troops that had poured into the Department ever since the “Bull Run” disaster, to have had no less than 171,602 men present for duty.

M'Clellan had well-grounded objections to invading Virginia by the Manassas route, as McDowell had done. He preferred to take his army down the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay, and, with Fortress Monroe as a base, to move up the peninsula between the estuaries of the James and the York, with his gunboats on those rivers protecting his flanks. The adoption of this plan was decided by the final retirement of the Confederate army which had been threatening Washington, and the raising of the blockade of the Potomac. General Johnston had made this retrograde movement to the line of the Rappahannock, so as to be near enough to Richmond to promptly meet a Federal advance upon that city, from whatever direction it might come.

M'Clellan's army was therefore transferred to the Peninsula early in April, at which time General J. B. Magruder occupied it with about eight thousand men, soon reinforced to twenty thousand. General Johnston was then assigned to the



General George B. M'Clellan, U.S.A.

command of that department ; and upon looking over the ground, he advised the immediate abandonment of the Peninsula and the evacuation of Norfolk. President Davis, however, after a conference with his Secretary of War and General Lee, decided to resist M'Clellan on the Peninsula. This resistance delayed the Federal advance for a month, giving time to strengthen the works around Richmond, in preparation for the inevitable battle there. Then followed Johnston's evacuation of Yorktown and the Warwick River line, the battle of Williamsburg, and the stubborn retreat of the Confederate army up the Peninsula. The seat of war was transferred to the Chickahominy, in the vicinity of Richmond.

The Chickahominy is a small river which, from its source north-west of Richmond, flows in an easterly and then in a south-easterly direction, sometimes within four or five miles of that city, and finally empties into the James thirty miles below. It is a narrow, deep, sluggish stream, bordered by marshlands and tangled woods. All the roads radiating from Richmond to the north and east, especially in the direction of the Peninsula, cross the Chickahominy over various bridges : Meadow Bridge, New Bridge (opposite Gaines' Mill), Bottom Bridge, Long Bridge, etc.

General M'Clellan had crossed the swollen Chickahominy with a portion of his army, and, at the end of May, lay on both sides of that stream, with headquarters at Gaines' Mill. His army numbered about 105,000 effectives, while the Confederates under Johnston numbered 62,696. In this locality, and under the conditions stated, the battle of Seven Pines (known to Federal historians as Fair Oaks) was fought, on May 31st and June 1st. It was an indecisive affair, and costly to both sides, without glory to either ; but a sufficient check was administered to M'Clellan not only to stop his advance but to put him *hors de combat* for nearly a month, during which time the preparations for defence could be completed.

In this battle of Seven Pines, General "Joe" Johnston was severely wounded, and the command of the army devolved upon General Gustavus W. Smith, the officer next in rank. But General Smith being in feeble health, and not in fit condition for further active service, he was relieved the next day ; and the Confederate President, with the approval of his Cabinet, assigned General Robert E. Lee to the command in the field of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Thus, on the 1st day of June, 1862, one year after the beginning of the war, General Lee assumed active command of that superb army which he himself had organised, and which thereafter he was to lead, within a space of less than three years, through victory and defeat, against fate and amidst overwhelming disaster, to immortal fame.

That the succession of Lee to this command did not carry with it at the time the absolute prestige which his name subsequently acquired, is indicated by the comment of General Longstreet. That able but cross-grained officer, in his published reminiscences, begins his series of subtly disparaging asseverations, leading up to the notorious Gettysburg impeachment, as follows :—

"The assignment of General Lee to command the Army of Northern Virginia was far from reconciling the troops to the loss of our beloved chief, Joseph E. Johnston. . . . General Lee's experience in active field work was limited to his West Virginia campaign against General Rosecrans, which was not successful. His services on our coast defences were known as able, and those who knew him in Mexico as one of the principal engineers of General Scott's column marching for the capture of the capital of that great republic, knew that as a military engineer he was especially distinguished. But officers of the line are not apt to look to the staff in choosing leaders of soldiers, either in tactics or strategy. There were, therefore, some misgivings as to the power and skill for field-service of the new commander."

Whatever his qualifications and prestige, the situation that confronted the new commander at this crisis was appalling. An enemy of formidable strength was at the gates of Richmond, and was reaching out with his right for an expected junction with the army of McDowell, which the Federal Government had reluctantly consented to withdraw from the protection of Washington and send to reinforce M'Clellan.

The very first consultation between President Davis and General Lee, as they rode out to the army on the day after the latter assumed command, is highly characteristic; and shows as by a lightning flash the swiftness, clearness, and audacity with which the great soldier developed his plan of action. General Lee had just come from a conference with a number of his general officers, who had taken a very despondent tone, predicted that the enemy would inevitably get into Richmond, and were for abandoning all attempt to maintain a line of defence north of the James River. General Lee had answered, with more feeling than he was accustomed to betray, that such a course of argument, pursued to its legitimate results, would leave him nothing except gradually to fall back to the Gulf of Mexico.

What he proposed to do, he told President Davis, was to take up the plan of defence which General Johnston was to have executed, with one important additional feature: it would be necessary to bring on the stronger force of General T. J. Jackson from the Valley of the Shenandoah.

"Stonewall" was at that moment hotly engaged with a force superior to his own, which must be driven out of the Valley before he could be withdrawn. In order to mask the design of joining Jackson's forces with those of Lee in front of Richmond, a strong division should first be sent to help Jackson drive the enemy across the Potomac. This division was to be detached in such an open and ostentatious manner that M'Clellan would be sure to hear of it, and be deceived as to its eventual motive. At the same time it would probably confirm him in his exaggerated estimate of the Confederate strength; for "Little Mac" had already developed in a marked degree that singular megalomania which caused him then and afterwards, when confronted by Lee, to count the latter's force in at least double its real numbers.

Lee planned to throw forward his left across the Chickahominy at Meadow



General T. J. ("Stonewall") Jackson.

(Last portrait from life.)

Bridge, drive back the enemy's right, while Jackson descended upon its rear, and then, crossing farther down at Mechanicsville with another column, to attack in front. The chief danger, President Davis thought, was that the Confederate force and intrenched line between that left flank and Richmond might prove too weak to stand a possible assault.



General J. E. B. Stuart.

"If M'Clellan is the man I took him for when I nominated him for promotion in the cavalry, and subsequently selected him to go with the military commission to the Crimea, as soon as he finds the bulk of our army on the north side of the Chickahominy he won't stop to try conclusions, but will immediately move upon Richmond. But if, on the other hand, he should behave like an engineer officer, and deem it his first duty to protect his line of communication, then I think the plan proposed is not only the best, but will succeed."

Something of the old *esprit de corps* manifested itself in General Lee's immediate response, that he "did not know *engineer officers* were more likely than others to make such mistakes." But, passing on to the main subject, he added :

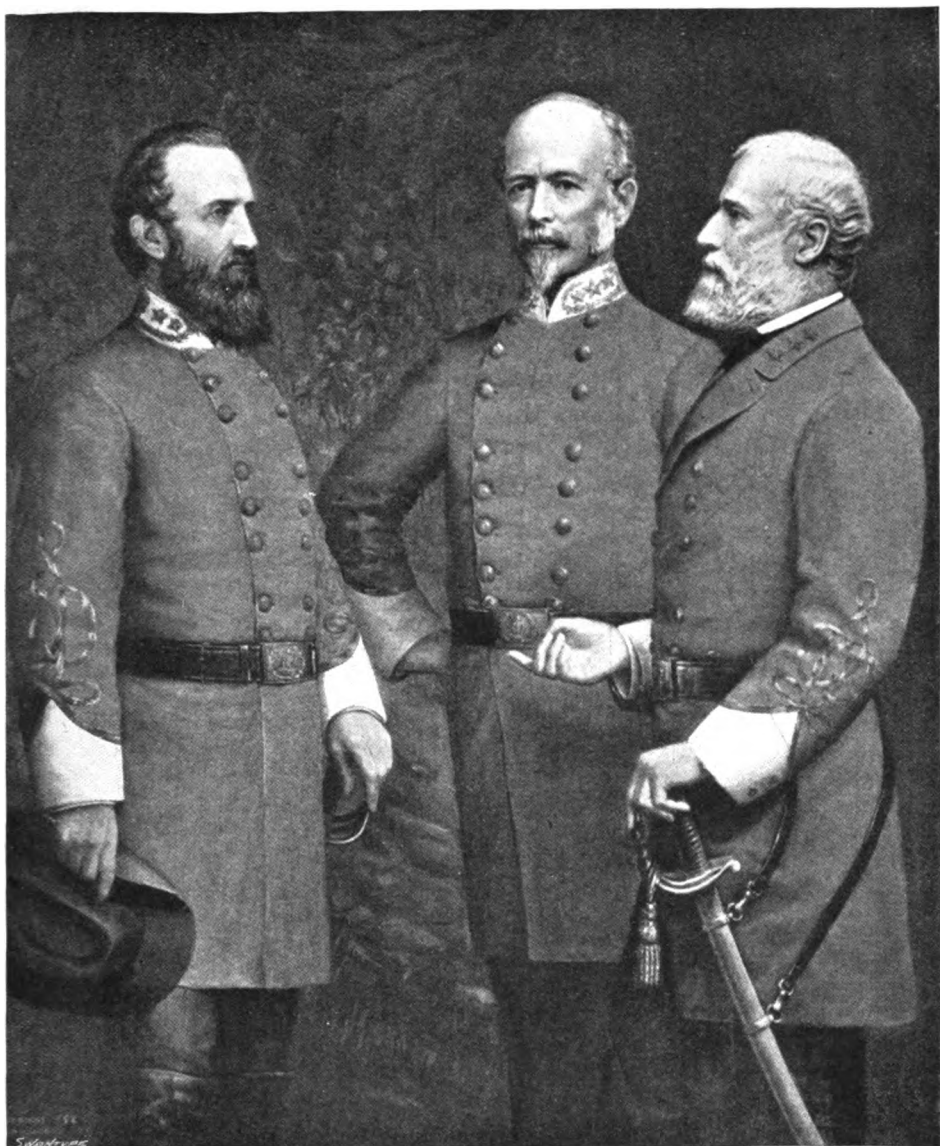
"If you will hold him as long as you can at the intrenchments, and then fall back on the detached works around the city, I will be upon the enemy's heels before he gets there." (Jefferson Davis, *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*.)

To locate the enemy's lines, and blaze the way for Stonewall Jackson's descent and his own attack upon his right, General Lee, on June 11th, despatched his cavalry commander, the dashing J. E. B. Stuart, with 1200 troopers, on the expedition which developed into the celebrated "raid" completely around the right, rear, and left of M'Clellan's army of 115,000 men in line of battle.

On the same day he wrote to General Jackson :

"The object is to enable you to crush the forces opposed to you, then leave your unavailable troops to watch the country, and with your main body move rapidly to Ashland, and sweep down between the Chickahominy and Pamunkey, cutting up the enemy's communications, while this army attacks General M'Clellan in front."

Thomas Jonathan Jackson, surnamed "Stonewall," and now in the thirty-eighth year of his age, was just winding up that series of brilliant and victorious operations in the Valley which raised him in the space of a single year from an obscure professor in the Virginia Military Institute to a blazing meteor of battle and a terror to the armies of the foe. With him, when the sword was drawn the scabbard was thrown away. In rapid and bewildering succession he had scattered and defeated the forces of Banks, Fremont, Milroy and Shields, "holding one commander at arm's length while he hammered the other." In three months he had marched six hundred miles, fought four pitched battles, seven minor engagements, and daily skirmishes; defeated four armies, captured seven pieces of artillery, ten thousand stand of arms, four thousand prisoners, and an immense quantity of stores. So great was the alarm excited in Washington by the movements of this "ubiquitous



"Stonewall" Jackson—Joseph E. Johnston—Robert E. Lee.

Presbyterian," that McDowell's army, instead of going to reinforce M'Clellan, as expected, was diverted to the Valley, thus very materially relieving the pressure upon Richmond.

"Old Stonewall," preceding his army, reached Richmond by an all-night ride on June 23rd, and participated in a conference called by General Lee, of the other commanding officers of divisions—Longstreet, D. H. Hill, and A. P. Hill—who were to attack M'Clellan's right. Jackson's troops were all up and encamped at Ashland, fifteen miles north of Richmond, on the night of the 25th.

General Lee's battle order directed that Jackson's command should "proceed from Ashland" on Wednesday, the 25th, to be ready on the day following to fall upon the Federal right flank, simultaneously with A. P. Hill's and Longstreet's

attack in front, at Mechanicsville. But as Jackson—being unexpectedly and no doubt unavoidably retarded—did not reach Ashland until the evening of the 25th, he could not “proceed from” that point until Thursday, the morning set for the attack. He was, therefore, practically a day behind time. This delay, while it did not prevent the successful carrying out of Lee’s programme, added heavily to the cost of its execution—for in those early days the Virginians were too lavish of blood, and, as General Fitzhugh Lee says, “thought it a great thing to charge a battery of artillery or line of earthworks with infantry.” On that eventful Thursday, Lee’s eager troops were up in line of battle before Mechanicsville, and the Confederate commander had no choice but to go on with the attack. A. P. Hill waited until three o’clock in the afternoon, then proceeded to drive the Federals out of Mechanicsville, and to batter at their strongly intrenched lines on Beaver Dam—a little stream emptying into the Chickahominy, a mile below. All the time he looked round for Jackson to sweep around on his left, but he looked in vain. The next morning, however, the 27th, “Old Stonewall” flanked the Federals on Beaver Dam Creek, and they were forced with great slaughter to the banks of the Chickahominy, which they crossed during the night; so that on the morning of the 28th M’Clellan’s whole army was on the south side of that stream, where Lee was waiting for him with his right wing under Huger and Magruder. The battle of Gaines’ Mill being fought and won, and the purpose of the Union commander—to retreat to the James by the nearest practicable route—discovered, General Lee on the 29th united his entire army south of the Chickahominy. There he attacked the retreating enemy near Savage Station, the same afternoon; and the next day, the 30th, overtook them again at Frazier’s Farm. This sanguinary battle was fought by Longstreet and A. P. Hill; Huger and Jackson being retarded by the difficult passage through the White Oak Swamp. However, as General Lee’s report says, the enemy was driven from every position but one, from which he afterward withdrew under cover of darkness.

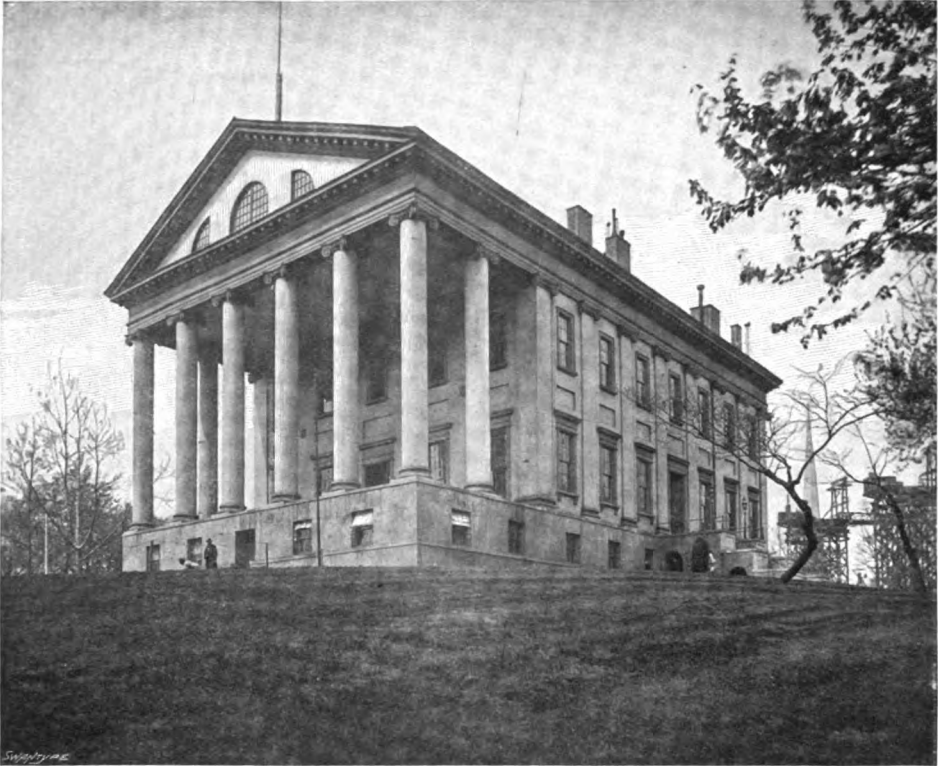
Jackson came up on July 1st, and was sent on down the Willis Church road in pursuit of the enemy. M’Clellan had concentrated his artillery, and occupied a position of great strength on the rise of Malvern Hill, within sight of the James River. Immediately in his front was open ground, sloping downward for half a mile, and completely covered by the fire of his infantry and artillery. General Lee says,—

“To reach this open ground our troops had to advance through a broken and thickly wooded country, traversed nearly throughout its whole extent by a swamp passable at but few places, difficult at those. The whole was in range of the batteries on the heights and the gunboats on the river, under whose incessant fire our movements had to be executed.”

Certainly General M’Clellan was conducting his “change of base,” as he called this retreat to the James, with masterly skill, selecting his positions unerringly, and defending them well. Malvern Hill was his last desperate stand.

He was hotly assaulted here by portions of Jackson’s, D. H. Hill’s, Magruder’s and Huger’s divisions; but the attack failed to break his line, and at nightfall the Confederate columns retired without having dislodged the enemy. The Union troops, however, again retreated during the night, and succeeded in reaching the protection of their gunboats on the James River at Westover, where General Lee deemed it inexpedient to attack, with his exhausted troops, and in the midst of a violent storm. The next day M’Clellan had his shattered army in security at Harrison’s Landing.

The impression made upon M’Clellan by the fighting of the Army of Northern



The old Capitol at Richmond, Va.

(Designed by Thomas Jefferson after the model of the Maison Carrée at Nîmes.)

Virginia under Lee, may be judged by the fact that in his report to the Federal War Department on June 26th he estimates the latter's force at "about 180,000"—which is just a hundred thousand above the actual figure.

The total losses of the Army of Northern Virginia in these seven days' fights, from June 22nd to July 1st, 1862, are put down at 16,782; and those of the Army of the Potomac at 15,849.

General Lee's own summing up, at the conclusion of his report of these engagements, is as follows:

"Under ordinary circumstances the Federal army should have been destroyed. Its escape was due to the causes already stated. Prominent among these is the want of correct and timely information. This fact, attributable chiefly to the nature of the country, enabled General M'Clellan skilfully to conceal his retreat, and to add much to the obstructions with which Nature had beset the way of our pursuing columns. But regret that more was not accomplished gives way to gratitude to the Sovereign Ruler of the Universe for the results achieved. The siege of Richmond was raised, and the object of a campaign, which had been prosecuted after months of preparation at an enormous expenditure of men and money, completely frustrated. More than ten thousand prisoners (including officers of rank), fifty-two pieces of artillery, and upward of thirty-five thousand stand of small arms, were captured. The stores and supplies of every description which fell into our hands were great in amount and value, but small in comparison with those destroyed by the enemy."

The conquering hero rode quietly back to his home in Richmond. The people within the city had spent the greater part of the time during the fateful week on

the roofs of their houses, watching the course of the smoke and gleam of battle. "As the lurid light drifted down to the Peninsula, they rejoiced and thanked God; when it shone nearer, they prayed for help from above."

Lee as a commander had silenced all doubters, inspired his antagonists with wholesome awe, and justified the fondest hopes of those by whom he was trusted and beloved. A letter from Colonel R. H. Chilton, Adjutant and Inspector-General of the Armies of the Confederacy, is representative of the opinion of the administration and military men generally:—

"I consider General Lee's exhibition of grand and administrative talents and indomitable energy, in bringing up the army in so short a time to that state of discipline which maintained aggregation during those terrible seven days' fights around Richmond, as probably his grandest achievement."

HENRY TYRRELL

(To be continued.)

Camp Pulpyffe House
10 Nov, '62

My dear Castles

He ~~is~~ ^{is} marching upon yesterday from the Valley
& joined his brigade now in my front—
I have nothing new to relate beyond my public
despatches. I am operating to baffle the advance
of the enemy & detain him among the mts: until
I can get him separated that I can strike
at him to advantage. His force will be thus
demoralized & disheartened. His sick & straggling
must be going back. He is along the
Manassas R.R. near Piedmont. His advance
is along the line of the Rapp. —

Give much love to your dear Mother, Agnes
& Charlotte not forgetting my 1st daughter.
I wish you were with me—

Truly & affly your father

R.R.D.

P.S. I. W. Carter Secy.



THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXV.

I MEET A CHEERFUL EXTRAVAGANT.

I PASS over the next fifty or sixty leagues of our journey without comment. The reader must be growing weary of scenes of travel; and for my own part I have no cause to recall these particular miles with any pleasure. We were mainly occupied with attempts to obliterate our trail, which (as the result showed) were far from successful; for on my cousin following, he was able to run me home with the least possible loss of time, following the claret-coloured chaise to Kirkby-Lonsdale, where I think the landlord must have wept to learn what he had missed, and tracing us thereafter to the doors of the coach office in Edinburgh without a single check. Fortune did not favour me, and why should I recapitulate the details of futile precautions which deceived nobody, and wearisome arts which proved to be artless?

The day was drawing to an end when Mr. Rowley and I bowled into Edinburgh, to the stirring sound of the guard's bugle and the clattering team. I was here upon my field of battle; on the scene of my former captivity, escape and exploits; and in the same city with my love. My heart expanded; I have rarely felt more of a hero. All down the Bridges, I sat by the driver with my arms folded and my face set, unflinchingly meeting every eye, and prepared every moment for a cry of recognition. Hundreds of the population were in the habit of visiting the Castle, where it was my practice (before the days of Flora) to make myself conspicuous among the prisoners; and I think it an extraordinary thing that I should have encountered so few to recognise me. But doubtless a clean chin is a disguise in itself; and the change is great from a suit of sulphur yellow to fine linen, a well-fitting mouse-coloured great-coat furred in black, a pair of tight trousers of fashionable cut, and a hat of inimitable curl. After all, it was more



"I was so happy as to spy a bill in a third-floor window."

mail, and connect me again with the claret-coloured chaise and Aylesbury. For I was resolved to break the chain of evidence for good, and to begin life afresh (so far as regards caution) with a new character. The first step was to find lodgings, and to find them quickly. This was the more needful as Mr. Rowley and I, in our smart clothes and with our cumbrous burthen, made a noticeable appearance in the streets at that time of the day and in that quarter of the town, which was largely given up to fine folk, bucks and dandies and young ladies, or respectable professional men on their way home to dinner.

On the north side of St. James's Square I was so happy as to spy a bill in a third-floor window. I was equally indifferent to cost and convenience in my choice of a lodging—"any port in a storm" was the principle on which I was prepared to act; and Rowley and I made at once for the common entrance and scaled the stair.

We were admitted by a very sour-looking female in bombazine. I gathered she had all her life been depressed by a series of bereavements, the last of which might very well have befallen her the day before; and I instinctively lowered my

likely that I should have recognised our visitors, than that they should have identified the modish gentleman with the miserable prisoner in the Castle.

I was glad to set foot on the flagstones, and to escape from the crowd that had assembled to receive the mail. Here we were, with but little daylight before us, and that on Saturday afternoon, the eve of the famous Scottish Sabbath, adrift in the New Town of Edinburgh, and overladen with baggage. We carried it ourselves. I would not take a cab, nor so much as hire a porter, who might afterwards serve as a link between my lodgings and the

voice when I addressed her. She admitted she had rooms to let—even showed them to us—a sitting-room and bedroom in a *suite*, commanding a fine prospect to the Firth and Fifeshire, and in themselves well proportioned and comfortably furnished, with pictures on the wall, shells on the mantelpiece, and several books upon the table, which I found afterwards to be all of a devotional character, and all presentation copies, “to my Christian friend,” or “to my devout acquaintance in the Lord, Bethiah McRanken.” Beyond this my “Christian friend” could not be made to advance: no, not even to do that which seemed the most natural and pleasing thing in the world—I mean to name her price—but stood before us shaking her head, and at times mourning like the dove, the picture of depression and defence. She had a voice the most querulous I have ever heard, and with this she produced a whole regiment of difficulties and criticisms.

She could not promise us attendance.

“Well, madam,” said I, “and what is my servant for?”

“Him?” she asked. “Be gude to us! Is *he* your servant?”

“I am sorry, ma’am, he meets with your disapproval.”

“Na, I never said that. But he’s young. He’ll be a great breaker, I’m thinkin’. Ay! he’ll be a great responsibeelity to ye, like. Does he attend to his releegion?”

“Yes, m’m,” returned Rowley, with admirable promptitude, and, immediately closing his eyes, as if from habit, repeated the following distich with more celerity than fervour:—

“Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on!”

“Nhm!” said the lady, and maintained an awful silence.

“Well, ma’am,” said I, “it seems we are never to hear the beginning of your terms, let alone the end of them. Come—a good movement! and let us be either off or on.”

She opened her lips slowly. “Ony raferences?” she inquired, in a voice like a bell.

I opened my pocket-book and showed her a handful of bank-bills. “I think, madam, that these are unexceptionable,” said I.

“Ye’ll be wantin’ breakfast late?” was her reply.

“Madam, we want breakfast at whatever hour it suits you to give it, from four in the morning till four in the afternoon!” I cried. “Only tell us your figure, if your mouth be large enough to let it out!”

“I couldnae give ye supper the nicht,” came the echo.

“We shall go out to supper, you incorrigible female!” I vowed, between laughter and tears. “Here—this is going to end! I want you for a landlady—let me tell you that!—and I am going to have my way. You won’t tell me what you charge? Very well; I will do without! I can trust you! You don’t seem to know when you have a good lodger; but I know perfectly when I have an honest landlady! Rowley, unstrap the valises!”

Will it be credited? The monomaniac fell to rating me for my indiscretion! But the battle was over; these were her last guns, and more in the nature of a salute than of renewed hostilities. And presently she condescended on very moderate terms, and Rowley and I were able to escape in quest of supper. Much time had, however, been lost; the sun was long down, the lamps glimmered along the streets, and the voice of a watchman already resounded in the neighbouring Leith Road. On our first arrival I had observed a place of entertainment not far off, in a street

behind the Register House. Thither we found our way, and sat down to a late dinner alone. But we had scarce given our orders before the door opened, and a tall young fellow entered with something of a lurch, looked about him, and approached the same table.

"Give you good evening, most grave and reverend seniors!" said he. "Will you permit a wanderer, a pilgrim—the pilgrim of love, in short—to come to temporary anchor under your lee? I care not who knows it, but I have a passionate aversion from the bestial practice of solitary feeding!"

"You are welcome, sir," said I, "if I may take upon me so far to play the host in a public place."

He looked startled, and fixed a hazy eye on me, as he sat down.

"Sir," said he, "you are a man not without some tincture of letters, I perceive! What shall we drink, sir?"

I mentioned I had already called for a pot of porter.

"A modest pot—the seasonable quencher?" said he. "Well, I do not know but what I could look at a modest pot myself! I am, for the moment, in precarious health. Much study hath heated my brain, much walking wearied my—well, it seems to be more my eyes!"

"You have walked far, I daresay?" I suggested.

"Not so much far as often," he replied. "There is in this city—to which, I think, you are a stranger? Sir, to your very good health, and our better acquaintance!—there is, in this city of Dunedin, a certain implication of streets which reflects the utmost credit on the designer and the publicans—at every hundred yards is seated the Judicious Tavern, so that persons of contemplative mind are secure, at moderate distances, of refreshment. I have been doing a trot in that favoured quarter, favoured by art and nature. A few chosen comrades—enemies of publicity and friends to wit and wine—obliged me with their society. 'Along the cool, sequestered vale of Register Street we kept the uneven tenor of our way,' sir."

"It struck me, as you came in——" I began.

"Oh, don't make any bones about it!" he interrupted. "Of course it struck you! and let me tell you, I was devilish lucky not to strike myself. When I entered this apartment I shone 'with all the pomp and prodigality of brandy and water,' as the poet Gray has in another place expressed it. Powerful bard, Gray! but a niminy-piminy creature, afraid of a petticoat and a bottle—not a man, sir, not a man! Excuse me for being so troublesome, but what the devil have I done with my fork? Thank you, I am sure. *Temulentia, quoad me ipsum, brevis colligo est.* I sit and eat, sir, in a London fog. I should bring a link-boy to table with me; and I would too, if the little brutes were only washed! I intend to found a Philanthropical Society for Washing the Deserving Poor and Shaving Soldiers. I am pleased to observe that, although not of an unmilitary bearing, you are apparently shaved. In my calendar of the virtues, shaving comes next to drinking. A gentleman may be a low-minded ruffian without sixpence, but he will always be close shaved. See me, with the eye of fancy, in the chill hours of the morning, say about a quarter to twelve, noon—see me awake! First thing of all, without one thought of the plausible but unsatisfactory small beer, or the healthful though insipid soda-water, I take the deadly razor in my vacillating grasp; I proceed to skate upon the margin of eternity. Stimulating thought! I bleed, perhaps, but with medicable wounds. The stubble reaped, I pass out of my chamber, calm but triumphant. To employ a hackneyed phrase, I would not call Lord Wellington my uncle! I, too, have dared, perhaps bled, before the imminent deadly shaving table."

In this manner the bombastic fellow continued to entertain me all through dinner, and by a common error of drunkards, because he had been extremely talkative himself, leaped to the conclusion that he had chanced on very genial company. He told me his name, his address; he begged we should meet again; finally he proposed that I should dine with him in the country at an early date.

"The dinner is official," he explained. "The office-bearers and Senatus of the University of Cramond—an educational institution in which I have the honour to be Professor of Nonsense—meet to do honour to our friend Icarus, at the old-established *howff*, Cramond Bridge. One place is vacant, fascinating stranger,—I offer it to you!"

"And who is your friend Icarus?" I asked.

"The aspiring son of Dædalus!" said he. "Is it possible that you have never heard the name of Byfield?"

"Possible and true," said I.

"And is fame so small a thing?" cried he. "Byfield, sir, is an *aëronaut*. He apes the fame of a Lunardi, and is on the point of offering to the inhabitants—I beg your pardon, to the nobility and gentry of our neighbourhood—the spectacle of an ascension. As one of the gentry concerned, I may be permitted to remark that I am unmoved. I care not a Tinker's Damn for his ascension. No more—I breathe it in your ear—does anybody else. The business is stale, sir, stale. Lunardi did it, and overdid it. A whimsical, fiddling, vain fellow, by all accounts—for I was at that time rocking in my cradle. But once was enough. If Lunardi went up and came down, there was the matter settled. We prefer to grant the point. We do not want to see the experiment repeated *ad nauseam* by Byfield, and Brown, and Butler, and Brodie, and Bottomley. Ah! if they would go up and *not* come down again! But this is by the question. The University of Cramond delights to honour merit in the man, sir, rather than utility in the profession; and Byfield, though an ignorant dog, is a sound, reliable drinker, and really not amiss over his cups. Under the radiance of the kindly jar, partiality might even credit him with wit."

It will be seen afterwards that this was more my business than I thought it at the time. Indeed, I was impatient to be gone. Even as my friend maundered ahead, a squall burst, the jaws of the rain were opened against the coffee-house windows, and at that inclement signal I remembered I was due elsewhere.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE COTTAGE AT NIGHT.

AT the door I was nearly blown back by the unbridled violence of the squall, and Rowley and I must shout our parting words. All the way along Princes Street (whither my way led) the wind hunted me behind and screamed in my ears. The city was flushed with bucketfuls of rain that tasted salt from the neighbouring ocean. It seemed to darken and lighten again in the vicissitudes of the gusts. Now you would say the lamps had been blown out from end to end of the long thoroughfare; now, in a lull, they would revive, re-multiply, shine again on the wet pavements, and make darkness sparingly visible.

By the time I had got to the corner of the Lothian Road there was a distinct improvement. For one thing, I had now my shoulder to the wind; for a second, I came in the lee of my old prison-house, the Castle; and, at any rate, the excessive fury of the blast was itself moderating. The thought of what errand

I was on re-awoke within me, and I seemed to breast the rough weather with increasing ease. With such a destination, what mattered a little buffeting of wind or a sprinkle of cold water? I recalled Flora's image, I took her in fancy to my arms, and my heart throbbed. And the next moment I had recognised the inanity of that fool's paradise. If I could spy her taper as she went to bed, I might count myself lucky.

I had about two leagues before me of a road mostly up-hill, and now deep in mire. So soon as I was clear of the last street lamp, darkness received me—a darkness only pointed by the lights of occasional rustic farms, where the dogs howled with uplifted heads as I went by. The wind continued to decline: it had been but a squall, not a tempest. The rain, on the other hand, settled into a steady deluge, which had soon drenched me thoroughly. I continued to tramp forward in the night, contending with gloomy thoughts and accompanied by the dismal ululation of the dogs. What ailed them that they should have been thus wakeful, and perceived the small sound of my steps amid the general reverberation of the rain, was more than I could fancy. I remembered tales with which I had been entertained in childhood. I told myself some murderer was going by, and the brutes perceived upon him the faint smell of blood; and the next moment, with a physical shock, I had applied the words to my own case!

Here was a dismal disposition for a lover. "Was ever lady in this humour wooed?" I asked myself, and came near turning back. It is never wise to risk a critical interview when your spirits are depressed, your clothes muddy, and your hands wet! But the boisterous night was in itself favourable to my enterprise: now, or perhaps never, I might find some way to have an interview with Flora; and if I had one interview (wet clothes, low spirits and all), I told myself there would certainly be another.

Arrived in the cottage garden, I found the circumstances mighty inclement. From the round holes in the shutters of the parlour, shafts of candle-light streamed forth; elsewhere the darkness was complete. The trees, the thickets, were saturated; the lower parts of the garden turned into a morass. At intervals, when the wind broke forth again, there passed overhead a wild coil of clashing branches; and between whiles the whole enclosure continuously and stridently resounded with the rain. I advanced close to the window and contrived to read the face of my watch. It was half-past seven; they would not retire before ten, they might not before midnight, and the prospect was unpleasant. In a lull of the wind I could hear from the inside the voice of Flora reading aloud; the words of course inaudible—only a flow of undecipherable speech, quiet, cordial, colourless, more intimate and winning, more eloquent of her personality, but not less beautiful than song. And the next moment the clamour of a fresh squall broke out about the cottage; the voice was drowned in its bellowing, and I was glad to retreat from my dangerous post.

For three egregious hours I must now suffer the elements to do their worst upon me, and continue to hold my ground in patience. I recalled the least fortunate of my services in the field: being out-sentry of the pickets in weather no less vile, sometimes unsupported and with nothing to look forward to by way of breakfast but musket-balls; and they seemed light in comparison. So strangely are we built: so much more strong is the love of woman than the mere love of life.

At last my patience was rewarded. The light disappeared from the parlour and reappeared a moment after in the room above. I was pretty well informed for the enterprise that lay before me. I knew the lair of the dragon—that which was just illuminated. I knew the bower of my Rosamond, and how excellently it was placed on the ground level, round the flank of the cottage and out of



"Roseate and pensive, in the shine of two candles falling from behind."

earshot of her formidable aunt. Nothing was left but to apply my knowledge. I was then at the bottom of the garden, whither I had gone (Heaven save the mark !) for warmth, that I might walk to and fro unheard and keep myself from perishing. The night had fallen still, the wind ceased ; the noise of the rain had much lightened, if it had not stopped, and was succeeded by the dripping of the garden trees. In the midst of this lull, and as I was already drawing near to the cottage, I was startled by the sound of a window-sash screaming in its channels ; and a step or two beyond I became aware of a gush of light upon the darkness. It fell from Flora's window, which she had flung open on the night, and where she now sat, roseate and pensive, in the shine of two candles falling from behind, her tresses deeply embowering and shading her ; the suspended comb still in one hand, the other idly clinging to the iron stanchions with which the window was barred.

Keeping to the turf, and favoured by the darkness of the night and the patter

of the rain which was now returning, though without wind, I approached until I could almost have touched her. It seemed a grossness of which I was incapable to break up her reverie by speech. I stood and drank her in with my eyes; how the light made a glory in her hair, and (what I have always thought the most ravishing thing in nature) how the planes ran into each other, and were distinguished, and how the hues blended and varied, and were shaded off, between the cheek and neck. At first I was abashed: she wore her beauty like an immediate halo of refinement; she discouraged me like an angel, or what I suspect to be the next most discouraging, a modern lady. But as I continued, to gaze, hope and life returned to me; I forgot my timidity, I forgot the sickening pack of wet clothes with which I stood burdened, I tingled with new blood.

Still unconscious of my presence, still gazing before her upon the illuminated image of the window, the straight shadows of the bars, the glinting of pebbles on the path, and the impenetrable night on the garden and the hills beyond it, she heaved a deep breath that struck upon my heart like an appeal.

"Why does Miss Gilchrist sigh?" I whispered. "Does she recall absent friends?"

She turned her head swiftly in my direction; it was the only sign of surprise she deigned to make. At the same time I stepped forward into the light and bowed profoundly.

"You!" she said. "Here?"

"Yes, I am here," I replied. "I have come very far, it may be a hundred and fifty leagues, to see you. I have waited all this night in your garden. Will Miss Gilchrist not offer her hand—to a friend in trouble?"

She extended it between the bars, and I dropped upon one knee on the wet path, and kissed it twice. At the second it was withdrawn suddenly, methought with more of a start than she had hitherto displayed. I regained my former attitude, and we were both silent awhile. My timidity returned on me tenfold. I looked in her face for any signals of anger, and seeing her eyes to waver and fall aside from mine, augured that all was well.

"You must have been mad to come here!" she broke out. "Of all places under heaven, this is no place for you to come. And I was just thinking you were safe in France!"

"You were thinking of me!" I cried.

"Mr. St. Ives, you cannot understand your danger," she replied. "I am sure of it, and yet I cannot find it in my heart to tell you. O be persuaded, and go!"

"I believe I know the worst. But I was never one to set an undue value on life, the life that we share with beasts. My university has been in the wars, not a famous place of education, but one where a man learns to carry his life in his hand as lightly as a glove, and for his lady or his honour to lay it as lightly down. You appeal to my fears, and you do wrong. I have come to Scotland with my eyes quite open, to see you and to speak with you—it may be for the last time. With my eyes quite open, I say; and if I did not hesitate at the beginning, do you think that I would draw back now?"

"You do not know!" she cried, with rising agitation. "This country, even this garden, is death to you. They all believe it; I am the only one that does not. If they hear you now, if they heard a whisper—I dread to think of it. O, go, go this instant. It is my prayer."

"Dear lady, do not refuse me what I have come so far to seek; and remember that out of all the millions in England there is no other but yourself in whom I can dare confide. I have all the world against me; you are my only

ally; and as I have to speak, you have to listen. All is true that they say of me, and all of it false at the same time. I did kill this man Goguelat—it was that you meant?”

She mutely signed to me that it was; she had become deadly pale.

“But I killed him in fair fight. Till then, I had never taken a life unless in battle, which is my trade. But I was grateful, I was on fire with gratitude, to one who had been good to me, who had been better to me than I could have dreamed of an angel, who had come into the darkness of my prison like sunrise. The man Goguelat insulted her. O, he had insulted *me* often, it was his favourite pastime, and he might insult me as he pleased—for who was I? But with that lady it was different. I could never forgive myself if I had let it pass. And we fought, and he fell, and I have no remorse.”

I waited anxiously for some reply. The worst was now out, and I knew that she had heard of it before; but it was impossible for me to go on with my narrative without some shadow of encouragement.

“You blame me?”

“No, not at all. It is a point I cannot speak on—I am only a girl. I am sure you were in the right: I have always said so—to Ronald. Not, of course, to my aunt. I am afraid I let her speak as she will. You must not think me a disloyal friend; and even with the Major—I did not tell you he had become quite a friend of ours—Major Chevenix I mean—he has taken such a fancy to Ronald! It was he that brought the news to us of that hateful Clausel being captured, and all that he was saying. I was indignant with him. I said—I daresay I said too much—and I must say he was very good-natured. He said, ‘You and I, who are his friends, *know* that Champdivers is innocent. But what is the use of saying it?’ All this was in the corner of the room, in what they call an aside. And then he said, ‘Give me a chance to speak to you in private, I have much to tell you.’ And he did. And told me just what you did—that it was an affair of honour, and no blame attached to you. Oh, I must say I like that Major Chevenix!”

At this I was seized with a great pang of jealousy. I remembered the first time that he had seen her, the interest that he seemed immediately to conceive; and I could not but admire the dog for the use he had been ingenious enough to make of our acquaintance in order to supplant me. All is fair in love and war. For all that, I was now no less anxious to do the speaking myself than I had been before to hear Flora. At least, I could keep clear of the hateful image of Major Chevenix. Accordingly I burst at once on the narrative of my adventures. It was the same as you have read, but briefer, and told with a very different purpose. Now every incident had a particular bearing, every by-way branched off to Rome—and that was Flora.

When I had begun to speak, I had kneeled upon the gravel withoutside the low window, rested my arms upon the sill, and lowered my voice to the most confidential whisper. Flora herself must kneel upon the other side, and this brought our heads upon a level, with only the bars between us. So placed, so separated, it seemed that our proximity, and the continuous and low sounds of my pleading voice, worked progressively and powerfully on her heart, and perhaps not less so on my own. For these spells are double-edged. The silly birds may be charmed with the pipe of the fowler, which is but a tube of reeds. Not so with a bird of our own feather! As I went on, and my resolve strengthened, and my voice found new modulations, and our faces were drawn closer to the bars and to each other, not only she, but I, succumbed to the fascination and were

kindled by the charm. We make love, and thereby ourselves fall the deeper in it. It is with the heart only that one captures a heart.

"And now," I continued, "I will tell you what you can still do for me. I run a little risk just now, and you see for yourself how unavoidable it is for any man of honour. But if—but in case of the worst, I do not choose to enrich either my enemies or the Prince Regent. I have here the bulk of what my uncle gave me. Eight thousand odd pounds. Will you take care of it for me? Do not think of it merely as money; take and keep it as a relic of your friend or some precious piece of him. I may have bitter need of it ere long. Do you know the old country story of the giant who gave his heart to his wife to keep for him, thinking it safer to repose on her loyalty than his own strength? Flora, I am the giant—a very little one: will you be the keeper of my life? It is my heart I offer you in this symbol. In the sight of God, if you will have it, I give you my name, I endow you with my money. If the worst come, if I may never hope to call you wife, let me at least think that you will use my uncle's legacy as my widow."

"No, not that," she said. "Never that."

"What then?" I said. "What else, my angel? What are words to me? There is but one name that I care to know you by. Flora, my love!"

"Anne!" she said.

What sound is so full of music as one's own name uttered for the first time in the voice of her we love!

"My darling!" said I.

The jealous bars, set at the top and bottom in stone and lime, obstructed the rapture of the moment; but I took her to myself as wholly as they allowed. She did not shun my lips. My arms were wound round her body, which yielded itself generously to my embrace. As we so remained, entwined and yet severed, bruising our faces unconsciously on the cold bars, the irony of the universe—or as I prefer to say, envy of some of the gods—again stirred up the elements of that stormy night. The wind blew again in the tree-tops; a volley of cold sea-rain deluged the garden, and, as the deuce would have it, a gutter which had been hitherto choked up, began suddenly to play upon my head and shoulders with the vivacity of a fountain. We parted with a shock; I sprang to my feet, and she to hers, as though we had been discovered. A moment after, but now both standing, we had again approached the window on either side.

"Flora," I said, "this is but a poor offer I can make you."

She took my hand in hers and clasped it to her bosom.

"Rich enough for a queen!" she said, with a lift in her breathing that was more eloquent than words. "Anne, my brave Anne! I would be glad to be your maidservant; I could envy that boy Rowley. But, no!" she broke off, "I envy no one—I need not—I am yours."

"Mine," said I, "for ever! By this and this, mine!"

"All of me," she repeated. "Altogether, and for ever!"

And if the god were envious, he must have seen with mortification how little he could do to mar the happiness of mortals. I stood in a mere waterspout; she herself was wet, not from my embrace only, but from the splashing of the storm. The candles had guttered out; we were in darkness. I could scarce see anything but the shining of her eyes in the dark room. To her I must have appeared as a silhouette, haloed by rain and the spouting of the ancient Gothic gutter above my head.

Presently we became more calm and confidential; and when that squall, which proved to be the last of the storm, had blown by, fell into a talk of ways and

means. It seemed she knew Mr. Robbie, to whom I had been so slenderly accredited by Romaine—was even invited to his house for the evening of Monday, and gave me a sketch of the old gentleman's character, which implied a great deal of penetration in herself and proved of great use to me in the immediate sequel. It seemed he was an enthusiastic antiquary, and in particular a fanatic of heraldry. I heard it with delight, for I was myself, thanks to M. de Culemborg, fairly grounded in that science, and acquainted with the blazons of most families of note in Europe. And I had made up my mind—even as she spoke it was my fixed determination, though I was a hundred miles from saying it—to meet Flora on Monday night as a fellow-guest in Mr. Robbie's house.

I gave her my money—it was, of course, only paper I had brought. I gave it her, to be her marriage portion, I declared.

"Not so bad a marriage portion for a private soldier," I told her, laughing, as I passed it through the bars.

"O, Anne, and where am I to keep it?" she cried. "If my aunt should find it! What would I say!"

"Next your heart," I suggested.

"Then you will always be near your treasure," she cried, "for you are always there!"

We were interrupted by a sudden clearness that fell upon the night. The clouds dispersed; the stars shone in every part of the heavens; and, consulting my watch, I was startled to find it already hard on five in the morning.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SABBATH DAY.

It was indeed high time I should be gone from Swanston; but what I was to do in the meanwhile was another question. Rowley had received his orders last night: he was to say that I had met a friend, and Mrs. McRankine was not to expect me before morning. A good enough tale in itself; but the dreadful pickle I was in made it out of the question. I could not go home till I had found harbourage, a fire to dry my clothes at, and a bed where I might lie till they were ready.

Fortune favoured me again. I had scarce got to the top of the first hill when I spied a light on my left, about a furlong away. It might be a case of sickness; what else it was likely to be—in so rustic a neighbourhood, and at such an ungodly time of the morning—was beyond my fancy. A faint sound of singing became audible, and gradually swelled as I drew near, until at last I could make out the words, which were singularly appropriate both to the hour and to the condition of the singers. "The cock may crow, the day may daw," they sang; and sang it with such laxity both in time and tune, and such sentimental complaisance in the expression, as assured me they had got far into the third bottle at least.

I found a plain rustic cottage by the wayside, of the sort called double, with a signboard over the door; and, the lights within streaming forth and somewhat mitigating the darkness of the morning, I was enabled to decipher the inscription: "The Hunters' Tryst, by Alexander Hendry. Porter, Ales, and British Spirits. Beds."

My first knock put a period to the music, and a voice challenged tipsily from within.

"Who goes there?" it said; and I replied, "A lawful traveller."

Immediately after, the door was unbarred by a company of the tallest lads my



"He turned upon me a countenance not much less broad than his back."

the chimney and a prodigious number of empty bottles on the floor; and informed me that I was made, by this reception, a temporary member of the *Six-Foot-High Club*, an athletic society of young men in a good station, who made of the Hunters' Tryst a frequent resort. They told me I had intruded on an "all-night sitting," following upon an "all-day Saturday tramp" of forty miles; and that the members would all be up and "as right as ninepence" for the noonday service at some neighbouring church—Collingwood, if memory serves me right. At this I could have laughed, but the moment seemed ill chosen. For, though six feet was their standard, they all exceeded that measurement considerably; and I tasted again some of the sensations of childhood, as I looked up to all these lads from a lower plane, and wondered what they would do next. But the Six-Footers, if they were very drunk, proved no less kind. The landlord and servants of the Hunters' Tryst were in bed and asleep long ago. Whether by natural gift or acquired habit, they could suffer pandemonium to reign all over the house and yet lie ranked in the kitchen like Egyptian mummies, only that the sound of their snoring rose and fell ceaselessly, like the drone of a bagpipe. Here the Six-Footers invaded them—in their citadel, so to speak; counted the bunks and the sleepers; proposed to put me in bed to one of the lasses, proposed to have one of the lasses out to make room for me, fell over chairs and made noise enough to waken the dead: the whole illuminated by the same young torch-bearer, but now with two candles, and rapidly beginning to look like a man in a snowstorm.

eyes had ever rested on, all astonishingly drunk and very decently dressed, and one (who was perhaps the drunkest of the lot) carrying a tallow candle, from which he impartially bedewed the clothes of the whole company. As soon as I saw them I could not help smiling to myself to remember the anxiety with which I had approached. They received me and my hastily-concocted story, that I had been walking from Peebles and had lost my way, with incoherent benignity; jostled me among them into the room where they had been sitting, a plain hedge-row alehouse parlour, with a roaring fire in

At last a bed was found for me, my clothes were hung out to dry before the parlour fire, and I was mercifully left to my repose.

I awoke about nine with the sun shining in my eyes. The landlord came at my summons, brought me my clothes dried and decently brushed, and gave me the good news that the Six-Foot-High Club were all abed and sleeping off their excesses. Where they were bestowed was a puzzle to me, until (as I was strolling about the garden patch waiting for breakfast) I came on a barn door, and, looking in, saw all the red faces mixed in the straw like plums in a cake. Quoth the stalwart maid who brought me my porridge and bade me "eat them while they were hot," "Ay, they were a' on the ran-dan last nicht! Hout! they're fine lads, and they'll be nane the waur of it. Forby Farbes's coat: I dinna see wha's to get the creish off that!" she added, with a sigh; in which, identifying Forbes as the torch-bearer, I mentally joined.

It was a brave morning when I took the road; the sun shone, spring seemed in the air, it smelt like April or May, and some over-venturous birds sang in the coppices as I went by. I had plenty to think of, plenty to be grateful for, that gallant morning; and yet I had a twitter at my heart. To enter the city by daylight might be compared to marching on a battery; every face that I confronted would threaten me like the muzzle of a gun; and it came into my head suddenly with how much better a countenance I should be able to do it if I could but improvise a companion. Hard by Merchiston, I was so fortunate as to observe a bulky gentleman in broadcloth and gaiters, stooping with his head almost between his knees before a stone wall. Seizing occasion by the forelock, I drew up as I came alongside and inquired what he had found to interest him.

He turned upon me a countenance not much less broad than his back.

"Why, sir," he replied, "I was even marvelling at my own indefeasible stupefiedness: that I should walk this way every week of my life, weather permitting, and should never before have *noticed* that stone," touching it at the same time with a goodly oak staff.

I followed the indication. The stone, which had been built sideways into the wall, offered traces of heraldic sculpture. At once there came a wild idea into my mind: his appearance tallied with Flora's description of Mr. Robbie; a knowledge of heraldry would go far to clinch the proof; and what could be more desirable than to scrape an informal acquaintance with the man whom I must approach next day with my tale of the drovers, and whom I yet wished to please? I stooped in turn.

"A chevron," I said; "on a chief three mullets? Looks like Douglas, does it not?"

"Yes, sir, it does; you are right," said he: "it *does* look like Douglas; though, without the tinctures, and the whole thing being so battered and broken up, who shall venture an opinion? But allow me to be more personal, sir. In these degenerate days I am astonished you should display so much proficiency."

"Oh, I was well grounded in my youth by an old gentleman, a friend of my family, and I may say my guardian," said I; "but I have forgotten it since. God forbid I should delude you into thinking me a herald, sir! I am only an ungrammatical amateur."

"And a little modesty does no harm even in a herald," says my new acquaintance graciously.

In short, we fell together on our onward way, and maintained very amicable discourse along what remained of the country road, past the suburbs, and on into the streets of the New Town, which was as deserted and silent as a city of the dead.

The shops were closed, no vehicle ran, cats sported in the midst of the sunny causeway; and our steps and voices re-echoed from the quiet houses. It was the high-water, full and strange, of that weekly trance to which the city of Edinburgh is subjected: the apotheosis of the *Sawbath*; and I confess the spectacle wanted not grandeur, however much it may have lacked cheerfulness. There are few religious ceremonies more imposing. As we thus walked and talked in a public seclusion, the bells broke-out ringing through all the bounds of the city, and the streets began immediately to be thronged with decent church-goers.

"Ah!" said my companion, "there are the bells! Now, sir, as you are a stranger, I must offer you the hospitality of my pew. I do not know whether you are at all used with our Scottish form; but in case you are not, I will find your places for you; and Dr. Henry Gray, of St. Mary's (under whom I sit), is as good a preacher as we have to show you."

This put me in a quandary. It was a degree of risk I was scarce prepared for. Dozens of people, who might pass me by in the street with no more than a second look, would go on from the second to the third, and from that to a final recognition, if I were set before them, immobilised in a pew, during the whole time of service. An unlucky turn of the head would suffice to arrest their attention. "Who is that?" they would think: "surely, I should know him!" and, a church being the place in all the world where one has least to think of, it was ten to one they would end by remembering me before the benediction. However, my mind was made up: I thanked my obliging friend, and placed myself at his disposal.

Our way now led us into the north-east quarter of the town, among pleasant new faubourgs, to a decent new church of a good size, where I was soon seated by the side of my good Samaritan, and looked upon by a whole congregation of menacing faces. At first the possibility of danger kept me awake; but by the time I had assured myself there was none to be apprehended, and the service was not in the least likely to be enlivened by the arrest of a French spy, I had to resign myself to the task of listening to Dr. Henry Gray.

As we moved out, after this ordeal was over, my friend was at once surrounded and claimed by his acquaintance of the congregation; and I was rejoiced to hear him addressed by the expected name of Robbie.

So soon as we were clear of the crowd—"Mr. Robbie?" said I, bowing.

"The very same, sir," said he.

"If I mistake not, a lawyer?"

"A writer to his Majesty's Signet, at your service."

"It seems we were predestined to be acquaintances!" I exclaimed. "I have here a card in my pocket intended for you. It is from my family lawyer. It was his last word, as I was leaving, to ask to be remembered kindly, and to trust you would pass over so informal an introduction."

And I offered him the card.

"Ay, ay, my old friend Daniel!" says he, looking on the card. "And how does my old friend Daniel?"

I gave a favourable view of Mr. Romaine's health.

"Well, this is certainly a whimsical incident," he continued. "And since we are thus met already—and so much to my advantage!—the simplest thing will be to prosecute the acquaintance instantly. Let me propose a snack between sermons, a bottle of my particular green seal—and when nobody is looking, we can talk blazons, Mr. Dulcie!"—which was the name I then used and had already incidentally mentioned, in the vain hope of provoking a return in kind.



G. GRENVILLE MANTON

"He was squiring her, with the utmost dignity."

"I beg your pardon, sir: do I understand you to invite me to your house?" said I.

"That was the idea I was trying to convey," said he. "We have the name of hospitable people up here, and I would like you to try mine."

"Mr. Robbie, I shall hope to try it some day, but not yet," I replied. "I hope you will not misunderstand me. My business, which brings me to your city, is of a peculiar kind. Till you shall have heard it, and, indeed, till its issue is known, I should feel as if I had stolen your invitation."

"Well, well," said he, a little sobered, "it must be as you wish, though you would hardly speak otherwise if you had committed homicide! Mine is the loss. I must eat alone; a very pernicious thing for a person of my habit of body, content myself with a pint of skinking claret, and meditate the discourse. But about this business of yours: if it is so particuliar as all that, it will doubtless admit of no delay."

"I must confess, sir, it presses," I acknowledged.

"Then, let us say to-morrow at half-past eight in the morning," said he; "and I hope, when your mind is at rest (and it does you much honour to take it as you do), that you will sit down with me to the postponed meal, not forgetting the bottle. You have my address?" he added, and gave it me—which was the only thing I wanted.

At last, at the level of York Place, we parted with mutual civilities, and I was free to pursue my way, through the mobs of people returning from church, to my lodgings in St. James's Square.

Almost at the house door, whom should I overtake but my landlady in a dress of gorgeous severity, and dragging a prize in her wake: no less than Rowley, with the cockade in his hat, and a smart pair of tops to his boots! When I said he was in the lady's wake, I spoke but in metaphor. As a matter of fact, he was squiring her, with the utmost dignity, on his arm; and I followed them up the stairs, smiling to myself.

Both were quick to salute me as soon as I was perceived, and Mrs. McRankine inquired where I had been. I told her boastfully, giving her the name of the church and the divine, and ignorantly supposing I should have gained caste. But she soon opened my eyes. In the roots of the Scottish character there are knots and contortions that not only no stranger can understand, but no stranger can follow; he walks among explosives; and his best course is to throw himself upon their mercy—"Just as I am, without one plea," a citation from one of the lady's favourite hymns.

The sound she made was unmistakable in meaning, though it was impossible to be written down; and I at once executed the manœuvre I have recommended.

"You must remember, I am a perfect stranger in your city," said I. "If I have done wrong, it was in mere ignorance, my dear lady; and this afternoon, if you will be so good as to take me, I shall accompany *you*."

But she was not to be pacified at the moment, and departed to her own quarters murmuring.

"Well, Rowley," said I; "and have you been to church?"

"If you please, sir," he said.

"Well, you have not been any less unlucky than I have," I returned. "And how did you get on with the Scottish form?"

"Well, sir, it was pretty 'ard, the form was, and reether narrow," he replied. "I don't know w'y it is, but it seems to me like as if things were a good bit changed since William Wallace! That was a main queer church she took me to,

Mr. Anné! I don't know as I could have sat it out, if she 'adn't 'a' give me peppermints. She ain't a bad one at bottom, the old girl; she do pounce a bit, and she do worry, but, law bless you, Mr. Anne, it ain't nothink really—she don't *mean* it. W'y, she was down on me like a 'undredweight of bricks this morning. You see, last night she 'ad me in to supper, and, I beg your pardon, sir, but I took the freedom of playing her a chune or two. She didn't mind a bit; so this morning I began to play to myself, and she flounced in, and flew up, and carried on no end about Sunday!"

"You see, Rowley," said I, "they're all mad up here, and you have to humour them. See, and don't quarrel with Mrs. McRankine; and, above all, don't argue with her, or you'll get the worst of it. Whatever she says, touch your forelock and say, 'If you please!' or 'I beg pardon, ma'am.' And let me tell you one thing: I am sorry, but you have to go to church with her again this afternoon. That's duty, my boy!"

As I had foreseen, the bells had scarce begun before Mrs. McRankine presented herself to be our escort, upon which I sprang up with readiness and offered her my arm. Rowley followed behind. I was beginning to grow accustomed to the risks of my stay in Edinburgh, and it even amused me to confront a new churchful. I confess the amusement did not last until the end; for if Dr. Gray were long, Mr. McCraw was not only longer, but more incoherent, and the matter of his sermon (which was a direct attack, apparently, on all the Churches of the world, my own among the number), where it had not the tonic quality of personal insult, rather inclined me to slumber. But I braced myself for my life, kept up Rowley with the end of a pin, and came through it awake, but no more.

Bethiah was quite conquered by this "mark of grace," though, I am afraid, she was also moved by more worldly considerations. The first is, the lady had not the least objection to go to church on the arm of an elegantly dressed young gentleman, and be followed by a spruce servant with a cockade in his hat. I could see it by the way she took possession of us, found us the places in the Bible, whispered to me the name of the minister, passed us lozenges, which I (for my part) handed on to Rowley, and at each fresh attention stole a little glance about the church to make sure she was observed. Rowley was a pretty boy; you will pardon me, if I also remembered that I was a favourable-looking young man. When we grow elderly, how the room brightens, and begins to look as it ought to look, on the entrance of youth, grace, health, and comeliness! You do not want them for yourself, perhaps not even for your son, but you look on smiling; and when you recall their images—again, it is with a smile. I defy you to see or think of them and not smile with an infinite and intimate, but quite impersonal, pleasure. Well, either I know nothing of women, or that was the case with Bethiah McRankine. She had been to church with a cockade behind her, on the one hand; on the other, her house was brightened by the presence of a pair of good-looking young fellows of the other sex, who were always pleased and deferential in her society and accepted her views as final.

These were sentiments to be encouraged; and, on the way home from church—if church it could be called—I adopted a most insidious device to magnify her interest. I took her into the confidence, that is, of my love affair, and I had no sooner mentioned a young lady with whom my affections were engaged than she turned upon me a face of awful gravity.

"Is she bonny?" she inquired.

I gave her full assurances upon that.

"To what denoamination does she beloang?" came next, and was so unexpected as almost to deprive me of breath.

"Upon my word, ma'am, I have never inquired," cried I; "I only know that she is a heartfelt Christian, and that is enough."

"Ay!" she sighed, "if she has the root of the maitter! There's a remnant practically in most of the denoaminations. There's some in the McGlashanites, and some in the Glassites, and mony in the McMillanites, and there's a leeven even in the Estayblishment."

"I have known some very good Papists even, if you go to that," said I.

"Mr. Dulcie, think shame to yoursel'!" she cried.

"Why, my dear madam! I only——" I began.

"You shouldnae jest in sairious maitters," she interrupted.

On the whole, she entered into what I chose to tell her of our idyll with avidity, like a cat licking her whiskers over a dish of cream; and, strange to say—and so expansive a passion is that of love!—that I derived a perhaps equal satisfaction from confiding in that breast of iron. It made an immediate bond: from that hour we seemed to be welded into a family party; and I had little difficulty in persuading her to join us and to preside over our tea-table. Surely there was never so ill-matched a trio as Rowley, Mrs. McRankine, and the Viscount Anne! But I am of the Apostle's way, with a difference: all things to all women! When I cannot please a woman, hang me in my cravat!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(To be continued.)



July.

At lazy length among the grass I lie,
And fashion fancies from the sunbeamed
air,

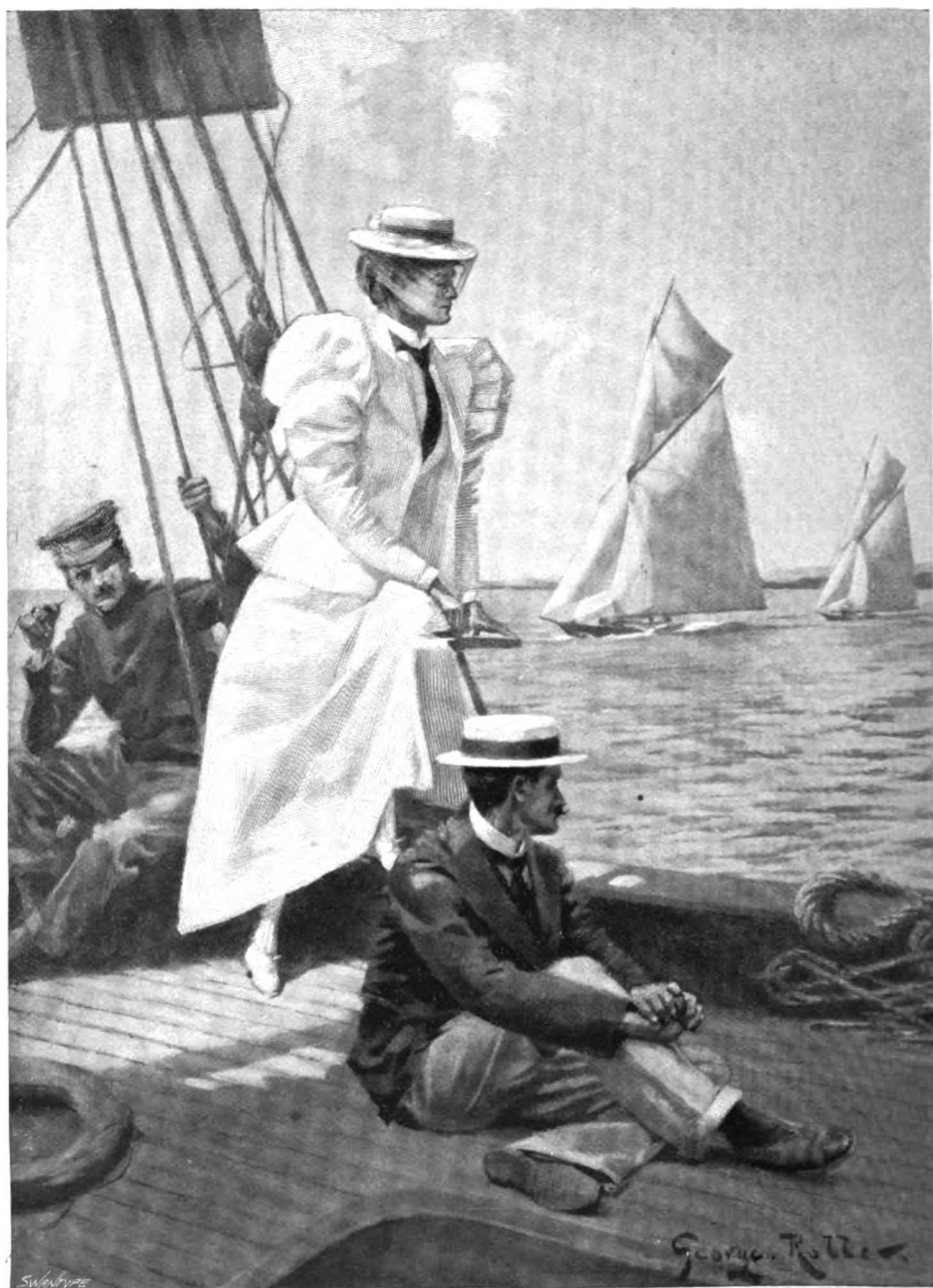
That floats and fills the silence everywhere,
As if one warm kiss melting earth with sky
Held life at pause: a single butterfly
Falters and sinks — a wingèd jewel fair —
Close to my touch, weary with all this rare
Wonder and warmth of Summer's long,
sweet sigh.

So thou, my Soul, if too much sweetness spend
Her odorous breath to lap thee in delights,
Must faint and fall to Earth, with broken end
Of thy far-reaching, heavenward-winning
flights.

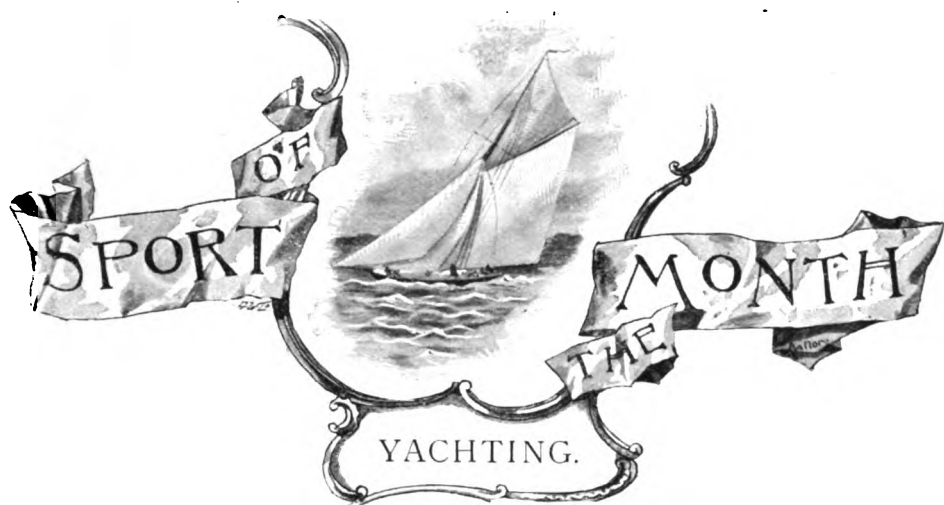
Arise, O soul! and soar: let all things tend
To mount thee up to yonder
clear-sunned
heights.

Ada Bartrick Baker.





YACHTING



TO cover the whole field of yachting in one short article is far beyond my powers. I will, however, take up that branch of the sport with which I am especially familiar—that of cruising off soundings in a sailing vessel—in the hope that the result of my observations may not be without interest to others.

My experience in a deep-sea yacht has been confined to schooners, in which rig I have made one cruise up the Mediterranean in the winter of 1895, one passage across the Atlantic in the autumn of 1895, and one tour to the West Indies and South America in the winter and spring of 1895-6, besides several shorter trips along the American coast lying between Florida and Halifax. Several deep-sea voyages in square riggers may also be credited to my score.

There is one point the amateur must weigh well and fully determine before he goes into yachting, and that is the particular form of the sport he wishes to enjoy.

He should ask himself: "Is it pleasure yachting on the coast I desire, with (in England) Cowes week, ladies' luncheons, a good *chef* (who may get seasick), and (in America) entertaining at Newport and Bar Harbour, with the New York Yacht Club cruise in August, and short trips along the coast; having at my disposal all the other accessories of a well-run marine villa? Or do I prefer the glories of racing, which mean a lot of excitement, a large crew, heavy expenses for sails and repairs, unlimited carrying of sail with its attendant risks at times, which, if I was a captain of a merchant vessel, would lose me my certificate, if not my ship?" (If so, he will be largely in the hands of his sailing master and designer, and will get little satisfaction out of the actual working of his own ship, and nothing in the way of actual command.) Or, lastly, "Shall I cut adrift from my base, and seek my pleasure in distant seas and along remote shores, where, in the sense of independence, of a single-handed struggle against storms and the dangers of unfamiliar navigation, and in the seeing of strange lands and new people, must be sought the compensation for the sacrifices these wider flights entail?"

It is for him who answers "yes" to the last question that my words are written.

Although, of course, you would as a racing and sporting man give your personal attention to many details, still you cannot wholly control them all, and will find yourself dropping back for advice on your subordinates and employees.

My conception of yachting is that which I have evolved from several years of

experience; and while I have tested more or less practically the various branches of the art, I wish in this article to give some simple ideas as to yachting off soundings and under sail.

To me the matter of off-shore cruising, as touching the owner, divides itself under three heads, which may be briefly described as follows:—

First, there is the man who is a mere passenger on board his own boat. To him the will of his sailing-master is law. No matter what his inclination, or the condition of wind and sea, he is governed entirely by the personal views, not to say personal wishes or “whims” of his sailing-master, as to where, when and how the yacht goes. Such a man should give up all idea of yachting. He will get humiliation, possibly salutary, but he will assuredly gain neither profit nor pleasure afloat.

Then, secondly, there is the man who wants to be in one place one day and another, however remote, the next. He brooks no failure of his plans, and admits no meteorological control, outside of his own needs. For this man's requirements, the best thing is a mail steamer. He should not attempt yachting.

I do not wish you to think that any strictures are implied against those who go to the deep sea in steam yachts. Many of them are among the best of seamen, and are well able to take their vessels to any part of the world. Nevertheless, I am sure that if these men have ever had the experience of a voyage in command of their own vessel under sail, they will look back upon it as one of the pleasantest and most interesting episodes of their lives.

I well remember, as we were entering the harbour of Boston in October of 1895, twenty-five days out from Falmouth, England, that my two companions came and said: “We do not want to go ashore. Is there not water enough in the tanks? Can we not turn round and go back to England?” We had had a rough trip of it, too, and we had been knocked about considerably; but, notwithstanding these drawbacks, they had both taken a keen interest in the ship and all that was going on on board, and they justly counted the pleasures of the voyage as greater than the pains.

The third manner of yachtsman, of whom I was speaking, is he who in reality commands his own vessel: who knows seamanship, navigation and pilotage, not only theoretically, but practically; who, although for convenience employing a “skipper” in nominal charge, yet himself directs the movements of his vessel, supervises her organisation, and looks out for the safety, welfare and happiness of his crew. It is he who will get all the pleasure there is to be had out of cruising under sail, in spite of the discouragements, anxieties and vexations, which occasionally follow upon assumption of responsibility.

A man must have a love for the sea born in him to enjoy long voyages. I should strongly advise every one contemplating such a venture to test himself thoroughly, before he embarks on a protracted trip. I myself made several voyages to the West Indies and Europe in a square-rigged ship, before I ventured out in command of my own vessel, with the assurance, born of knowledge, that I should enjoy it.

The choice of one's messmates should be made with great care. A charming companion in a country house or at a club, who apparently is always jolly and pleasant, may turn out selfish and unpleasant when on board a small vessel. hove-to in a gale of wind, the yacht trying to see if she can stand upright on her bow or stern with each successive toss, the skylights battened down, the cabin damp, and some doubt existing in your mind as to where the lunch is coming from, or whether it will stay on the table long enough for you to eat it when it

does appear. These things are certainly trying to a man's temper: but few will stand the test. When one does, you can take him anywhere with confidence. I was fortunate enough on my last voyage to have three comrades, who fought, argued and made it up again. When we reached New York on our return, they all expressed their readiness to go around the world with me. They have been tried, and not found wanting. As, in a gale off the Bermudas, the *Yampa* was swept by a green sea, all her boats carried away, and her skylights, in spite of the heavy oaken shutters, broken in as if made of putty, so that the cabin was flooded three feet deep, they all did their best to help, and I never heard a word of complaint, although two had all their clothes drenched, and it was several days before they could get them dried.

But such experiences come to all who go down to the sea in ships, and in them one has a fund of reminiscences that are of never-ending interest, as one goes over them with one's companions of those eventful days. It may at times bore others, who were not present on the momentous occasion, to hear how L—— took an observation of the sun, and on working it out found the yacht in the middle of South America; and, after vainly trying to get her out, came to the wise conclusion, in spite of the arguments of his messmates to the contrary, that South America had sunk, like the lost continent of Atlantis, and that the yacht was where the navigator plotted her. Such events are what relieve the dulness and tediousness of a long sea voyage.

Of incident there is plenty. What more exciting can one ask than a reefing job at night, in a freshening gale? The big mainsail strains and flaps, while all hands work tooth and nail. The yacht strives to stand on both ends at once. The white water glistens alongside. The spray flies into your face, and the squalls strike harder and harder. This is an experience which, once had, is never to be forgotten. If one is in a stout vessel, as well found as all yachts should be, you can go through it with but little anxiety. Then, when the wind comes on harder and harder, compelling you to heave-to, what a sense of security you feel, as you note how easily she lies under a goose-winged main trysail, fore staysail with the bonnet out, and with a couple of oil bags to windward!

This brings me to a part of my subject on which I cannot express myself too strongly to the prospective deep-sea yachtsman; and that is the fitting out of a vessel for off-shore work. Nothing in the way of rigging, sails, etc., can be too good. Remember that, if you have a breakdown at sea, there is no port under your lee to run into for repairs, and on the stoutness of your gear may depend at times the lives of your guests, your crew and yourself. I should advise you to give these matters your personal supervision, even if at first you know little about them. It is wonderful how much you will learn in a short time, that will be invaluable to you in the future.

In provisioning care also should be taken. There is much put on a yacht for which there is no use. One wants good plain food at sea, and not French cooking. You must remember that a few days out will find you at the end of your fresh provisions, since the ice capacity of most sailing yachts is very limited. Try and have as much variety as possible in your diet, and avoid fancy indigestible food.

In the selection of your crew pains also should be taken to secure sober, willing men. Nothing is more annoying in a foreign port, where you give your crew liberty, than to have them come back drunk, or yourself to be summoned to appear before a magistrate owing to some disturbance caused by your men. In English yachts, I believe, the method is to let the crew find their own stores. In Americans it is different. I do not propose to enter into an argument as to

which is the better plan ; but I should think under the American plan you could control what goes on in the fore-castle with greater effect.

The discipline of the ship at sea should be of the strictest,—kind, but just. Good judgment should always govern. Compel prompt obedience and respect ; but remember that your men are human, and call them out at night, or for shifting sail, as little as possible. Above all things keep your temper !

An owner's relations with his officers should be well defined. Although he should insist upon his right to command, and to have proper respect shown to him on all occasions, still he must support them, and grant them ample authority to maintain discipline. The best owner is he who, although commanding his own ship in every respect, still makes the least display of his authority. The routine duties of the vessel must be carried out by the master and mates, with as little interference as possible ; but the owner should, at the same time, stamp everything with his own individuality.

Insist that the traditional respect be paid at all times to the quarter-deck by both guests and crew. The quarter-deck is for the owner and his guests ; the waist is for the officers, and the fore-castle is for the crew. If these points are once well established, it is wonderful how happy and comfortable your little ship will become. Nowhere else is it so necessary to draw the line between the rights of one and the privileges of another. Once let your crew get out of hand, and the whole efficiency of the yacht is lost, and the comfort of every one on board is disturbed. I have learnt this lesson by bitter experience.

Another matter that I do not think yachtsmen pay enough attention to, is their social duties on visiting a foreign port. Most yachtsmen are members of some recognised club, and many are Naval Reserve men, or otherwise indirectly connected with their Government. On entering a foreign harbour, aside from the perfunctory visit to one's consul to collect mail, etc., I have always found it wise to call on the various authorities, such as the Senior Naval Officer present, the Captain of the Port, (in colonial places,) the Governor, etc. If the individual is not found congenial, nothing need come of it ; but some of my pleasantest acquaintances have developed out of such visits, and many a port which promised to be dull and uninteresting has through them proved so attractive that we hated to have the sailing day arrive. Aside from social enjoyment there is a useful side to such acquaintanceship, for at times affairs take such a shape, that friendly relations with those in authority are not only most useful, but even of great importance.

I can only hope that these few hints of mine may be of some use to amateurs, both experienced and inexperienced, and that their cruises may prove as pleasant and profitable, for health and amusement, as mine have been.

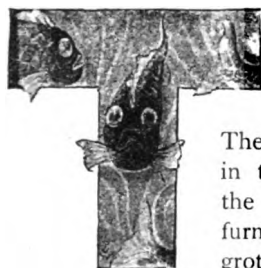
R. S. PALMER.

New York Yacht Club.



THE MAN WHO INTERVENED.

I.



THE atmosphere of the room in which Sergius Blake was sitting seemed to him strange and cold. As he looked round it he could imagine that a light mist invaded it stealthily, like miasma rising from some sinister marsh.

There was surely a cloud about the electric light that gleamed in the ceiling, a cloud sweeping in feathery white flakes across the faces of the pictures upon the wall. Even the familiar furniture seemed to loom out faintly, with a gaunt and grotesque aspect, from shadows less real, yet more fearful,

than any living forms could be.

Sergius stared round him slowly, pressing his strong lips together. When he concentrated his gaze upon any one thing—a table, a sofa, a chair—the cloud faded and the object stood out clearly before his eyes. Yet always the rest of the room seemed to lie in mist and in shadows. He knew that this dim atmosphere did not really exist, that it was projected by his mind. Yet it troubled him, and added a dull horror to his thoughts, which moved again and again, in persistent promenade, round one idea.

The hour was seven o'clock of an autumn night. Darkness lay over London, and rain made a furtive music on roofs and pavements. Sergius Blake listened to the drops upon the panes of his windows. They seemed to beckon him forth, to tell him that it was time to exchange thought for action. He had come to a definite and tremendous resolution. He must now carry it out.

He got up slowly from his chair, and, with the movement, the mist seemed to gather itself together in the room and to disappear. It passed away, evaporating among the pictures and ornaments, the prayer rugs and divans. A clearness and an insight came to Sergius. He stood still by the piano, on which he rested one hand lightly, and listened. The raindrops pattered close by. Beyond them rose the dull music of the evening traffic of New Bond Street, in which thoroughfare he lived. As he stood thus at attention, his young and handsome face seemed carved in stone. His lips were set in a hard and straight line. His dark grey eyes stared, like eyes in a photograph. The muscles of his long-fingered hands



were tense and knotted. He was in evening dress, and had been engaged to dine in Curzon Street, but he had written a hasty note to say that he was ill and could not come. Another appointment claimed him. He had made it for himself.

Presently, lifting his hand from the piano, he took up a small leather case from a table that stood near, opened it and drew out a revolver. He examined it carefully. Two chambers were loaded. They would be enough. He put on his long overcoat and slipped the revolver into his left breast pocket. His heart could beat against it there.

Each time his heart pulsed Sergius seemed to hear the silence of another heart.

And now, though his mind was quite clear, and the mists and shadows had

slunk away, his familiar room looked very peculiar to him. Even the chair in which he generally sat wore the aspect of a stranger. Was the wall-paper really blue? Sergius went up close to it and examined it narrowly, and then he drew back and laughed softly, like a child. In the sound of his laugh irresponsibility chimed. "What is the cab fare to Phillimore Place, Kensington?" he thought, searching in his waistcoat pocket. "Two shillings." He put the coin carefully in the ticket-pocket of his overcoat, buttoned the coat up slowly, took his hat and stick, and drew on a pair of lavender gloves. Just then a new thought seemed to strike him, and he glanced down at his hands.

"Lavender gloves for such a deed!" he murmured. For a moment he paused irresolute, even partially unbuttoned them. But then he smiled and shook his head. In some way the gloves would not be wholly inappropriate. Sergius cast one final glance round the room.

"When I stand here again," he said aloud, "I shall be a criminal—a criminal!"

He repeated the last word, as if trying thoroughly to realise its meaning.

Then he opened the door swiftly and went out on to the staircase.

Just as he was putting a hasty foot upon the first stair, a man out in the street touched his electric bell. Its thin tinkling cry made Sergius start and hesitate.

In the semi-twilight he waited, his hands deep in his pockets, his silk hat tilted slightly over his eyes. The porter tramped along the passage below. The hall door opened, and a deep and strong voice asked, rather anxiously and breathlessly—

"Is Mr. Blake at home?"

"I rather think he's gone out, sir."

"No—surely: how long ago?"

"I don't know, sir. He may be in. I'll see."

"Do—do—quickly. If he's in, say I must see him—Mr. Endover. But you know my name."

"Yes, sir."

The porter, mounting the stone staircase, suddenly came upon Sergius standing there like a stone figure.

"Lord, sir!" he ejaculated. You give me a start!" His voice was loud from astonishment.

"Hush!" Sergius whispered. "Go down at once and say that I've gone out!"

The man turned to obey, but Anthony Endover was half way up the stairs.

"It's all right," he exclaimed, as he met the porter.

He had passed him in an instant, and arrived at the place where Sergius was standing.

"Sergius," he cried, and there was a great music of relief in his voice.

"Hullo! now you're not going out."

"Yes, I am, Anthony."

"But I want to talk to you tremendously. Where are you going?"

"To dine with the Venables' in Curzon Street."

"I met young Venables just now, and he said you'd written that you were ill and couldn't come. He asked me to fill your place."

Sergius muttered a "Damn!" under his breath.

"Well, come in for a minute," he said, attempting no excuse.

He turned round slowly and re-entered his flat, followed by Endover.

II.

FOR some years Endover had been Sergius Blake's close friend. They had left Eton at the same time, and had been at Oxford together. Their intimacy, born in the playing fields, grew out of its cricket and football stage as their minds developed, and the world of thought opened like a holy of holies—beyond the world of action. They both passed behind the veil, but Anthony went farther than Sergius. Yet this slight separation did not lead to alienation, but merely caused the admiration of Sergius for his friend to be mingled with respect. He looked up to Anthony. Recognising that his friend's mind was more thoughtful than his own, while his passions were far stronger than Anthony's, he grew to lean upon Anthony, to claim his advice sometimes, to follow it often. Anthony was his mentor, and thought he knew instinctively all the workings of Sergius' mind and all the possibilities of his nature. The mother of Sergius was a Russian and a great heiress. Soon after he left Oxford, she died. His father had been killed by an accident when he was a child. So he was rich, free, young, in London, with no one to look after him, until Anthony Endover, who had meanwhile taken orders, was attached as fourth or fifth curate to a smart West End church, and came to live in lodgings in George Street, Hanover Square.

Then, as Sergius laughingly said, he had a father confessor on the premises. Yet to-night he had bidden his porter to tell a lie in order to keep his father confessor out. The lie had been vain. Sergius led the way morosely into his drawing-room, and turned on the light. Anthony walked up to the fire, and stretched his tall, athletic figure in its long ebon coat. His firm throat rose out of a jam-pot collar, but his thin, strongly-marked face rather suggested an intellectual Hercules than a Mayfair parson, and neither his voice nor his manner was tinged with what so many people consider the true clericalism.

For all that he was a splendid curate, as his rector very well knew.

Now he stood by the fire for a minute in silence, while Sergius moved uneasily about the room. Presently he turned round.

"It's beastly wet," he said, in a melodious, ringing voice. "The black dog is on me to-night, Sergius."

"Oh!"

"You don't want to go out really," Anthony continued, looking narrowly at his friend's curiously rigid face.

"Yes, I do."

"Not to Curzon Street. They've filled up your place. I told Venables to ask Montgomery. I knew he was disengaged to-night. Besides, you're seedy."

Sergius frowned.

"I'm all right again now," he said coldly, "and I particularly wished to go. You needn't have been so deuced anxious to make the number right."

"Well, it's done now. And I can't say I'm sorry, because I want to have a talk with you. I say, Serge, take off those lavender gloves, pull off your coat, let's send out for some dinner, and have a comfortable evening together in here. I've had a hard day's work, and I want a rest."

"I must go out presently."

"After dinner, then."

"Before ten o'clock."

"Say eleven."

"No, that's too late."

A violent, though fleeting expression of anxiety crossed Endover's face. Then with a smile he said,—

"All right. Shall I ring the bell and order some dinner to be sent in from Galton's?"

"If you like. I'm not hungry."

"I am."

Anthony summoned the servant and gave the order. Then he turned again to Sergius.

"Here, I'll help you off with your coat," he said

But Sergius moved away.

"No, thanks; I'll do it. There are some cigarettes on the mantelpiece."

Anthony went to get one. As he was taking it he looked into the mirror over the fireplace, and saw Sergius, while removing his overcoat, transfer something from it to the left breast pocket of his evening coat.

He wanted still to feel his heart beat against that tiny weapon, still to hear, with each pulse of his own heart, the silence, not yet alive, but so soon to be alive, of that other heart.

And, as Anthony glanced into the mirror, he said to himself, "I was right!"

He withdrew his eyes from the glass and lit his cigarette. Sergius joined him.

"I'm in the blues to-night," Anthony said, puffing at his cigarette.

"Are you?"

"Yes: been down in the East End. The misery there is ghastly."

"It's just as bad in the West End, only different in kind. You're smoking your cigarette all down one side."

Anthony took it out of his mouth and threw it into the grate. He lit two or three matches, but held them so badly that they went out before he could ignite another cigarette. Finally, inwardly cursing his nerves that made his hasty actions belie the determined calm of his face, he dropped the cigarette.

"I don't think I'll smoke before dinner," he said. "Ah! here it is. And wine—champagne—that's good for you!"

"I shan't drink it. I hate to drink alone."

"You shan't drink alone, then."

"What d'you mean?"

"I'll drink with you."

"But you're a teetotaler."

"I don't care to-night."

Anthony spoke briefly and firmly. Sergius was amazed.

"What!" he said. "You're going to break your vow? You, a parson!"

"Sometimes salvation lies in the breaking of a vow," Anthony answered as they sat down. "Have you never registered a silent vow?"

Sergius looked at him hard in the eyes.

"Yes," he said, and in his voice there was the hint of a thrilling note. "But I shan't—I shouldn't break it."

"I've known a soul saved alive by the breaking of a vow," Anthony answered. "Give me some champagne."

Sergius—wondering, as much as the condition of his mind, possessed by one idea, would allow—filled his friend's glass. Anthony began to eat, with a well-assumed hunger. Sergius scarcely touched food, but drank a good deal of wine. The hands of the big oaken-cased clock that stood in a far corner of the room crawled slowly upon their round, recurring tour. Anthony's eyes were often upon them, then moved with a swift directness, that was akin to passion, to the face of Sergius, which was always strangely rigid, like the painted face of a mask.

"I sat by a woman to-day," he said presently, "sat by her in an attic, that looked on to a narrow street full of rain, and watched her die."

"This morning?"

"Yes."

"And now she's been out of the world seven or eight hours? Lucky woman!"

"Ah, Sergius, but the mischief, the horror of it was that she wasn't ready to go—not a bit ready."

Sergius suddenly smiled—a straight, glaring smile, over the sparkling champagne that he was lifting to his lips.

"Yes, it's devilish bad for a woman or a—man to be shot into another world before they're prepared," he said. "It must be—devilish bad."

"And how can we know that any one is thoroughly prepared?"

Sergius' smile developed into a short laugh.

"It's easier to be certain who isn't than who is," he said.

The eyes of Anthony fled to the clock face mechanically, and returned.

"Death terrified me to-day, Sergius," he said. "And it struck me that the most awful power that God has given to man is the power of setting death—like a dog—at another man."

Sergius swallowed all the wine in his glass at a gulp. He was no longer smiling. His hand went up to his left side.

"It may be awful," he rejoined. "But it's grand. By Heaven! it's magnificent."

He got up, as if excited, and moved about the room, while Anthony went on pretending to eat. After a minute or two Sergius sat down again.

"Power of any kind is a grand thing," he said.

"Only power for good."

"You're bound to say that. You're a parson."

"I only say what I really feel. You know that, Serge."

"Ah, you don't understand."

Anthony looked at him with a sudden strong significance.

"Part of a parson's profession—the most important part—is to understand men who aren't parsons."

"You think you understand men?"

"Some men."

"Me, for instance?"

The question came abruptly, defiantly. Anthony seemed glad to answer it.

"Well, yes, Sergius, I think I do thoroughly understand you. My great friendship alone might well make me do that."

The face of Sergius grew a little softer in expression. But he did not assent.

"Perhaps it might blind you," he said.

"I don't think so."

"Well, then, now if you understand me, tell me——"

Sergius broke off suddenly.

"This champagne is awfully good," he said, filling his glass again.

"What were you going to say?" Anthony asked.

"I don't know,—nothing."

Anthony tried to conceal his disappointment. Sergius had seemed to be on the verge of overleaping the barrier which lay between them. Once that barrier was overleapt, or broken down, Anthony felt that the mission he had imposed upon himself would stand a chance of being accomplished, that his gnawing anxiety would be laid to rest. But once more Sergius diffused around him a strange and cold atmosphere of violent and knowing reserve. He went away from the table and sat down close to the fire. From there he threw over his shoulder the remark,—

"No man or woman ever understands another—really."

III.

ANTHONY did not reply for a moment, and Sergius continued,—

"You, for instance, could never guess what I should do in certain circumstances."

"Such as——"

"Oh, in a thousand things."

"I should have a shrewd idea."

"No."

Anthony did not contradict him, but got up from the dinner table and joined him by the fire, glass in hand.

"I might not let you know how much I guessed, how much I knew."

Sergius laughed.

"Oh, ignorance always surrounds itself with mystery," he said.

"Knowledge need not go naked."



Again the eyes of the two friends met in the firelight, and over the face of Sergius there ran a new expression. There was an awakening of wonder in it, but no uneasiness. Anxiety was far away from him that night. When passion has gripped a man—passion strong enough, resolute enough, to override all the prejudices of civilisation—all the promptings of the coward within us whose voice, whining, we name prudence, the semi-comprehension, the criticism of another man, cannot move him. Sergius wondered for an instant whether Anthony suspected against what his heart was beating. That was all.

While he wondered, the clock chimed the half-hour after nine. He heard it.

"I shall have to go very soon," he said.

"You can't. Just listen to the rain."

"Rain! What's that got to do with it?" Sergius spoke with a sudden unutterable contempt.

"Ring for another bottle of champagne," Anthony replied. "This one is empty."

"Well—for a parson and a teetotalter, I must say!"

Sergius rang the bell. A second bottle was opened. The servant went out of the room. As he closed the door the wind sighed harshly against the window-panes, driving the rain before it.

"Rough at sea to-night," Anthony said.

The remark was an obvious one, but, as spoken, it sounded oddly furtive and full of hidden meaning. Sergius evidently found it so, for he said,—

"Why, whom d'you know that's going to sea to-night?"

Anthony was startled by the quick question, and replied almost nervously,—

"Nobody in particular—why should I?"

"I don't know why, but I think you do."

"People one knows cross the Channel every night almost."

"Of course," Sergius said indifferently.

He glanced towards the clock, and again mechanically his hand went up, for a second, to his left breast. Anthony leaned forward in his chair quickly, and broke into speech. He had seen the stare at the clock face, the gesture.

"It's strange," he said, "how people go out of our lives,—how friends go, and enemies!"

"Enemies!"

"Yes. I sometimes wonder which exit is the sadder. When a friend goes, with him goes, perhaps for ever, the chance of saying 'I am your friend.' When an enemy goes——"

"Well, what then?"

"With him goes, perhaps for ever too, the chance of saying, 'I am not your enemy.'"

"Pshaw! Parson's talk, Anthony."

"No, Sergius, other men forgive besides parsons; and other men, and parsons too, pass by their chances of forgiving."

"You're a whole Englishman, I'm only half an Englishman. There's something untamed in my blood, and I say—damn forgiveness!"

"And yet you've forgiven."

"Whom?"

"Olga Mayne."

The face of Sergius did not change at the sound of this name, unless, perhaps, to a more fixed calm, a more still and pale coldness.

"Olga is punished," he said. "She is ruined."

"Her ruin may be repaired."

Sergius smiled quietly. "You think so?"

"Yes. Tell me, Sergius"—Anthony spoke with a strong earnestness, a strong excitement that he strove to conceal and hold in check—"you loved her?"

"Yes, I loved her—certainly."

"You will always love her?"

"Since I'm not changeable, I dare say I shall."

Anthony's thin, eager face brightened. A glow of warmth burned in his eyes and on his cheeks.

"Then you would wish her ruin repaired."

"Should I?"

"If you love her you must."

"How could it be repaired?"

"By her marriage with—Vernon."

Anthony's strong voice quivered before he pronounced the last word, and his eyes were alight with fervent anxiety. He was looking at Sergius like a man on the watch for a tremendous outbreak of emotion. The champagne he had drunk—a new experience for him since he had taken orders—put a sort of wild finishing touch to the intensity of the feelings under the impulse of which he had forced himself upon Sergius to-night. He supposed that his inward excitement must be more than matched by the so different inward excitement of his friend. But he—who thought he understood!—had no true conception of the region of cold, frosty fury in which Sergius was living, like a being apart from all other men, ostracised by the immensity and peculiarity of his own power of emotion. Therefore he was astonished when Sergius, with undiminished quietude, replied,—

"Oh, with Vernon—that charming man of fashion, whose very soul, they say, always wears lavender gloves—you think that would be a good thing?"

"Good! I don't say that. I say, as the world is now, the only thing. He is the author of her fall. He should be her husband."

"And I?"

Anthony stretched out his hand to grasp his friend's hand, but Sergius suddenly took up his champagne glass, and avoided the demonstration of sympathy.

"You can be nothing to her now, Serge," Anthony said, and his voice quivered with sympathy.

"You think so? I might be."

"What?"

"Oh, not her husband, not her lover, not her friend."

"What then?"

Sergius avoided answering.

"You would have her settle down with Vernon in Phillimore Place?" he said. "Play the wife to his noble husband? Well, I know there's been some idea of that, as I told you yesterday."

The clock chimed ten. Although Sergius seemed so calm, so self-possessed, Anthony observed that now he paid no heed to the little devilish note of time. This new subject of conversation had been Anthony's weapon. Desperately he had used it, and not, it seemed, altogether in vain.

"Yes, as you told me yesterday."

"And it seems good to you?"

"It seems to me the only thing possible now."

"There are generally more possibilities than one in any given event, I fancy."

Again Anthony was surprised at the words of Sergius, who seemed to grow calmer as he grew more excited—who seemed, to-night, strangely powerful, not simply in temper, but even in intellect.

"For a woman there is sometimes only one possibility, if she is to be saved from ignominy, Serge."

"So you think that Olga Mayne must become the wife of Vernon, who is a——"

"Coward. Yes."

At the word "coward" Sergius seemed startled out of his hard calm. He looked swiftly, and searchingly, at Anthony.

"Why do you say coward?" he asked sharply. "I was not going to use that word."

Anthony was obviously disconcerted.

"It came to me," he said hurriedly.

"Why?"

"Any man who brings a girl to the dust is a coward."

"Ah!—that's not what you meant," Sergius said.

Anthony stole a glance at the clock. The hand crawled slowly over the quarter of an hour past ten.

"No, it was not," he said slowly.

IV.

SERGIOUS got up from his chair and stood by the fire. He was obviously becoming engrossed by the conversation. Anthony could at least notice this with thankfulness.

"Anthony, I see you've got a fresh knowledge of Vernon since I was with you yesterday," Sergius continued, "some new knowledge of his nature."

"Perhaps I have."

"How did you get it?"

"Does that matter?"

"You have heard of something about him?"

"No."

"You have seen him, then? I say, you have seen him?"

Anthony hesitated. He pushed the champagne bottle over towards Sergius. It had been placed on a little table near the fireplace.

"No, I don't want to drink. Why on earth don't you answer me, Anthony?"

"I have always felt that Vernon was a coward. His conduct to you shows it. He was—or seemed—your friend. He saw you deeply in love with this—with Olga. He chose to ruin her after he knew of your love. Who but a coward could act in such a way?"

An expression of dark impatience came into the eyes of Sergius.

"You are confusing treachery and cowardice, and you are doing it untruthfully. You have seen Vernon."

Anthony thought for a moment, and then said,—“Yes, I have.”

"By chance, of course. Why did you speak to him?"

"I thought I would."

Sergius was obviously disturbed and surprised. The deeply emotional, yet rigid calm in which he had been enveloped all the evening was broken at last. A slight excitement, a distinct surface irritation woke in him. Anthony felt an odd sense of relief as he observed it. For the constraint of Sergius had begun to weigh upon him like a heavy burden, and to move him to an indefinable dread.

"I wonder you didn't cut him," Sergius said. "You're my friend. And he's—he's——"

"He's done you a deadly injury. I know that. I am your friend, Serge; I would do anything for you."

"Yet you speak to that—devil."

"I spoke to him because I'm your friend."

Sergius sat down again, with a heavy look, the look of a man who has been thrashed, and means to return every blow with curious interest.

"You parsons are a riddle to me," he said, in a low and dull voice. "You

and your charity and your lovingkindness, and your turning your cheek to the smiter and all the rest of it. And as to your way of showing friendship!"

His voice died away in something that was almost a growl, and he stared at the carpet. Between it and his eyes once more the mist seemed rising stealthily. It began to curl upwards softly about him. As he watched it he heard Anthony say,—“Sergius, you don’t understand how well I understand you.”

The big hand of the clock had left the half-hour after ten behind it. Anthony breathed more freely. At last he could be more explicit, more unreserved. He thought of a train rushing through the night, devouring the spaces of land that lie between London and the sea that speaks, moaning, to the South of England. He saw a ship glide out from the dreary docks. Her lights gleamed. He heard the bell struck and the harsh cry of the sailors, and then the dim sigh of a coward who had escaped what he had merited. Then he heard Sergius laugh.

“That again, Anthony!”

“Yes. I didn’t meet Vernon by chance at all.”

“What! You wrote to him—you fixed a meeting?”

“I went to Phillimore Place, to his house.”

Sergius said nothing. Strange furrows ploughed themselves in his young face, which was growing dusky white. He remained in the attitude of one devoted entirely to listening.

“You hear, Sergius?”

“Go on: when?”

“To-day. I decided to go after I met you yesterday night—and after I had seen that woman die—unprepared.”

“What could she have to do with it?”

“Much. Everything almost.”

Anthony got up now, almost sprang up from his chair. His face was glowing and working with emotion. There was a choking sensation in his throat.

“You don’t know what it is,” he said hoarsely, “to a man with—with strong religious belief, to see a human being’s soul go out to blackness, to punishment—perhaps to punishment that will never end. It’s abominable. It’s unbearable. That woman will haunt me. Her despair will be with me always. I could not add to that horror.”

His eyes once more sought the clock. Seeing the hour, he turned, with a kind of liberating relief, to Sergius.

“I couldn’t add to it,” he exclaimed almost fiercely, “so I went to Vernon.”

“Why?”

“Sergius—to warn him.”

There was a dead silence. Even the rain was hushed against the window. Then Sergius said, in a voice that was cold as the sound of falling water in winter,—“I don’t understand.”

“Because you won’t understand how I have learnt to know you, Sergius, to understand you, to read your soul.”

“Mine too?”

“Yes, I’ve felt this awful blow that’s come upon you—the loss of Olga, her ruin—as if I myself were you. We haven’t said much about it till yesterday. Then, from the way you spoke, from the way you looked, from what you said, even what you wouldn’t say, I guessed all that was in your heart.”

“You guessed all that?”

Sergius was looking directly at Anthony, and leaning against the mantelpiece, along which he stretched one arm. His fingers closed and unclosed, with a

mechanical and rhythmical movement, round a china figure. The motion looked as if it were made in obedience to some fiercely monotonous music.

"Yes, more—I knew it."

Sergius nodded.

"I see," he said.

Anthony touched his arm, almost with an awestruck gesture.

"I knew then that you—that you intended to kill Vernon. And—God forgive me!—at first I was almost glad."

"Well—go on!"

Anthony shivered. The voice of Sergius was so strangely calm and level.

"I—I——" he stammered. "Serge, why do you look at me like that?"

Sergius looked away without a word.

"For I, too, hated Vernon, more for what he had done to you even than for what he had done to Olga. But, Sergius, after you had gone, in the night, and in the dawn too, I kept on thinking of it, over and over. I couldn't get away from it—that you were going to commit such an awful crime. I never slept. When at last it was morning, I went down to my district. There are criminals there, you know."

"I know."

"I looked at them with new eyes, and in their eyes I saw you—always you. And then I said to myself, could I bear that you should become a criminal?"

"You said that?"

The fingers of Sergius closed over the china figure and did not unclose.

"Yes. I almost resolved then to go to Vernon at once and to tell him what I suspected, what I really knew."

The clock struck eleven. Anthony heard it. Sergius did not hear it.

"Then I went to sit with that wretched woman. Already I had resolved, as I believed, on the course to take. I had no thought for Vernon yet—only for you. It seemed to me that I did not care in the least to save him from death. I only cared to save you—my friend—from murder. But when the woman died I felt differently. My resolve was strengthened. My desire was just doubled. I had to save not only you, but also him. He was not ready to die."

Anthony trembled with a passion of emotion. Sergius remained always perfectly calm, the china figure prisoned in his hand.

"So—so I went to him, Sergius."

"Yes."

"I saw him. Almost as I entered he received your letter, saying that you forgave him, that you would call to-night after eight o'clock to tell him so; and to urge on his marriage with Olga. When he had read that letter—I interpreted it to him. And then I found out that he was a coward. His terror was abject—despicable. He implored my help. He started at every sound."

"To-night he'll sleep quietly, Anthony."

"To-night he has gone. Before morning he will be on the sea."

The sound of the wind came to them again, and Sergius understood why Anthony had said: "Rough at sea to-night."

Suddenly Sergius moved. He unclosed his fingers. The ruins of the china figure fell from them in a dust of blue and white upon the mantelpiece.

"No—it's too late, Sergius. He went at eleven."

Sergius stood quite still.

"You came here to-night to keep me here till he had gone?"

"Yes."

"That's why you——"

He stopped.

"That's why I came. That's why I broke my pledge. I thought wine—any weapon to keep you from this crime. And, Sergius—think. Vernon dead could never have restored Olga to the place she has lost. That, too, must have driven me to the right course, though I scarcely thought of it till now."

Sergius said, as if in reply, "So you have understood me!"

"Yes, Sergius. Friendship is something. Let us thank God, not even that he is safe, but that you—you are safe—and that Olga——"

"Hush! Has she gone with him?"

"She will meet him. He has sworn to marry her."

The hand of Sergius moved to his left breast. Anthony's glowing eyes were fixed upon him.

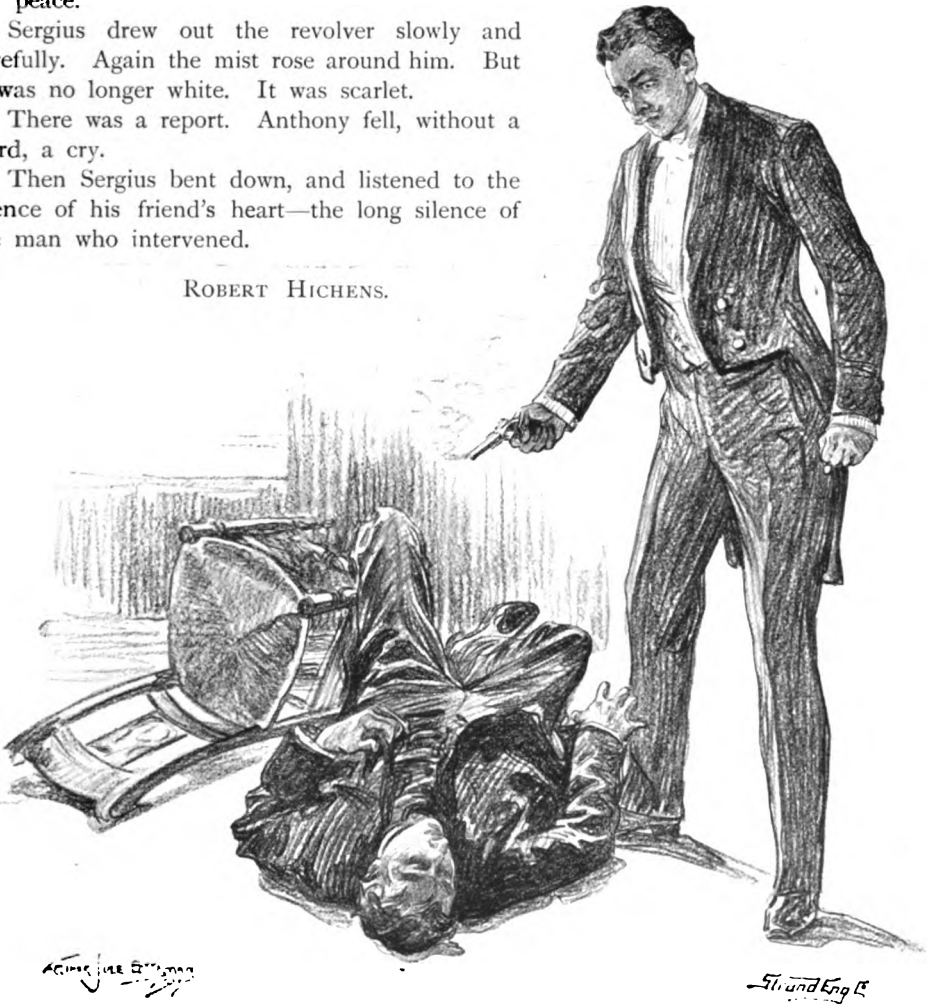
"Ah, yes, Sergius," he cried. "Put that cursed, cursed thing down—put it away. Now it can never wreck your life and my peace."

Sergius drew out the revolver slowly and carefully. Again the mist rose around him. But it was no longer white. It was scarlet.

There was a report. Anthony fell, without a word, a cry.

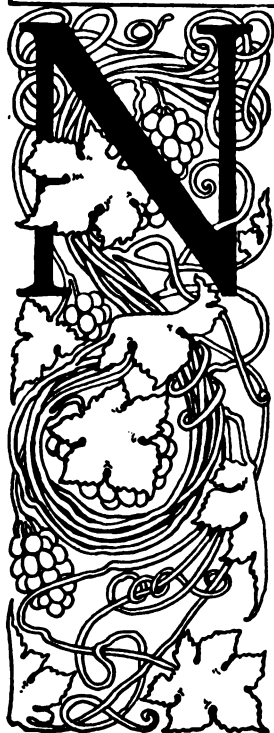
Then Sergius bent down, and listened to the silence of his friend's heart—the long silence of the man who intervened.

ROBERT HICHENS.





RELIGION



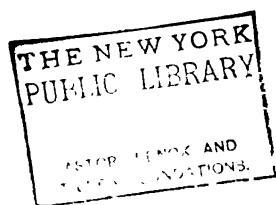
*“Βλέπομεν γὰρ ἄρτι δι’ ἐσόπτρου ἐν ἀνίγμاتي, τότε δὲ πρόσωπον
πρὸς πρόσωπον.”—1 Cor. xiii. 12.*

NOT the essential verity of things

Do we in this our trial-life descry ;
But only of profound Eternity
Reflected and mysterious shadowings,—
The mirrored forms Imagination brings
And paints upon the contemplative eye.

Not Death in Life we trace,—but vivid Rest
In God, for ever sentient, ever blest.
O Saviour Christ ! Who once, as Man, didst tread
The narrow upward path that leads to Heaven,
Thyself the Way, the Truth, the Life ! we plead,
As Thou the promise and the hope hast given,
So of Thy gracious mercy guide us home,
Safe through Earth’s shadows, to the Life to come.

EDWARD SIMMS, M.A.





"LABOUR AND SORROW."



THE VICTORIAN STAGE.



W. C. MACREADY.
(Photo. by H. N. King.)

“**W**HERE are the passions they essayed? And where the tears they taught to flow?”—the Dead Actors of sixty years since: Macready and Liston, Charles Kemble and Charles Kean, the elder Mathews and Mrs. Nisbett, “la belle Smidson” and Mrs. Glover, “old” Farren and John Ryder, James Anderson and Phelps? They still live, doubtless, in the memory of our oldest playgoers; the student may find echoes and faint traces of them in the pages of the theatrical chroniclers of the time; but for most of us the *ballade’s* melancholy answer remains true: one and all, they have gone “into the night.” These very names, even, brought out thus into the light of day, like pressed flowers from between the leaves of some old album, look faded and forgotten.

Of them all, Macready alone, who was a great personage as well as a great actor, is now much more than a name: Phelps was still playing in '68, yet his portrait will be new to ninety-nine in a hundred of those who scan these pages, nor is much remembered of him save that he revived Shakespeare at Sadler's Wells, in the theatre which for so long had witnessed the “wild humours” of the great Grimaldi; James Anderson, a less striking figure, was to be seen at Drury Lane so late as '74—he is now entirely gone out of mind; Charles Kean, who appeared for the last time just thirty years ago, is almost as vague a memory as Charles Kemble, who said farewell to the stage just thirty years before; the fame of the elder Mathews is confused, or blended, with that of his son; Miss Smithson, the comet of a Paris season, is thought of, if at all, as the pitiable wife of Berlioz: I need



SAMUEL PHELPS.
(Photo. by London Stereoscopic Co.)

not go through the list,—they all have their niches in our British Pantheon, the Dictionary of National Biography, their features chiselled by the practised hand of Mr. Knight; but how many of us have sought them even there? A few hundreds, probably, at the most.



HELEN FAUCIT (LADY MARTIN).
(Photo. by Lombardi & Co.)

In endeavouring to call up again before your eyes the more remarkable of these players of the past, I shall quote without stint from the writings both of those critics who saw them in the flesh and of those who have, steeped themselves, more thoroughly than I, in theatrical lore: I shall quote from Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, from George Henry Lewes and Mr. Dutton Cook, from Mr. Clement Scott and Mr. Archer; as well as from other writers, less generally known. An octogenarian playgoer could dispense with these authorities and sketch the Victorian Stage for you from the life, but,—well, I am not an octogenarian. What I shall attempt, therefore, will be less a “sketch” than a mosaic: a piecing together of brightly coloured verbal *tesserae*,—bits of luminous criticism, bits of vivid description, significant sayings, illustrative anecdotes,—all so selected and so placed

that the whole may form at once a pleasing and an intelligible picture. If this result be not attained, ’twill be the fault of the workman and not of his materials.

The history of the English Stage during this century might be divided conveniently into six eras, sufficiently distinct, although in some cases overlapping: the era of Mrs. Siddons, who retired in 1812, and of her brother, John Philip Kemble, who had long enjoyed indisputable pre-eminence over all the other actors of his time when, in 1813, his stately splendour paled and died away before the lightning flashes of Edmund Kean; the era of Kean, who flared and flickered for nearly twenty years and then went out; the era of Macready, whose star, already in the ascendant, though clouded over, at Kean’s death, shone more and more brightly until ’51; the era of Phelps, a lesser luminary (though Macready had begun to fear him as a rival in ’47), burning steadily until ’62—when his management at Sadler’s Wells came to an end; the era of the Bancrofts, twin constellations twinkling merrily at the old “Prince of Wales’s” from ’65 to ’70; and finally, the era of Irving, by whose lustre, displayed in all its brilliancy for the first time in ’71, these last (though twinkling on as merrily as ever) were suddenly outshone.

It is easier to delimit these six eras than to characterise them. Kemble’s, perhaps, offers the least difficulty: it was a classical era; his “grand style” was imitated by all his contemporaries, at least in tragedy; he and his whole generation of tragic actors may be said to have “lived up to” his Roman nose: Kemble’s Coriolanus, John Forster declares, comparing it unfavourably with his own friend Macready’s, was a mere “abstraction of Roman-nosed grandeur.”



CHARLES KEAN.
(Photo. by H. N. King.)

Kemble's repertory was chiefly Shakespearian. He gave no impulse, was the source of no inspiration, to the creative writers of his time.

If the tendency of the Kemble School was towards the solemn, the stilted, the severe, that of Kean's was towards freedom, unconventionality, extravagance.



ROBSON.
(Photo. by Adolphe Beau.)

Kean was the supreme type of a whole race of actors. In him, the Strolling Player achieved his apotheosis: the Strolling Player, so long a cherished institution of our country life, so soon to be banished from it, booth and buskin, — the entrance of the railway-train the cue for his *Exit*.

Kean's era had been as barren as Kemble's of literary endeavour. Perhaps the salient feature of Macready's was that union of the stage with modern art and literature which Macready himself did so much to bring about. He recognised that "the actor has it in his power to assist in creating the writer," as was said of him in '51—on his retirement—at a great public banquet, attended by an almost unique assemblage of eminent men, his friends and admirers; he "identified himself with the living drama," and sought to rally round him all the leading writers of his time—Lalor Sheil, Sheridan Knowles, Bulwer Lytton, Douglas Jerrold, Talfourd, Sir Henry Taylor, Robert Browning.

The era of Phelps was one of extremes: splendid endeavour on his own part, at Sadler's Wells,—"I believe we must look for the drama, if we really wish to find it," wrote Macready, in '55, to Sir Frederick Pollock, "in that remote suburb of Islington"; and, elsewhere, barefaced plagiarising from the French. "It would seem," says M. Filon, in his work "The English Stage," which I myself have had the pleasure of interpreting to English readers, "that there was no getting along without us French between 1850 and 1865. We were translated and adapted in every form. Our melodramas were transplanted bodily; our comedies were coarsened and exaggerated into farces; sometimes even, that nothing might be lost, our operas were ground down into plays. Second-rate pieces were honoured with two or three successive adaptations; and dramas which had lived a brief hour at the Boulevard du Crime, in England became classics. There is a tradition that the director of the "Princess's" had a tame translator under lock and key, who turned French into English without respite, his chain never loosened nor his hunger satisfied until his task, for the time being, should be complete."



BUCKSTONE.
(Photo. by Adolphe Beau.)

The era of the Bancrofts brought with it the "Cup and Saucer Comedy" of T. W. Robertson and his imitators, accompanied by a general improvement in the art of *mise-en-scène*, as well as in the social status of "the profession."

The era of Irving defies definition: like an "all-round" actor, it has been

ondoyant et divers. How group together achievements and careers so different as Sir Henry's own at the Lyceum, Mr. Tree's at the Haymarket, Mr. Wyndham's at the Criterion, Mr. Hare's at the Garrick, those of the Kendals, and in succession to them, of Mr. Alexander, at the St. James's, of Mr. Toole and Mr. Terry at the



CHARLES MATHEWS THE YOUNGER.
(Photo. by London Stereoscopic Co.)

theatres to which they have given their names, and of the dozen other actors and actresses who have become famous of recent years? How class all these together? And with them, all the score of new forms the Drama has taken since the sledge bells of the Polish Jew were set jingling in '71?—the comic opera of Gilbert and Sullivan, the topical melodrama at Drury Lane, the Gaiety burlesque, the "musical comedy," Ibsen and the "New Century Theatre"; du Maurier's Fairy-Tale in Four Acts, and the realistic fantasies of Mr. Bernard Shaw; the problem-play of Mr. Pinero, the staged sermon of Mr. Jones, the dramatised day-dream of Anthony Hope? No, the "Era of Irving" must be made to serve merely as a convenient chronological expression.

Before we come to the year of the Queen's accession and the heyday of Macready's career, let us glance for a moment at Edmund Kean through the eyes of Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt.

With the possible exception of Mrs. Siddons, Hazlitt regarded Kean as the greatest actor he had ever witnessed. "Nor," he says, "except in voice and person, and the conscious ease and dignity naturally resulting from those advantages, do we know that even Mrs. Siddons was greater. In truth of nature



MISS KATE TERRY.
(Photo. by Adolphe Beau.)

and force of passion, in discrimination and originality, we see no inferiority to any one on the part of Mr. Kean; but there is an insignificance of figure, and a hoarseness of voice, that necessarily vulgarise or diminish our idea of the characters he plays; and perhaps to this may be added, a want of a certain elevation and magnitude of thought of which Mrs. Siddons' noble form seemed to be the only natural mould and receptacle." Kemble, according to Leigh Hunt, had faded before Kean like a tragedy ghost. "Kemble's Othello," he declared, "was not the man, but his mask; a trophy, a consul's robe, a statue; or, if you please, a rhetorician. It was Addison's 'Cato' or an actor's Schoolmaster, which you will; but neither Shakespeare nor genuine acting." Kemble had never moved him except as Lear. Kean he never saw "without being moved, and moved too in fifty ways—by his sarcasm, his sweetness, his pathos, his exceeding grace, his gallant levity, his measureless dignity: for his little person absolutely

becomes tall, and rises to the height of moral grandeur, in such characters as that of Othello."

Such was the actor with whom Macready had to challenge comparison when he came to London in 1816. The critics paid him the compliment of at least

comparing him with his great rival, though seldom to his advantage: in the expression of domestic tenderness alone would Leigh Hunt allow that he was the superior. Talfourd was perhaps more favourable to him than the rest, describing him as being the "most romantic," as Kemble was the "most classical," and Kean the "most intensely human" of actors. Some denied his right even to the title of tragedian, contending that he was successful only in melodrama; but this George Henry Lewes, a reliable as well as a brilliant critic, declares to be absurd. "He was by nature unfitted," Lewes says, "for some great tragic parts; but by his intelligence he was fitted to conceive, and by his organisation fitted to express, *characters*, and was not, like a melodramatic actor, limited to *situations*. Surely Lear, King John, Richard III., Cassius and Iago are tragic parts! In these he was great." But on the whole it seems clear that, in the eyes of the best critics of his time, Lewes included, Macready, as a Shakespearian actor, though standing far above all his other rivals, held a distinctly lower place than either Kemble or Edmund Kean: his own creations—*Virginius*, *Werner*, *William Tell*, *Richelieu*—were another matter. In these he was out of reach of, and probably need not have feared, disparaging comparisons.

It was in the first year of the present reign that Macready, then a man of forty-four, undertook the managership of Covent Garden Theatre. One of his first acts was to petition the young Queen for her special patronage, and for the liberty to assume for his players the title of "Her Majesty's Company of Performers." This is recorded on August 19th. On August 23rd he received a gracious reply, thus summarised by Macready himself: "The Queen had expressed herself much interested in Covent Garden, stated that she had great respect for Mr. Macready and admiration for his talent, that the precise object of his request required consideration, but if it should be deemed impracticable to concede, that she trusted other means might be found of rendering assistance to his undertaking." In November the Queen visited the theatre, and asked to see Macready after the performance was over. The event is thus recorded:—

"I dressed myself in full dress, and went to wait on her as she retired. At length the Queen—a very pretty girl—came. Lord Conyngham told her who I was. She smiled and bowed, and said, 'I am very much obliged to you,' pointed me out to the Duchess of Kent, and bowed repeatedly to me."

Thirteen years later Macready performed before the Queen under circumstances less pleasing to himself. The occasion was that of a production of *Julius Cæsar* at Windsor Castle undertaken by Charles Kean, whom he regarded with but little



MRS. BANCROFT as *Peg Woffington*
in "*Masks and Faces*."

(Photo. by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street.)



MR. BANCROFT as *Triplet*, in "*Masks and Faces*."

(Photo. by Vander Weyde, Regent St.)

favour. Kean was rewarded for his services by the present of a diamond ring, which he lost; whereupon a wit gave out the report that it "had been found sticking in Macready's gizzard"!

Macready has painted his own portrait for us, warts and all, in the fascinating volumes from which I have made these brief quotations—his "Reminiscences, Diaries, and Letters," edited by the late Sir Frederick Pollock, one of his most intimate friends. It is a striking, and on the whole a pleasing portrait; and the warts are "painted in" so conscientiously and uncompromisingly that one does not hesitate to accept it as a faithful likeness. In the company of his favourite associates, Dickens, Forster, Talfourd, Bulwer Lytton, Lalor Sheil, as well as in his family circle, Macready was kindly, affectionate, a delightful companion. In his dealings with his fellow-actors, unfortunately, he was less admirable: with them he was unsympathetic, irritable, churlish. As appreciative as another of the delights of his profession, he could not endure its discomforts and drawbacks. He had taken to it unwillingly, and he chafed throughout his career at the social disabilities which it involved. "Whenever his foot touched the boards," as Mr. Archer puts it, in his admirable biography of the actor, "his self-respect, like Bob Acres' courage, began to ooze out at his finger-tips, and the great check upon his lower nature



DAVID JAMES as *Perkyn Middlewick*,
in "*Our Boys*."

(Photo. by London Stereoscopic Co.)

was removed." Needless to say, he was not popular in his profession. Once, when he was absent from rehearsal on account of illness, the explanation was given that he had heart disease. "What!" cried an actress (still living) who was standing by, "Macready suffering from heart disease! You might as well try to make me believe that Walter Lacy could suffer from brain fever."

And yet Macready *had* a heart, a large, warm, good, generous heart. "Domestic tenderness and social beneficence" were, according to Harriet Martineau, his principal characteristics; and here is his portrait as painted by Mr. Browning, an intimate friend: "I found Macready as I left him—and happily, after a long interval, resumed him, so to speak—one of the most admirable, and, indeed, fascinating characters I have ever known; somewhat too sensitive for his own happiness, and much too impulsive for invariable consistency with his nobler moods."

Macready, like many another actor-manager, was given to taking the centre of the stage. "When he played Othello," says George Vandenhoff wittily "Iago was to be *nowhere*. . . . Iago was a mere stoker, whose business it was to supply Othello's passion with fuel and keep up his high pressure. The next night perhaps he took Iago; and lo! presto! everything was changed. Othello was to become a mere puppet for Iago to play with." I am afraid that, carried away by my own interest in



MR. AND MRS. KENDAL.

(Photo. by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street.)

his character, I have allowed him here to indulge this propensity once more, to the undue exclusion of those other notable figures of his time whose names I have mentioned.

When Macready came to London to make his first appearance, he was told on arrival that Mrs. Glover had been engaged to play the "weeping, widowed Andromache" to his Orestes: a piece of news which filled him with dismay, for she had the reputation at this time of being the best comic actress upon the stage, and, in addition, she was exceedingly—one critic said "monstrously"—fat!



IRVING as *Mathias* in "*The Bell*,"
(Photo. by London Stereoscopic Co.)

She had been acting, already, nearly twenty years. Her early ambitions had been (like Mrs. Bancroft's) in the direction of tragedy. Nature, however, had destined her to comedy. "Her beauty," says Mr. Dutton Cook, "was remarkable, but it was not of a severe type. Her face did not readily lend itself to solemnity of expression; her features were dainty and pretty rather than regular." Her complexion was "exquisitely fair," her hair was "dark and luxuriant," she had "blue eyes shadowed by the longest lashes," and was "tall and graceful." But (such is life!) her form acquired "amplitude and substantiality" as the years went by, until it assumed "quite unpoetic proportions."

Actresses who play Juliet when they are young, are seldom content to play the Nurse when they are old; but Mrs. Glover was an exception. She proceeded from the Prince Arthurs and Tom Thumbs of her childhood "to the girlish heroines of theatrical romance"; later she represented "vivacious matrons and buxom widows"; finally she subsided into the "old ladies, the nurses, the dowagers and duennas." She retired in 1850, her benefit at Drury Lane taking place "under special patronage of the Queen."

Among the principal performers upon this occasion was William Farren the elder. Here is a pen-picture of him, drawn from memory by Mr. Cook. "Looking back five-and-thirty years, he was, as I remember him at sixty, a very handsome old gentleman, with fine clear-cut features, a fresh complexion, keen clear china-blue eyes, expressive mobile brows, and what Mr. Lewes describes as 'a wonderful hanging underlip,' of much service to him in his exhibitions of character. His voice was firm and resonant; he spoke after the staccato manner of the old stage; his laugh was very pleasant. He dressed perfectly, avoiding all unseemly youthfulness of clothing, but ever 'point-device' in his elderly accoutrements: he was at home and comfortable alike in the broad skirts, the huge cuffs, and the flowered waistcoats of the times of Anne and the earlier Georges, as in the buttoned blue swallow-tails of the Regency . . . he was always a gentleman—if a gentleman of the old school. Polite age had never a more adroit and complete stage representative." Cholerick guardians, testy fathers, jealous husbands,



MISS ELLEN TERRY.
(Photo. by Barraud, Oxford Street.)

superannuated fops of comedy—these were the characters that Farren chiefly had to represent, unsympathetic characters almost all, exciting the least amiable kind of laughter. He had played such parts from the first—he began with Sir Peter Teazle in 1818—and went on with it until nature supplied him with “real in lieu of painted wrinkles.”



TOOLE and NELLIE FARREN.
(Photo. by Window & Grove, Baker Street.)

Farren was the arch-type of the old school of actor. Charles Kean represents the transition stage between the old and the new. In one sense, indeed, although his early years were beset with difficulties, and fortune was long in coming to him, he might be said to be the first Belgravian actor, as his father had been the last Bohemian. It was his Eton education that gave this character to his career. Macready had been at Rugby, but his college experiences affected his life hardly at all. Charles Kean, on the other hand, was an Etonian from first to last. On the whole he cuts but a poor figure by the side of Samuel Phelps. Each had the opportunity to show the stuff he was made of when, in 1843, the old theatrical protective system was abolished, and the privilege of acting the plays of Shakespeare, hitherto restricted to Drury Lane and Covent Garden, was extended to all the rest. Kean, then in partnership with Keeley at the Princess's, did not profit by this reform. In a spirit of rather weak and near-sighted opportunism, he set himself to follow the public taste as best he might. “We can't now be bound by the old rules,” he said, “and keep troubling ourselves about what Kemble didn't like or Macready wouldn't do.



FRED LESLIE and NELLIE FARREN
in a Gaiety Burlesque.
(Photo. by London Stereoscopic Co.)

I've thrown away the dignity of the tragedian. I'm prepared now to undertake any part. I'll play low comedy if need be.” Phelps pursued a directly opposite course. He took the old theatre of Sadler's Wells, for two hundred years the resort of the roughest pleasure-seekers in London, and made it the home of the Shakespearian drama; opening with *Macbeth*. “While the once great patent theatres,” says Mr. H. Barton Baker in his book on “The London Stage,” “were handed over to wild beast shows, and were sunk in the deepest slough of degradation, while the fashionable world deserted the drama for the opera, the little remote suburban house—for it was remote in those days from the great centres of London—was nightly filled by an eager and rapt audience, most of them fresh from the workshop, drinking in immortal ideas, of which, but for the stage, they would have lived and died in ignorance.”

Mr. Baker was himself a visitor to Sadler's Wells, and gives a valuable appreciation of Phelps' powers as an actor. “Phelps,” he says, “was always thoughtful, artistic, and imbued with a thorough knowledge and appreciation of his author; . . . but he never electrified by any flash of genius, never passed the invisible line that separates the *good* actor from the *great*. To see him in one of Shakespeare's tragic plays was an

intellectual pleasure, satisfying the judgment, though seldom or never rousing the imagination."

I have left myself no space in which to deal with Liston (Charles Lamb's Liston), the elder Mathews, and those other contemporaries of Macready whose names I have mentioned; or with the leading actresses who were his associates at Covent Garden and Drury Lane: Miss Fanny Kemble, Miss Helen Tree (Mrs. Charles Kean), and Miss Priscilla Horton (Mrs. German Reed); the fame of Miss Helen Faucit (now Lady Martin), the most distinguished of them all, needs no reviving, but her portrait is nowadays not often seen, and I count myself most fortunate in being able, through her kindness, to reproduce it in these pages.

We have lingered (too long, perhaps) over the era of Macready, and have glanced but at one side of the era of Phelps. On the other side, Charles Mathews the younger, and Madame Vestris (whom he married), at the Lyceum and elsewhere, Buckstone at the Haymarket, and Robson at the Olympic, were the most striking figures. M. Filon contrasts Mathews, as the impersonator of "impudent youth—elegant, lissome, light, mobile," with Farren as the impersonator of "ridiculous old age." Buckstone, also, he remembers,—in the actor's later years, however, when he had lost his hearing and his memory. "But what a sly look there was in his eye! How his mouth would twist and turn! What irony lurked in the expressive ugliness of that wrinkled old mask of his!"

Here, from Mr. Clement Scott's "Thirty Years at the Play," is a vivid *aperçu* of the London theatrical world towards the end of this period. "I do not believe that ever before, and certainly, according to my own experience, never since, has the English stage been in such a wretched, down-at-heel, untidy and deplorable condition. The stage was without a leader. Macready had retired nearly ten years before, and was living as a private gentleman at Cheltenham, having bequeathed to his successors little but the record of his worst faults and mannerisms. The genius was gone: the growling and the grunting remained behind! Charles Kean, an enthusiast who had done so much for the Shakespearian and romantic drama, and who had spent his money with such lavish prodigality, had retired from the old Princess's Theatre a poorer and a sadder man. He had done his best: he could do no more. He had not the genius of his father, but he loved his art as well, and served her to the utmost of his natural ability. The death knell had been tolled of the memorable Sadler's Wells management, one of the most edifying records of the past few years; and honest Samuel Phelps was struggling on without the loyal assistance of his faithful business partner, Tom Greenwood." And here is his account of Robson:—"My best memories, however, of Robson, the little genius, were in



MRS. LANGTRY as *Rosalind*.
(Photo. by Lafayette.)



MISS MARY ANDERSON as *Rosalind*.
(Photo. by Vander Weyde, Regent Street.)

connection with 'half price' at the Olympic. Half-price was a splendid institution for stage-struck lads who enjoyed a very limited supply of pocket-money, and the Olympic pit in those days was the best and most comfortable in London. . . . Here, for the very modest expense of one shilling, you could see, from nine o'clock



MISS MARION TERRY and MR. HERBERT
WARING in *Guy Domville*.
(Photo. by Alfred Ellis.)

until eleven, two hours of the very best entertainment in all London, including the greatest genius that the English stage has seen since Edmund Kean. The only strictly serious part that I ever saw Robson play was Desmarests, in *Plot and Passion*, a performance never to be forgotten; but his burlesque was on the very border-line of tragedy. Such intensity he had, such power of sudden contrast, such quick changes from seriousness to fun, that he electrified one. In an instant he had the whole audience in his grasp, and communicated to them his magnetic personality. . . . He was a very little man, but in his inspired moments he became a giant. He seemed to swell and grow before our eyes.

When he lifted himself up, his rage was awful; when he wept, the whole house sobbed in sympathy."

I wish I had space in which to dwell at length upon the "Cup and Saucer Comedy," and its chief exponents: upon Byron's *Our Boys*, in which Mr. David James and Mr. William Farren were so delightful; upon the plays of Mr. Gilbert; and upon Charles Reade's *Masks and Faces*.



MISS ADA REHAN as *Lady Teazle*.
(Photo. by Walery.)

It is in the rôle of Peg Woffington (though her own favourite is Polly Eccles) that I like best to think of Mrs. Bancroft: it called forth all her gifts—her charm, her gaiety, her humour, her tenderness, her pathos. Mr. Bancroft, too, has never had such scope for the exhibition of his powers as in the rôle of Triplet. Most of Mr. Bancroft's parts, indeed, gave one the impression that they were made to measure: all he had to do in them was to exploit the rich resources of his own personality. It is the same with those other admirable comedians, Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Hawtrey, and Mr. Hare; they change their rôles much as a pretty woman might change her dresses, each but exhibiting his individual attributes, as she her beauty, in new lights and new aspects.

At the opposite pole from these is Mr. Tree, an "all-round" actor if ever there was one. Mr. Tree depicts with equal ease, now the simple saintliness of "the Village Priest," now the ignoble exquisiteness of Beau Austen; at one moment he is the grossest and most libidinous of Falstaffs, in the next, the most princely of Hamlets. Of all his performances, that of



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL as *Juliet*.
(Photo. by Alfred Ellis.)

Svengali strikes me as his most complete success. Do you remember the climax to the third act?—how Svengali, thunderstruck, sways from side to side, then staggers backwards, backwards, backwards, until—crash! he comes against the fragile table, and falls across it, dead!—his long, oiled, raven locks hanging to the floor, his hideous face of an ashen whiteness, his eyes stark. It was a wonderful death-scene. For this alone, *Trilby* had been worth a second visit. To me, the play had many attractions: I was a Trilby-lover even before I saw Miss Baird.

Mrs. Campbell's Juliet is another of my delights. About the brilliant merits of her Paula Tanqueray all were agreed; but about her Juliet there was quite a battle among the critics. It was condemned by the dogmatic school: by Mr. Archer, to whose intellect, always *gourmet*, but sometimes gluttonous as well, it proved unsatisfying; and by Mr. Scott, who anathematised it as "a Juliet without a jump!": by the im-

pressionist school it was much more favourably received; Mr. Walkley was enthusiastic beyond his wont; and as for Mr. O'Connor in the *Weekly Sun*, he robbed the Hybla bees, and left them honeyless!

I should have liked to treat of a score of other notable actors and actresses, whose performances stand out conspicuously in the annals of the last three decades, but Irving's alone would require a whole article to do them justice, and I have not attempted the impossible; the portraits which adorn these pages will make good a few of my unavoidable omissions: no need to descant upon the won-

derful Lady Teazle of Miss Ada Rehan, or upon the Rosalinds of Mrs. Langtry and Miss Mary Anderson, when you have these charming *aides-mémoire* before your eyes. I had intended, too, to speak of Mr. Henry James's beautiful but ill-fated play, so beautifully produced and acted, *Guy Domville*; but I must pass it, also, with a word: a little more of stage-craft in its composition, and it had been, I think, a great success. Even as it was, like the Angelus bells of Bret Harte's poem, it tinged for us "the sober twilight of the present with colour of romance."

As to Sir Henry, I need have no compunction. His Richelieu, his Wolsey, his Becket, the charm of his Dr. Primrose, the terror of his Mathias, the majesty of his Charles, the military swagger, the bravery, the "side" of his Benedick, are known to all the world. Even more than Macready, Irving is a great personage as well as a great actor; he is distinguished, as the late



MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM as *David Garrick*.
(Photo. by Barraud.)



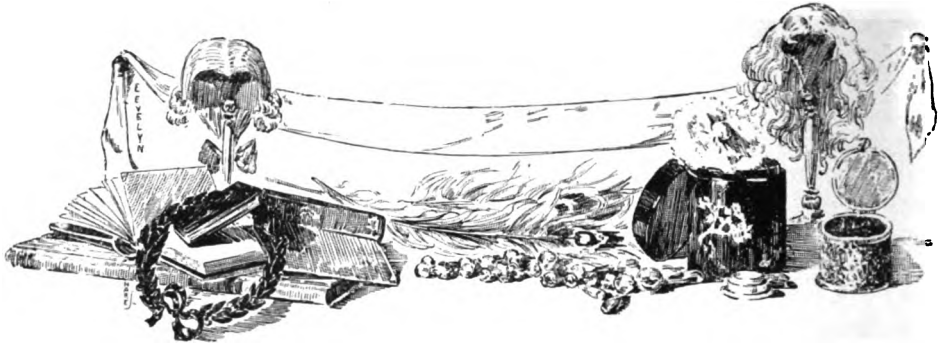
TREE as *Svengali*.
(Photo. by Alfred Ellis.)



MISS BAIRD as *Trilby*.
(Photo. by Alfred Ellis.)

Lord Coleridge said of him, *in republicâ tanquam in scenâ*. Of his colleague, Miss Terry, also, I need say nothing: suffice it to give new currency to the tribute paid her when she was last in Ireland. "Her genius," so it ran, "is fatal to criticism, for it turns critics into lovers."

FREDERIC WHYTE.



THE SCISSORS.

TAKE, dear, this little gift of love,
 And as your nimble fingers prove
 With what accord its blades can move,
 The upper and the nether,
 Think how the separate shears would fare
 Did they no common pivot share,
 Thus helpfully, a perfect Pair,
 To cut their way together.

Twin lives you thus in emblem see,
 Weakest when seeming to be free,
 Most strong if they but mated be,
 Upon one centre turning ;
 As we, my darling, hope to do
 When you with me and I with you
 Shall cut each doubt and hindrance through,
 The might of Union learning.

A. CAPES TARBOLTON.



A VOLCANIC VALVE

THE Dean and I were sitting on the balcony of the Hotel Tramontano at Sorrento. Vesuvius was indulging in a small eruption, and we were watching the thin bright stream of lava that was flowing from the crater. Occasionally a flash of light lit up the dark cloud which crested the mountain. There was no moon that night, and the mild fireworks of the volcano, though they could hardly be called imposing, were certainly interesting.

"After all," said the Dean, "Vesuvius is a very small affair compared with some volcanoes. Think of Krakatoa, for instance. I am told that at the last eruption of Krakatoa, ten thousand people were killed by ashes, hot water, stones, and lava, that were thrown up by the mountain."

"You are mistaken, sir!" said a voice from a secluded corner of the balcony. "Thirty thousand people were killed by that eruption. I was there myself, and ought to know."

"Oh, indeed!" said the Dean. "I should really like to hear your account of it."

The owner of the voice promptly dragged his chair into our neighbourhood. He was a small, cadaverous-looking man, and spoke with a strong American accent. From his appearance, I decided that he must be an American stock-broking millionaire, and as the event proved, I was right.

"I shall be happy to tell you all about it," said the American. "Am I right in thinking that one of you gentlemen is a minister?"

"I am a clergyman, if that is what you mean," replied the Dean.

"Just so!" said the American. "I'll tell you the truth about that eruption, and then you'll tell me if in your opinion I was to blame for the death of those thirty thousand people. They were all heathen, sir; and I'd like you to remember that fact, for I don't suppose that killing a heathen is as serious a business as killing a white man. However, we'll come to that presently.

"I was up the Mediterranean about a dozen years ago in my yacht. She was a steamer of 840 tons, and could make fifteen knots an hour, which was considered

fast in those days. I had no passengers with me except an old friend of mine who was a sort of mining engineer. He had made a lot of money in his time, and had lost it all in speculating. But he was just as full of enterprise and spirits as he ever was. He was about as good a travelling companion as a man could have, and I wish I had him with me now.

"We were lying in this identical bay, and Vesuvius was erupting on a small scale just as she is now, when one day Malcomb, my engineer friend, comes to me and says: 'I've the biggest idea that I've struck yet, and if you'll furnish the capital we'll carry it out, and make money hand over fist.'

"'What is it?' said I. 'If it's really a good thing perhaps I'll go into it with you.'

"'You admit,' said he, 'that Vesuvius is the attraction that brings most people to Naples. They come here to see an eruption, and nine times out of ten the mountain don't erupt. Now, if you and I owned that mountain and could turn on an eruption whenever we pleased, we should have the biggest show on earth. We could make a uniform charge of a thousand dollars an eruption, and the municipality would pay it cheerfully, for they would get their money back ten times over out of the visitors that would come to Naples to see a genuine eruption. If ten thousand visitors come here every winter knowing that their chance of seeing an eruption is about one in a hundred, how many do you think would come if they could be absolutely sure of an eruption every night, except Sundays, at nine o'clock to the minute? Why, sir! Vesuvius, properly managed, would draw at least half a million people every season, and if they were taxed a dollar a head there would be half a million dollars to be shared by the municipality and the managers of the show.'

"'That's all right enough,' said I; 'but what I don't see is how you are going to manage the mountain, and make it erupt or not erupt, just as you please.'

"'I have thought it all out,' said Malcomb, 'and the thing's as easy as rolling off a log. What is it that makes a volcano erupt? It's steam, sir! steam! You look down the crater of a volcano that isn't erupting, and you'll see that the bottom is covered with a thick crust of hardened lava. That crust stays there, and keeps the mountain from erupting until she gets too big a head of steam on. When that happens the steam blows out the crust of lava, and then there is an eruption until the pressure is reduced. A volcano is nothing more or less than a big boiler without a safety valve, or any sort of an escape pipe. It's bound to burst at irregular intervals. Now, if you provide a volcano with a safety valve, so that you can regulate the pressure, you can have an eruption whenever you please, or you can prevent any eruption from taking place. All you have to do is to watch the safety valve and attend to it properly.'

"'Your reasoning may be all right,' said I, 'but I don't see how you are going to fit a safety valve to Vesuvius. You'll find it a bigger job than selling a silver mine to a British syndicate.'

"'When Vesuvius is quiet,' said Malcomb, 'that crust that I spoke of is about a hundred feet from the top of the cone. I know this because I have been reading a book written by a scientific sharp who tells all about the mountain. Now, if you drive a gallery straight into the mountain at the foot of the cone, you will strike the steam chest, so to speak, at about five or six hundred feet below the crust. You make this gallery, say, six feet in diameter, and as long as it is open the steam will rush out, and keep the mountain from exploding. That's my plan for keeping the mountain quiet when I don't want an eruption.'

"'And how are you going to manage your eruptions?' I asked.

"'That's another easy one,' said he. 'In order to make steam you require

water, don't you? Well! I calculate to have a big pumping engine that will throw a stream of water twenty-four inches in diameter into that gallery. When this water strikes the melted lava in the inside of the mountain it will be converted into steam, and as soon as the pressure gets up to the necessary point there will be an eruption. A few experiments will show just how much water will be required to produce a first-class eruption. When we know that, we will know just what time of day to begin pumping in order to have an eruption at nine o'clock p.m.'

"What Malcomb said interested me. I knew he was one of the best mining engineers in the States, and besides knowing all about the mines, he knew all there was to know about steam engines. I began to think there might be something in his scheme, and as I hadn't been doing anything except trying to amuse myself for more than six weeks, I was feeling pretty low-spirited, and knew that I needed to engage in some good speculation if I wanted to feel like myself once more.

"‘I suppose,’ I said, after thinking the thing over for a few minutes, ‘that we could buy Vesuvius for a song.’

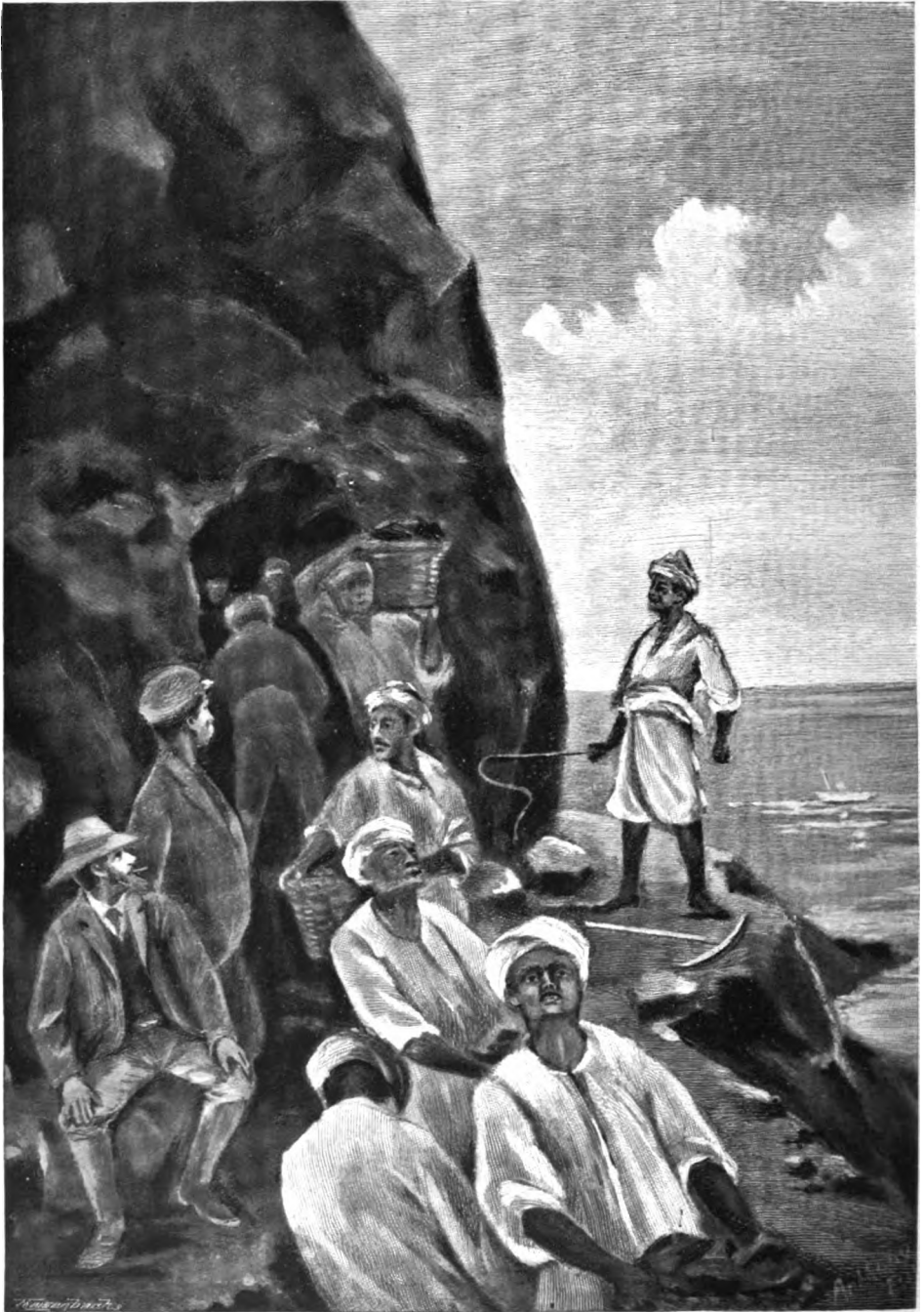
"‘We don't need to buy anything but the cone,’ replied Malcomb; ‘but I'll undertake to buy the whole blessed mountain for a thousand dollars. By a rough calculation it will cost about ten thousand dollars to set up the proper machinery and bore the gallery. After that is done our expenses won't be worth mentioning. Besides, I have an idea that we can utilise the heat of the mountain, and supply it to Naples in pipes. Naples could warm itself and do all its cooking with the heat that we would furnish, and you can see for yourself that there would be the biggest kind of a fortune to be got out of this single feature of my scheme.’

"Well, we talked about putting a safety valve into Vesuvius, and going into business as the ‘Vesuvius Exhibition and Heat Supplying Company’ for the next week, Malcomb getting more and more enthusiastic about it, and I gradually making up my mind to give the thing a trial. But I saw perfectly well that it wouldn't do to go into the thing without experimenting first, and I knew that we couldn't conduct any experiments on Vesuvius without letting the public into the secret. Either we would make a failure, and be laughed at, or we would succeed, in which case somebody would buy up Etna, and start an opposition show that would be twice as big as ours—for Vesuvius isn't to be named in the same day with Etna. Finally, I thought of a way out of the difficulty, and I proposed it to Malcomb.

"‘You find,’ said I, ‘some big volcano, situated in a place where there is nobody to watch our proceedings, except perhaps a lot of savages, and I'll furnish the capital necessary for putting a safety valve into that volcano. If the experiment succeeds, then we'll come back to the Mediterranean and buy up every volcano, active or extinct, that we can hear of. But I won't touch the thing until we have proved by experiment that it is practicable. I like a good speculation as well as anybody, but I won't throw money away.’

"‘I know the very volcano we want,’ said Malcomb. ‘It's called Krakatoa, and it stands all alone on an island somewhere near Java or Sumatra. If there's anybody on the island they'll be naked savages, and it won't matter what they think of our proceedings. Let's lay in a compressed-air boring machine and a pumping engine, and start for Krakatoa as soon as possible.’

"I agreed to this proposal, and we lay here in the Bay of Naples about two months waiting for our machinery, which we couldn't get short of England. Malcomb was so full of his scheme that he gradually got me to believe in it almost as thoroughly as he did himself. If our experiments should turn out to be successful, and we could get the monopoly of all the volcanoes in Europe, there would be hardly any



"Their head-man . . . kept them from being exhausted by the heat."

end to the things we could do. We could furnish heat and energy to every town in Europe, and could knock the coal-mining business higher than a kite.

"I had lost a little money in coal mines myself—something like three million dollars—and I rather liked the idea of freezing out the coal market. Of course I didn't grudge the loss of the money, for a financier is bound to have his losses as well as his profits; and then, again, I knew that the British and French coal mines were not responsible for my losses in Pennsylvania mines. Still, we're only human after all, and I daresay that our ministerial friend here, if he'll allow me to call him such, knows what it is to want to get square with somebody or something if his salary isn't paid up to date.

"Well, the machinery arrived; and after a good deal of trouble on the part of our chief engineer, who didn't understand what the machinery was wanted for, and was inclined to think that I was taking a liberty in putting any sort of machinery aboard the yacht without first consulting him, we got it stowed away. When we were ready to sail, I ordered my sailing-master to take the yacht to Batavia, where I expected we could get some information as to the whereabouts of Krakatoa, for it wasn't laid down on any chart, and all Malcomb or the sailing-master or I knew about it was that it was a volcano, and was situated somewhere within five hundred miles of Java.

"Well, we got to Batavia in due time, and if you'll take my advice you'll never go there. It's just a Turkish bath, with fever and Dutchmen thrown in, and soap and shampooing left out. I found out the latitude and longitude of Krakatoa, and laid in thirty-eight Chinese coolies, and was thankful to get away from Batavia with my life—though, as the doctor tells me, I left the greater part of my liver behind me.

"We made Krakatoa the third day after leaving Batavia. It was a tremendous big mountain, about five or six times as high as Vesuvius, and was situated on an island that, as far as we could see, was uninhabited, though I don't say that there might not have been people living on the north side of the island, for we didn't take the trouble to circumnavigate it. There were no signs of any activity about the volcano, which Malcomb said was proof that her fires were banked, and that she was in precisely the proper condition for our experiments. We didn't waste any time in getting the machinery ashore and setting it up, but the job took the best part of a week, for the reason that everything had to be carried ashore on the coolies' heads, and we could only land when the sea was quiet.

"According to Malcomb's calculations his gallery would have to be about seven hundred feet long in order to reach the centre of the cone. You see we didn't start it at the foot of the volcano, but about half-way up the cone, at a place where there was a sort of terrace that gave us room for setting up the machinery. The gallery was six feet in diameter, and the boring machine had no difficulty in cutting through the consolidated ashes and soft rock that formed the greater part of the mountain. Malcomb and I lived aboard the yacht, and the coolies lived ashore in a tent. We worked twelve hours a day, for the Chinamen hadn't heard of the eight-hour law; and their head-man, who carried a big whip, kept them from being exhausted by the heat, or brought them to without much trouble whenever they fainted, or fell down with a sunstroke, or tried to play any other game on him.

"The gallery sloped downward at an angle of about twenty-five degrees, so that when we should come to pumping water into it, the water would run down easily into the interior of the volcano. In about a month we had the gallery nearly finished, and Malcomb calculated that with two days' more labour we could break through into the interior of the cone. He never told me how he expected to

protect the coolies from the steam that would rush into the gallery the moment an opening was made into the steam chest of the mountain; but as I knew he didn't like to be questioned about details, I let him take his own way without questioning him.

"We had both gone on board the yacht for dinner, leaving the coolies at work, and were congratulating ourselves that the job was so nearly completed, when there was the noise of a tremendous explosion, followed by a rush of steam out of the mouth of the gallery. The steam hid everything from sight for a distance of, say, three hundred yards from the mouth of the gallery; but beyond that we could see the machinery and thirty-eight coolies sailing through the air at about the speed of a cannon ball. At the rate they were going Malcomb calculated that they would fetch up beyond the reach of the earth's attraction, and would keep on sailing through the universe like so many comets. I don't know whether he was right or not, but I never heard that the least particle of either machinery or coolies ever struck the earth again. We only had a glimpse of them for a second or two, and then they went out of sight, the same as a hawk does when it flies directly away from you at its best speed.

"So far as I could see, those Chinamen were bound straight for heaven, and they couldn't have been many minutes in reaching it.

"The steam continued to rush out of Malcomb's safety valve without diminishing in quantity or force. If you were to get together all the steamers in the world and set them all to blowing off steam at the same moment, and then multiply the roaring of the steam a hundred times, you'd begin to have some idea of the noise that Krakatoa made blowing off steam through Malcomb's safety valve. On board the yacht we could only talk by signs, and we finally gave that up, for the noise was so great that you couldn't even think. This lasted till one o'clock in the morning, when there came a crash that was louder than anything that was ever heard on this earth, before or since. It was a mercy that it didn't deafen every man of us for good and all. I have been told that it was heard a distance of fully a thousand miles, and I don't doubt it. To tell the truth, I have never got fairly rid of that noise from that day to this, and it is always in my ears more or less, especially when I put my head on my pillow. What had happened was that Krakatoa had burst its boiler. You may perhaps know that if you have a heavy pressure of steam on a boiler, and you let the water get too low, the most dangerous thing you can do is to blow off steam. The moment that you reduce the pressure on the surface of the water, the whole of it flashes into steam, and your boiler is blown into smithereens. Now, Krakatoa had a good head of steam on, and her water must have been pretty low, for after she had blown off for five or six hours the pressure was so far reduced that all the water remaining in her rushed into steam, and produced the biggest explosion on record. The upper half of the mountain was blown clean away, and the air was filled with stones and lava and ashes and hot water. Inside of five minutes the moon and the stars went out, and it was as black as midnight in Egypt in the time of old Pharaoh. In next to no time our deck was covered six inches deep with ashes and stones, and the sea was boiling worse than it does in the centre of a cyclone. We were in danger of being swamped through shipping a tremendous sea, as well as being buried under the weight of ashes, or sunk by a flying rock, or set on fire by red-hot stones.

"My sailing-master slipped his cable and started up the engine just as quick as he could do it, and then we steamed away as fast as we could drive her towards the north. The channel wasn't an easy one in the daylight, and the sailing-master

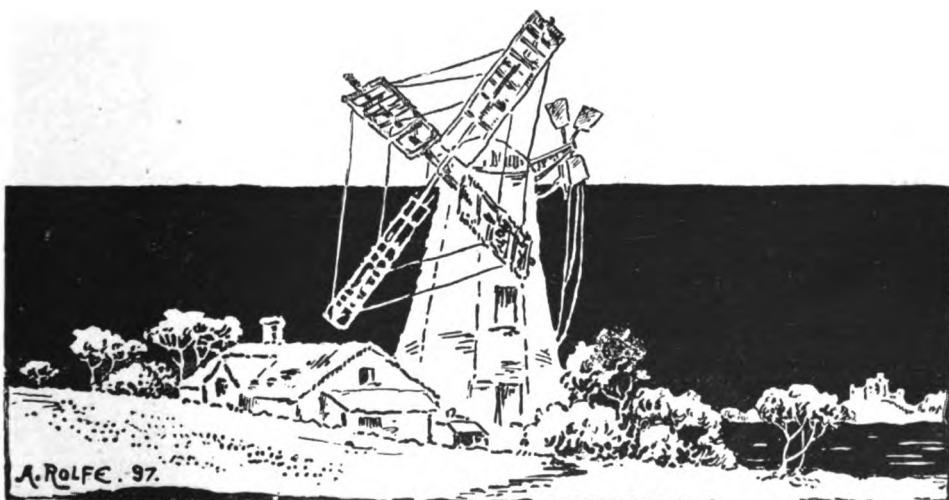
didn't even pretend that he could navigate it in the pitch darkness. However, we were certain to lose the yacht and our lives if we stayed at our anchorage, and we couldn't do more than that by trying to run away. So we just took our chances, knowing at the time that they were mighty slim, and hoping that if we did wreck the yacht, it wouldn't be on a coast inhabited by cannibals. There never was such luck as we had that night, for we never once touched the bottom, though, as we afterwards knew, old islands were sinking and new ones were being thrown up all around us. After the eruption was over, ships that passed that way found dry land in places where there had been a thousand fathoms of water, and sailed directly over places where there had been dry land and mountains. It was nearly ten o'clock the next day before we ran clear of the ashes and came into open daylight. Then we found out where we were, and put the yacht on a course for Singapore.

"That's the way the great eruption of Krakatoa was brought about; and what I want to know is whether Malcomb and I are responsible for the thirty thousand heathens that are said to have been killed by it. Of course we never meant to hurt a living soul; and of course a heathen isn't anything like as valuable as a white man, and the penalty for killing him, if there is one, would be comparatively light. Still the thought that I had a hand in killing all those heathen disturbs me at times,—especially at night, when I lie awake, as I do the greater part of every night. I want to ask our ministerial friend here his opinion of the matter, and what he thinks I had better do to straighten the thing out—that is, if it can be straightened out."

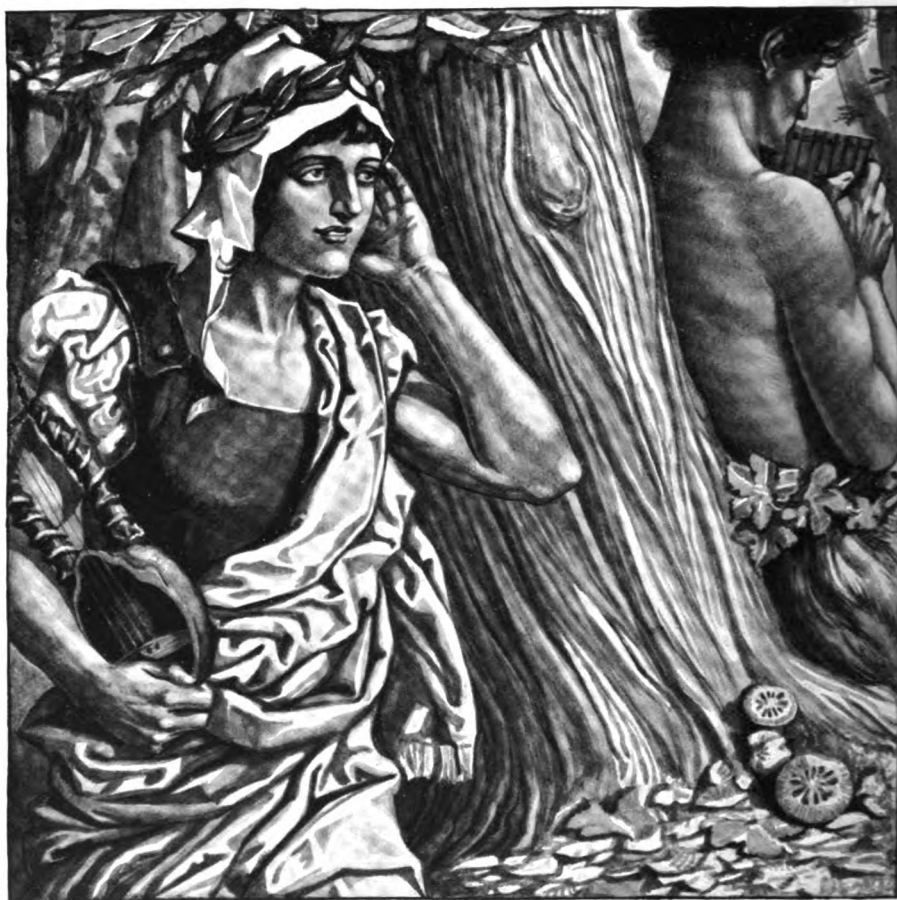
Before the Dean could reply, a man, whom the American called "Doctor," and who was evidently his travelling companion, approached him, and after a whispered conversation drew him away, and we saw him no more. I have never been quite sure whether the story that he told us concerning the eruption of Krakatoa was true, or was the invention either of a lunatic or a practical joker. I meant to find the Doctor in the morning, and ask him if his friend was quite right in his mind, but, as it happened, I was obliged to leave Sorrento without seeing him.

For my own part I am inclined to believe the story, but the reader is at perfect liberty to regard it as the dream of a madman.

W. L. ALDEN.



PAN



I.

MEN made me dream that Pan was dead,
 And piped no more upon his reed;
 I wandered to a dappled mead,
 And all my heart to joy was wed,
 For Pan was piping, rosy-red,
 With sunlit head.

H.C.

II.

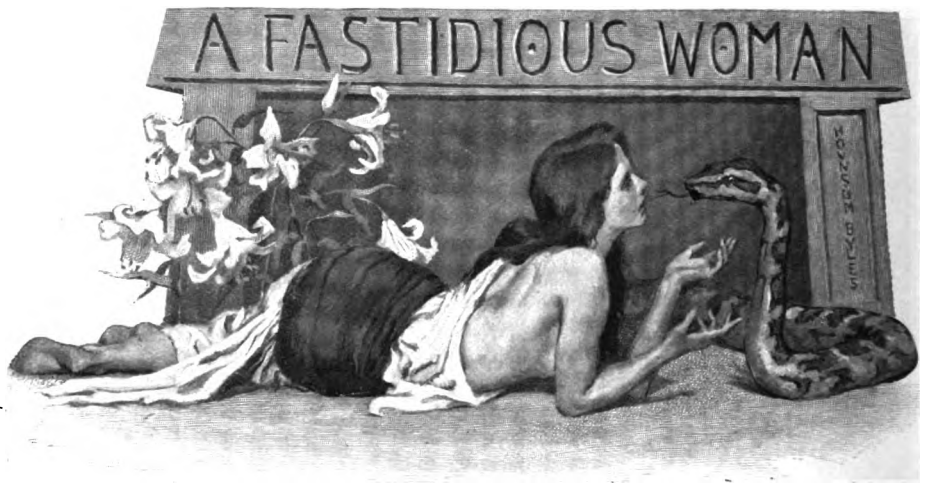
I heard him in the linnet's song,
The blackbird's whistle, and the note
That lilted from the skylark's throat,
The laugh of maidens all among
Tall meadow-grass, and daisies long,
And sorrel strong.



III.

His music murmured in the stream,
And shook about the whispering wood,
For every bush and tree that stood
Lent sweetness to dispel my dream:
Old Pan was piping theme on theme,—
A god supreme.

CHARLES T. LUSTED.



THE morning light was stealing softly over the rolling, wood-covered landscape, and touching with a pale glory the precious streamlet wandering amid the eucalyptus groves to the right of the clearing beside the new Government road in process of construction, where the tents of the chief engineer and his officers showed whiter by contrast with the darker canvas of those belonging to the workmen around.

The chief engineer's tent was a handsome affair, and stood somewhat apart from the others. Moreover, there was about it, in its situation, its orderly exterior and its little embellishments of dainty flags and richly tinted curtains, a certain air of distinction combined with an aim at artistic effect which instantly challenged your attention, and suggested the idea of femininity, of the graces proper to a more sophisticated life, not the less pleasant now because the scenery of eastern Australia formed the setting.

Had you known Mrs. Gilray, the chief engineer's young wife, you would, I think, have admitted that the expectations aroused by the personality thus subtly revealed were in no way disappointed when face to face with the gracious divinity who presided over the interior.

At that exact moment when the first faint murmur of the long camp broke upon the stillness, like the rustle of a sleeping creature which turns in its lair, Mrs. Gilray was sitting up on her bed, one elbow buried in the neighbouring pillow that bore still the cold impress of her husband's head, one dimpled knee advanced, yet half covered by the border of the nightdress, just as it had been hastily pulled down with a gesture of that instinctive modesty the three-months wife had not completely lost. The light bedclothes lay in a long slanting fold, as they had been turned back at the very moment she meditated rising; but still she did not move, and one glance at the tense muscles of the shoulders, the rigidity of the sweet throat amid its loosened masses of gold-brown hair, even the hand, lifted and motionless as if arrested by a cataleptic stroke, would have proved that Mrs. Gilray was not indulging in one of those reveries which sometimes beset the most active of pretty women at such moments. On the contrary, Mrs. Gilray was wide awake, and gazing with concentrated attention at an object she had caught sight of several minutes before. It was simply a dark, whip-like coil which the lifted counterpane had suddenly exposed nestling in the crumpled sheets at the



"It was simply a dark whip-like coil."

foot of the bed, but a single look had been sufficient to tell her it was a snake of the black species so dreaded throughout Australia. When her husband had arisen the creature must have crept here for warmth; the girl's brusque movement had, however, roused it, and the thing was now regarding her with its cruel eyes.

The look was not appreciative; indeed, it was distinctly malevolent, suggesting the indignant glare of a remarkably irascible old gentleman awakened suddenly from a comfortable nap.

A witty woman finding herself in a similar situation would have probably greeted the serpent politely, and reminded him of old times; but this woman was not witty, and I question whether you will admit, when this story is told, that she was even wise.

She was, however, terribly afraid, realising fully the horror of her position, but not daring to stir lest she should further incense the creature; for when her upraised hand sank wearied at her side, it lifted its head and uttered a hiss so menacing that a chill ran through her from the crown of her head to the sole of the little foot in whose curve she could feel the reptile's tail vibrating gently.

It is not easy to keep the same attitude many consecutive minutes—even in the case of a vain woman conscious of a fascinating pose—and Mrs. Gilray was not vain, yet she stayed thus for fully ten, and already her frame, supported on one hip and an elbow, had begun to tremble slightly, while a dew-like mist, cold as the snake's flesh, had started out upon her forehead.

It is said we may endure fatigue by distracting the attention, and this statement is often adduced as a *raison d'être* for regimental bands. Mrs. Gilray was destined to make proof of its truth.

"Shut up, you jade!"

"No, I won't: I am your wife, and if you don't fork out that twenty quid I asked for in my *billet-doux* last night, I'll let more than you know it—jolly quick too."

Those were the magical words which made Mrs. Gilray forget her weariness. They really belonged to a conversation that had been going on for several minutes just outside her portion of the great tent, though she had not been conscious of it, so engrossed was she in watching the snake—a circumstance which will supply you, if a scholastic philosopher, with quite a valuable proof of the unity of the soul.

The first voice was her husband's, the second a woman's. Mr. Gilray's tones were so changed that love only might recognise them; the accents of the other voice, could she have known it, were much altered too, for once they had been very sweet. Mrs. Gilray caught her breath and listened intently.

"Look here, Ethel," continued the first speaker, dropping to a lower tone again, "I can't give you so much: it's a devilish hard pull on me already, and so soon, too. I've expenses to meet besides——"

"Can't you borrow it from her?—she has coin enough, they say."

"Don't dare allude to my wife, don't foul her name with your tongue, or by Heaven, I'll not be responsible for what I do! You're not fit to die, therefore be civil."

"Your wife!"

The emphasis, fraught with so much contemptuous significance, made the poor listening girl shudder. The snake hissed softly.

"Yes, my wife, in your teeth, you ——"

The epithet, though possibly picturesquely accurate, was one Mrs. Gilray had never quite understood before, but now she heartily acquiesced in its applicability—another fact worthy of observation.

"I wonder," the woman's voice retorted, "what people would say to that if I up and told my little yarn. I fancy they would be of a different opinion. Don't mistake me, I'm not in a fighting humour, so there's no need to call names. I do know it's hard on you, 'specially when you're settled down now and she so fond of you. I saw you yesterday evening when I struck the camp: you were sitting just inside that curtain yonder, your head in her lap; and she kissed the spot on the top where the hair is getting thin—just, I suppose, to let you know she'd love you true when the wool wasn't there any more. But then, why did you marry me?"

"Because the devil tempted me!" This with an accent of intense conviction.

"Quite so: he's a jolly good matchmaker, and women like me are some use in the world if we make you believe in him! You're tied hard and fast, and I've got the proofs. However, I don't want to be hard on you, Ben: I fully understand what an extremely undesirable thing being bound to me is—I do indeed! and when I saw you yesterday I really pitied you, and thought for a while of turning myself into a female Enoch Arden. But old habits got the upper hand; I couldn't resist the temptation of living on some one instead of working hard as I had to do ever since you abandoned me. Besides, it's not fair chaps like you should have all the plums just because you are men, and poor girls like me all the kicks just because we are women; so shell out, and I'll sing dumb for a spell."

Mrs. Gilray heard a muffled oath, and began to comprehend how it is people commit murder.

"Look here, Ethel: when was it I gave you money last?"

"A week or two ago, and the slip with it," responded the woman's voice promptly, the intonation sharper now. "And not much either: one of the notes was a flash one, and I nearly got copped trying to cash it. Some wives would feel hot over that alone, but I bear no malice. I didn't know you were married a second time then, though, and now that I have tracked you along up here like a faithful little helpmate, I mean to see myself safe."

"I wish before God I had never laid eyes on you!"

"I shan't be so impolite as to say 'same here'; it wouldn't be true, either, for who'd have such good reason to give me coin for the asking? But there's no good jawing, is there? Fork out the dibs, and I'll vamoose; 't isn't so much for keeping dark about so extremely reprehensible a thing as bigamy. Don't lift your hand to me, or by G—— I'll sing out through the camp that your baby-faced chit inside there is no better than——"

"Hush! do you want me to kill you?"

"Bah! you haven't the pluck! See here, the dawn's spreading fast: give me the rhino and let me go to the devil till he sends me back to you!"

"Hush, Ethel! stop! There—there are ten, fifteen pounds and some silver. Upon my soul, it's all I have handy now, but next month——" The man's voice sank into an inarticulate murmuring, and the speakers moved farther away.

To say that Mrs. Gilray was petrified would only faintly describe her sensation of bewildered astonishment. Poor little girl! she was inexperienced in the ways of men, and, not being a new woman, did not possess the knowledge which would have enabled her to babble about a white life for two at club meetings, and investigate her husband's ante-nuptial proceedings; she found it quite natural to confide in him from the first.

Besides having quite a talent for the obvious, like most of her countrywomen, she believed we should always do what was right and avoid what was wrong—all of us, men as well as women; and having no difficulty in following out this conviction herself, she naturally, perhaps, was not inclined to overestimate the stumbling-blocks which circumstances create in the paths of even the most prudent persons when earnestly endeavouring to do the right thing, which, in Mr. Gilray's case, meant, on this occasion, the most profitable. In consequence, her spiritual life had been up to that point very plain sailing, for it is only when the casuist makes his appearance that the affairs of the soul become interesting from an artistic view. She was not by any means an ill-bred person: no one seeing her father's semi-detached villa out by Haverstock Hill could harbour the thought; but this was her first inkling of those little surprises which underlie the social system of the most moral race on the globe, and she was, I must admit, profoundly shocked. Was this the man who had been her ideal of manhood for an eternity of twelve happy weeks? Was he the same person who, when the Rev. Mr. Cloudy had been struck down by a gastric attack, had given out the hymns himself lest the camp should go without service, and had afterwards addressed to the men a few straightforward words of encouragement and advice? She closed her eyes; the thought was too terrible; the whole fabric of her world was tumbling about her ears.

The unvarnished truth is this. Mr. Gilray, when he had left England several years before for Australia, made at Melbourne the acquaintance of a dashing young lady a little older than himself. She was very talented—about the legs, and by their aid earned a modest little income at a second-rate music-hall. Her head was empty, but she had been able to think with her toes! To this paragon Ben Gilray made violent love. Her terms, however, were matrimony, and he accepted them when he failed to gain her by any other means, for he was "no fool," according to the bourgeois ideals of the club he belonged to in London.

Of course the inevitable period of repentance followed—as usual too late. The ill-assorted couple quarrelled, separated, and went their several ways, he to study the strength of materials, she to adorn the music-halls once more.



"But Mrs. Gilray slept on."

Years afterwards, when he had painfully climbed to the top of the ladder, he revisited England, met his present wife, whom he promptly married, devoutly hoping the first lady had departed for another sphere, or would at least end her days beneath the Southern Cross. At the eleventh hour, however, a tempting offer was made him by a colonial company then fulfilling a huge contract: the profits would be enormous; his wife longed to travel; and so, trusting to his luck and the area of Australia, he had returned. The rest may be left to the intelligent reader's comprehension.

Foreigners, who argue from the particular to the general, are apt to regard English virtue as chiefly decorative; but the English themselves consider this view erroneous, and will assure you that the Saxon race has been one of the principal factors in making this the best of all possible worlds, inviting you at the same time to observe the plight of the Latin races which have not learned to take life seriously. Knowing the English have the reputation of being truth-tellers, you will be inclined to believe them, though, of course, the measure of your faith must always remain a matter for individual consideration.

Be this as it may, however, Mr. Gilray's *contretemps* appears to me interesting solely from the fact that it supplied Mrs. Gilray with a rational motive for the thing she did.

She had actually forgotten the existence of the snake, but a slight hiss when she sighed involuntarily, woman-like, over the shattering of her dreams and the awful possibilities of the future, brought him to her recollection. She was not an atom afraid of him now; on the contrary, she welcomed him as eagerly as that old-time queen the asp, when power was lost and wiles were powerless.

She stirred her foot slightly: the reptile lifted its evil head, a red light in the glowing eyes; she deliberately kicked it! Ah! the thing had stung her in a trice. Again she struck it, a dark flush dyeing her brave, pure face from chin to brow, and it stung her again before it fell writhing from the bed. The pain was not

great, after all, but had it been as hot iron upon naked flesh, she would have endured it.

She drew up the coverlet, turned on her side with a sigh of relief, and waited for Death, wondering when he would come.

Mentally, she distinctly saw the little chapel up Hampstead way, where she had been married; she saw its elms, and the black board outside, on which notices of approaching ceremonies were posted. She thought of certain things too sacred for mention here, and then she prayed for pardon—though, had she been able, she would not have revoked her deed. She thought of her husband, too, to wonder at what he would say. She was not angry with him, neither did she invent excuses for him: it was all too fearful, too shocking. Enough to know that death was better than the thought of it—a thousand times, a thousand times!

A lethargy was slowly stealing over her, and she composed her limbs decently while she still had the power, crossing her hands upon her bosom. Then she slept.

Ten minutes later, Mr. Gilray, having seen his unwelcome visitor clear of the camp, entered the room on tiptoe to fetch a spirit-level. He feared to wake his wife, but pitying himself very sincerely, contemplated her from afar, the sunlight suffusing the snowy walls of the tent, and illuminating the calm face upon the pillow.

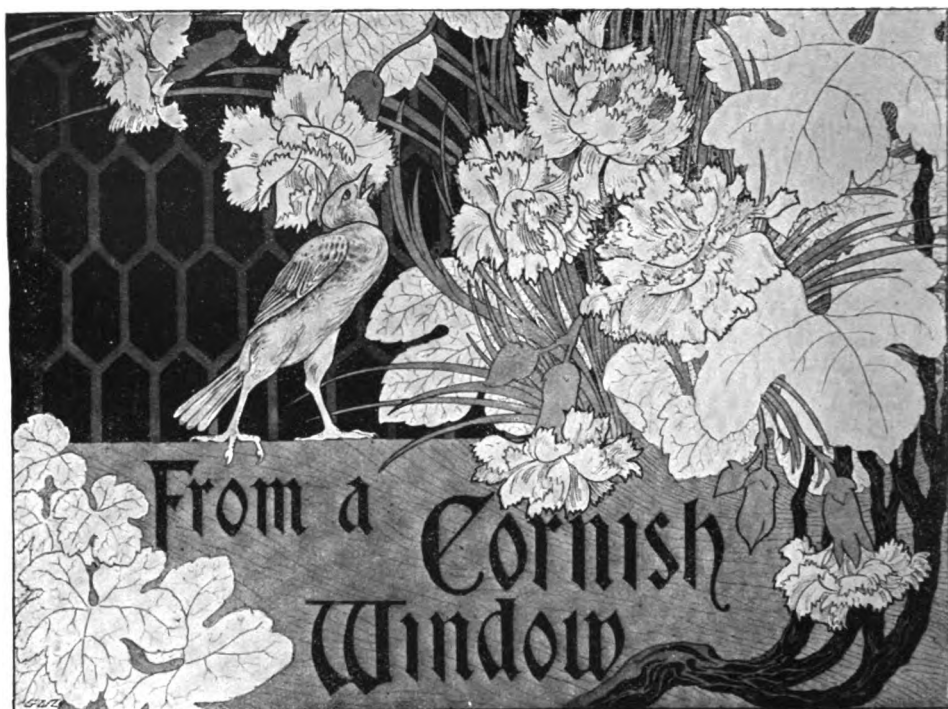
"My darling girl!" he whispered, "but for you I'd blow my brains out and cheat that hell hag, but you are worth even what I endure."

He would have crossed the room to kiss her, but resisted the impulse and stole noiselessly out again.

After a while Mrs. Gilray's maid peeped in and commenced making preparations for her young mistress's morning toilette. At first she moved to and fro silently; then she grew a trifle impatient, and began to make those slight premeditated noises by which discreet damsels gradually merge matutinal slumbers into wakefulness. But Mrs. Gilray slept on.

"LUSMORE."





RECENT ENGLISH PROSE—RESULTS OF A COMPETITION—MR. PATER AS HERO OF A PLEBISCITUM—REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY THIS—A PLEA FOR PROFESSOR HUXLEY—MR. ANDREW LANG—DR. JOHNSON UPON STYLE IN GENERAL AND SOUTHEY UPON HIS OWN STYLE—ORNAMENTAL PROSE—THACKERAY AND MR. LANG—EARNESTNESS AND URBANITY—MERITS OF MR. LANG'S STYLE—THE DELHI TELEGRAM AND HISTORY AS SHE IS WROTE—THE STORY OF TWO UNDISCOVERED HEROES.

I MAY now declare the result of the competition announced in the March number of the PALL MALL MAGAZINE as follows:—



“The magnificent prize of one guinea will be awarded to the reader who divines the name of the man (or woman) who is (or has been during the past ten years) master (or mistress) of the best style in English Prose.”

The result, you may remember, was not to depend on popular suffrage. I had already enclosed the great writer's name, with the guinea, in an envelope which I committed to the Editor, with a request that he would break the seal on the 1st of April or

thereabouts. The Editor, with his usual tact, postponed the date to April 2nd. Before divulging the name let me briefly summarise the voting.

The munificence of the reward and the intrinsic interest of the question combined to produce a brisk competition. I received no less than 164 guesses. Here they are, carefully tabulated:—

Walter Pater	31
Thomas Hardy	13
Robert Louis Stevenson . .	12
John Ruskin	11
Andrew Lang	9
James Anthony Froude } . .	7
James Matthew Barrie } . .	
George Meredith }	6
Rudyard Kipling)	
Henry James	4

Matthew Arnold	} . . . 3
Miss Marie Corelli	
Sir Walter Besant	
Conan Doyle	

Mrs. Meynell, Professor Huxley, Messrs. Richard Jefferies, R. D. Blackmore, "Mark Rutherford," Augustine Birrell, Hall Caine, Anthony Hope and Richard le Gallienne, received two votes. And Mrs. Humphry Ward, Miss Edna Lyall, Miss Olive Schreiner, Miss Beatrice Harraden, Cardinal Newman, Canon Liddon, Dr. Jowett, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, the Rev. Stopford Brooke, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, P. G. Hamerton, John Addington Symonds, William Morris, Leslie Stephen, J. Shorthouse, George du Maurier, Gilbert Parker, Marion Crawford, W. E. Norris, H. S. Merriman, Stanley Weyman, I. Zangwill, John Davidson, Barry Pain, Coulson Kernahan, W. E. Gladstone and A. J. Balfour, one vote each.

Altogether the voting exhibits a pleasing divergence of tastes ; but I will own that the run upon Mr. Walter Pater surprised me not a little, and would perhaps have surprised that elegant writer no less, had he been spared to contemplate his popularity. I think it even possible that he might have found some humour in the testimonial. At first I was tempted to suspect that his commanding lead depended less on the genuine preference of my correspondents



than on their surmises of what *my* preference was likely to be. This will account, no doubt, for some of the votes given to him. The disciple, for instance, who asked leave to suggest his name "*re* my Stylist Guessing Competition," had scarcely, at the time of writing, attained to the last sincerity of admiration. But many of Pater's supporters have obliged me with letters giving reasons for their choice, and on the whole I cannot doubt his majority to be as genuine as it is remarkable. His is not the name in the envelope. To my thinking his prose, for all its beauty of workmanship, has neither vivacity nor even vitality. While not precisely "pistachio" (as a reviewer roundly asserted), it has some of the faults of *pastiche*. It lacks organic structure, organic life : it suggests a superb knack of "composition," but it does not suggest—to me, at any rate,

it does not suggest—the living English tongue. That is all I care to urge against a writer who has, and will always have, my sincere veneration, and to whom we owe a book which, for spaciousness of conception and graciousness of temper, stands, perhaps, alone in the great mass of Victorian literature. And, setting our own prejudices aside for the moment, we may agree that it is pleasant to find such a writer as Pater at the head of our poll. With some reserve we may take it as canvassing popular opinion—most imperfectly, of course, but with results not quite insignificant. Now, discreetness, self-abnegation, devotion to a high ideal of art, a tireless will to pursue it through the *minutiae* of workmanship, a cheerful resolution to utter nothing cheap, nothing second best, nothing that offends the artistic conscience, or falls below the artistic sense of honour—these were Pater's qualities as a writer ; but they are not usually reckoned very popular qualities. Hear Stevenson on this matter :—

"The artist works entirely upon honour. The public knows little or nothing of those merits in the quest of which you are condemned to spend the bulk of your endeavours. Merits of design, the merit of first-hand energy, the merit of a certain cheap accomplishment, which a man of the artistic temper easily acquires—these they can recognise, and these they value. But to those more exquisite refinements of proficiency and finish, which the artist so ardently desires, and so keenly feels, for which (in the vigorous words of Balzac) he must toil 'like a miner buried in a landslip,' for which, day after day, he recasts and revises and rejects—the gross mass of the public must be ever blind. To those lost pains, suppose you attain the highest pitch of merit, posterity may possibly do justice ; suppose, as is so probable, you fail by even a hair's breadth of the highest, rest certain they shall never be observed. Under the shadow of this cold thought, alone in his studio, the artist must preserve from day to day his constancy to the ideal. It is this which makes his life noble. . . ."—Letter to a Young Gentleman who proposes to embrace the career of Art.



I say, then, that it is pleasant to find such a name as Pater's at the head of the list ; and creditable to our competitors that, asked to name the *best*, they have turned aside

from the voluble, energetic, easily graphic authors whose works are sold by the score of thousands, to acknowledge the superiority of one who strove after perfection, postponing popularity to self-respect. Further, if you take the nine or ten names which follow Pater's, you will find that these, also, stand for good work rather than for commercial success, though some of them have come to spell success. On the whole, and in spite of some absurdities, the list strikes me as a surprisingly good one.

STEVENSON, no doubt, would have received more votes, had I not expressly excluded him in the very paragraph which announced the competition. These were my words: "As for Stevenson's style—chiselled object of my youthful idolatry—no man in my hearing shall gainsay it. But I will not now assert that it was absolutely the best even of its own generation. Corinth—it *was* a trifle Corinthian—did my green unknowing youth engage; in years of comparative discretion I give a reluctant preference to Athens. 'Who is Athens?' you may possibly ask. Reader, I allow you to guess." That, after this warning, twelve persons should have guessed Stevenson to be "Athens," argues a loyalty of conviction which I am fain to praise, as well as a distrust of my reasoning faculties such as I must be pardoned for acknowledging with less enthusiasm. I must say a word on another point. Matthew Arnold died in 1888, and Cardinal Newman in 1890; so that, strictly, the one comes just within our period, and the other well within it. But I admit that at the time it did not occur to me that Arnold or Newman could be in-



cluded among writers of the past decade. Had I thought so, the name in the envelope might have been different. Suppose that it should have been Arnold's, and I owe his three backers an apology; since Arnold's review of Professor Dowden's "Life of Shelley" appeared in *The Nineteenth Century* of January 1888, and his address on Milton

was delivered in St. Margaret's, Westminster, on the 13th of the following month. Suppose that it should have been Newman's, and I feel much easier: since Newman's career as a prose-writer was practically closed for nigh upon thirty years before his death. But one other name on the list causes me a qualm of conscience. With the writings of Professor Huxley (saving only a few articles in the reviews) I am in candour obliged to confess myself unacquainted. Will it be accepted for an *amende* if I quote a sentence or two from the letter of one of his supporters?—

"Style is a very vague term, and as you do not indicate your ideas . . . of the qualities that go to make up excellence of style, the problem is a dark one. I will try to indicate them, as they occur to me, in the order of their general importance: though of course the importance of one quality or another will vary with the object of the writing.

(1) Accuracy, (2) Lucidity, (3) Compactness, (4) Force and earnestness, (5) Simplicity, (6) Straightforwardness, (7) Cogency of reasoning, (9) Happiness of illustration, (10) Allusiveness: a glimpse into other fields of knowledge.

"To my thinking the man who unites in himself the largest amount of these merits is the late Professor Huxley. Spencer may equal him in (2) and (10), and perhaps excel him in (9); Birrell may be his equal or inferior in (8) . . ."

But, alas! my correspondent has unwittingly omitted (8) from his list, and leaves me on thorns to discover in what respect Mr. Birrell may be Professor Huxley's equal or inferior.

" . . . Froude in (5); Gladstone in (10). Probably many equal him in (1); indeed, accuracy is a condition without which not even a vestige of claim to a good style can be supported. But Huxley has all these things (*omne tulit punctum*) in large measure, and some in the largest."

OF the multitude of counsels received I can only say that, after sorting out those which appeared to be mutually destructive, I awoke on April 1st with a feeling that (to use a vulgar phrase) I wouldn't call Quintilian my uncle. Some of my correspondents were extremely positive. "I don't know what your answer may be," wrote one, "but *the right* answer is Rudyard Kipling." Another informed me that if Richard Jefferies was not the man of my choice I had better

procure one of Jefferies' books and read it. A third, by a misconception which I dare not account for, invoked me as the editor of the *Christian Leader*—or some such paper. A fourth, who clearly entertained quite a different view of my calling, addressed his letter to "The Harem, Fowey, Cornwall." Had this gentleman guessed correctly, I should have felt justified in pocketing his share of the guinea on account for moral and intellectual damage. I have heard it alleged that in these competitions Scotsmen are apt to vote for Scotsmen, but did not find it so. Aberdeen shook hands with Upper Tooting over Pater, and Stevenson's admirers would seem to congregate in the southern counties of England. Mr. Lang—I know not why—is peculiarly popular in Barnsley, Yorkshire.



BARNSLEY'S choice is mine. The name in the envelope was—

MR. ANDREW LANG,



and fractions of the guinea have accordingly been dispersed to the following addresses :—

- (1) MR. S. WOOD, 4, Keir Street, Barnsley, Yorks.
- (2) MISS BESSIE GRAY, 14, Victoria Road, Barnsley, Yorks.
- (3) MR. H. L. DENT, Glenhow, Saltburn-by-Sea, Yorks.
- (4) MR. W. R. CROCKETT, 79, Whitford Road, Higher Tranmere, Birkenhead.
- (5) MISS HINCHER, 34, Linden Road, Bedford.
- (6) MISS (MRS.) JANET M. SMITH, 70, Pembroke Road, Clifton, Bristol.
- (7) MISS (MRS.) EMILY KATHERINE KEAN, 22, Brougham Street, Edinburgh.
- (8) MR. P. G. ALLAN, 3, Albert Place, Dufftown, Banffshire.
- (9) MR. W. JEFFREY WHITE, 41, Blessington Street, Dublin.

BOSWELL: 'But, sir, is there not a quality called taste, which consists merely in perception or in liking? For instance, we find people differ much as to what is the best style of English composition. Some think Swift's the best; others prefer a fuller and grander way of writing.' *Johnson*: 'Sir, you must first define what you mean by style before you can judge who has a good taste in style and who has a bad. The two classes of persons whom you have mentioned don't differ as to good and bad. They both agree that Swift has a good neat style; but one loves a neat style, another loves a style of more splendour. In like manner one loves a plain coat, another loves a laced coat; but neither will deny that each is good of its kind.'" (I quote from vol. iii., p. 48, of the delightful little "Boswell" which Mr. Birrell has recently edited for



Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co.) There is no more futile pursuit in this wide world than dogmatising about style, or rather about one's preferences in style. It depends so closely upon temperament that, after certain qualities have been claimed and allowed, and certain patent faults discounted, a man might as well try to justify his choice of friends by the use of the syllogism as to argue upon his sensitiveness to A's writing and his comparative indifference to B's. When an author violates grammar (which is the logic of speech); when he ties up loose thought in ill-constructed sentences; when he narrates or reasons inconsequently or obscurely; when he employs ill-fitting epithets or runs riot in mere verbiage; when he cannot express himself without recourse to *anacolutha* and contortions of the mother-tongue; in sum, when he ignores or relaxes the ancient bond between thought and language, then you may safely say that his is a vicious style. But beyond this you must tread cautiously. You have to consider, among other things, whether you love a plain coat or a laced coat, and to allow for your neighbour's preference if it be not yours. For my part I prefer the plain coat with just a trifle of lace: simplicity with the

touch which makes it Attic simplicity and not Doric. In austerer moods I can dispense with ornament altogether; can give unqualified admiration to Southey's prose, for instance, and quote his own description of it with approval,—

"As for composition, it has no difficulties for one who will 'read, mark, learn and inwardly digest' the materials upon which he is to work."

But this digestion is precisely what bothers most of us.

"I do not mean to say that it is easy to write well, but of this I am sure, that most men would write better if they did not take half the pains they do."

I don't say that this is wrong; but on second thoughts I believe it disputable and worth discussing.

"For myself I consider it no compliment when any one praises the simplicity of my prose writings; they are written, indeed, without any other immediate object than that of expressing what is to be said in the readiest and most perspicuous manner. But in the transcript (if I make one), and always in the proof-sheet, every sentence is then weighed upon the ear, euphony becomes a second object, and ambiguities are removed. But of what is now called style not a thought enters my head at any time."

Were Southey alive to-day, he would have to employ a typewriter. For publishers have grown more wary, and stipulate that if authors pursue euphony upon the proof-sheet they must pay for it, unless they keep their alterations within reasonable limits.)

BUT although in austerer moods one may prefer Swift and Southey and the plain writers; and although in most moods one's taste may incline towards deficiency rather than excess of ornament; it is foolish, I hold, to let liking pass into dogmatism. If you shut the door upon Sir Thomas Browne and Samuel Johnson, nay, even if you shut it upon the gifted lady who calls herself Ouida, at the best you do but exclude yourself from much innocent enjoyment.



And style is a question of no such mighty importance that for the sake of a theory you need debar yourself, or seek to debar any fellow-creature, from "the public stock of harmless pleasure." Nor can I discover any ground for condemning a decorated style in a *full* writer. Browne and Johnson were full writers: intellectually Mr. George Meredith is a full writer: and emotionally Mademoiselle Ouida is a very full writer. (I wish her name had appeared in our list.)

Of none of these do you feel that their ornaments jingle upon emptiness. And especially of Mr. George Meredith let it be remembered new ideas are not easily expressed in simple language. On this point I would refer the reader



to the late Professor Minto's admirably just remarks on "Simplicity" in his *Plain Principles of Prose Composition*. When Burke was said to be a less simple speaker than Fox, and this was charged against him as a defect, De Quincey repelled the charge on the ground that Fox was merely the mouthpiece of a particular party policy, whereas Burke was trying to connect the events of the moment with high general principles. "Who complains of a prophet," he asked, "for being a little darker of speech than a post-office directory?"

STILL, as I say, in most moods I happen to prefer the plain coat with just a touch or two of lace, inclining always to judge it rather by its cut and fit than by its trappings. And now I suppose I must justify my choice of Mr. Lang's style against the 155 unsuccessful competitors. I have dared to call it Attic, and maintain that he has more of the Attic quality than any living writer of English. With a few reservations I think we may apply to him (merely, of course, as a master of style) what Mr. Henley has written of Thackeray:—

"His manner is the perfection of conversational writing. Graceful yet vigorous; adorably artificial yet incomparably sound; touched with modishness yet informed with distinction; easily and happily rhythmical yet full of colour and

quick with malice and with meaning ; instinct with urbanity and instinct with charm,—it is a type of high-bred English, a climax of literary art. . . . Setting aside Cardinal Newman's, the style he wrote is certainly less open to criticism than that of any modern Englishman. He was neither super-eloquent like Mr. Ruskin, nor a Germanised Jeremy like Carlyle ; he was not marmoreally emphatic as Landor was, nor was he slovenly and inexpressive as was the great Sir Walter ; he neither dallied with antithesis like Macaulay nor rioted in verbal vulgarisms with Dickens ; he abstained from technology and what may be called Lord Burleighism as carefully as George Eliot indulged in them, and he avoided conceits as sedulously as Mr. George Meredith goes out of his way to hunt for them. . . .”

Keeping carefully in mind the difference in their *matter*, I think we may transfer this praise of Thackeray to Mr. Andrew Lang with one or two reservations. He is less vigorous than Thackeray. Earnestness (*σπουδαιότης*) seems to me the one primary quality of style in which his is lacking, the one quality needed to make it very great. Newman had it, and combined it with urbanity. Thackeray had it :—

“As Esmond and the Dean walked away from Kensington discoursing of this tragedy, and how fatal it was to the cause which they both had at heart, the street-criers were already out with their broadsides, shouting through the town the full, true, and horrible account of the death of Lord Mohun and Duke Hamilton in a duel. A fellow had got to Kensington, and was crying it in the square there at very early morning, when Mr. Esmond happened to pass by. He drove the man from under Beatrix's very window, whereof the casement had been set open. The sun was shining, though 'twas November ; he had seen the market-carts rolling into London, the guard relieved at the palace, the labourers trudging to their work in the gardens between Kensington and the City, the wandering merchants and hawkers filling the air with their cries. The world was going to its business again, although dukes lay dead and ladies mourned for them ; and kings, very likely, lost their chances. So night and day pass away, and to-morrow comes, and our place knows us not. Esmond thought of the courier now galloping on the North Road to inform him who was Earl of Arran yesterday that he was Duke of Hamilton to-day, and of a thousand great schemes, hopes, ambitions that were alive in the gallant heart, beating a few hours since, and now in a little dust quiescent.”—*Esmond*, Book iii., chapter 6.

The thought is trite, perhaps the tritest in literature ; but it filled Thackeray's mind for the moment and charged it with an earnestness which he distilled into language. By sheer earnestness he set his own ineffaceable stamp upon this commonplace, and the old saw is renewed for us by the thrill in the voice of the utterer. I cannot remember a like *σπουδαιότης*, a like depth of feeling, in any passage of Mr. Lang's writing. Indeed, he seems as a rule to fight shy of his emotions. On the other hand, his *urbanity* is more constant than Thackeray's. That Thackeray is often urbane no fair critic can deny ; but I imagine it just as hard to deny that there were occasions when he forgot to be urbane. I am not referring to *The Book of Snobs*, or even to such an unamiable trifle as *The Fatal Books* (of which the *malice* comes fatally close to downright malignance) ; but to certain passages in his greater books—in *Pendennis*, for instance, or *The Newcomes*. We must remember, to be sure, that it is easier to be urbane with slight emotions than when our passions are deeply stirred, and for this sufficient reason we must rank Newman's urbanity above Mr. Lang's. But the quality, as Matthew Arnold once pointed out, is not so prevalent in English Prose that we should omit to thank an author who constantly recalls us to it by the temper of his writings.

His style is accurate, lucid, simple in the best sense ; happy in illustration and allusion ; familiar without a trace of vulgarity, for while not disdaining the full vocabulary and even the colloquialisms of its own age, it exercises its freedom on a basis of scholarship and within limits of good taste derived from scholarship. Thus it is at once modern (even modish at times), and pure—a difficult combination ; for, as Minto said, “generally speaking, when a style is such as to win the praise of being classical English, there is something stiff and old-fashioned about it.” I neither know nor care whether Mr. Lang's prose would be called “classical” to-day ; but as soon as he applies it to worthy subjects, it has the qualities which will make it “classical” to-morrow. Nor, while it remains so easy to read, do I care whether he writes it with ease or no. We may pass the question of greatness. Carlyle had a theory that no great writer was ever understood without difficulty. If true, this

would go some way towards proving that no great writer could possess a good style. And it is of style that we are talking just now. But I fancy we may take it that while constructing this theory Carlyle had his eye



upon Carlyle rather (let us say) than on Plato. We have no one in these days to compare with Plato. Xenophon will do for Mr. Lang. "If," said Professor Gilbert Murray, the other day, in his little book on *Ancient Greek Literature*, "Xenophon became in Roman times a model of 'Atticism,' it is due to his ancient simplicity and ease, his *inaffectata jucunditas*. He is Attic in the sense that he has no bombast, and that *he can speak interestingly on many subjects 'without raising his voice.'*" Add a touch of lace to the coat, qualify the simplicity with scholarship, and the *jucunditas* with the sophisticated modishness of modern humour, and you have a description that will serve for Mr. Lang.

A WORD or two now upon a piece of history—the Delhi telegram. It appears that I followed the multitude into error when I spoke, last March, of the young clerk who sent that famous despatch as one of "the nameless brave." While I wrote it, some one on the other side of the world was correcting me; and an obliging correspondent has sent me a cutting from *The Pioneer Mail* of March 4th, with the hope that it may enable me to correct history "as she is wrote," not only by Mrs. Steele, in her *On the Face of the Waters*, but by others who do not profess to write fiction. *The Pioneer Mail* is published at Allahabad.

There seems, indeed, to have been a pretty general disposition to treat this young hero of the terrible 11th of May as undiscoverable. Holmes's *History of the Indian Mutiny* gives the story thus:—

"In the telegraph-office hard by, a young signaller was standing with his hand upon the signalling apparatus. The mutineers were almost upon him, and more and more plainly he heard them yelling as they swept along. Still he went on with his work. Click! click! sounded the instrument. Flashed up the wires to Umballa, to Lahore, to Rawalpindi, and to Peshawar, this message warned the authorities of the Punjab: '*The Sepoys have come in from Meerut, and are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead, and, we hear, several Europeans. We must shut up.*' The mutineers burst in, the last click died away, and, in the performance of his duty, the signaller was slain."

The writer in *The Pioneer Mail* next quotes from the *Memorials* of Sir Herbert Edwards an extract from a speech delivered by that distinguished officer on his return to England in 1860:

"When the mutineers came over from Meerut, and were cutting the throats of the Europeans in every part of the cantonment, a boy employed in the telegraph-office at Delhi had the presence of mind to send off a message to Lahore, to Mr. Montgomery, the Judicial Commissioner there, to tell him that the mutineers had arrived, and had killed this civilian, and that officer, and wound up his message with the significant words, 'We're off.' That was the end of the message. Just look at the courage and sense of duty which made that little boy, with shots and cannon all around him, manipulate that message, which, I do not hesitate to say, was the means of the salvation of the Punjab."

Again, in the General Report of the Telegraph Department for the year 1857-8, the murder of Mr. Charles Todd, the Assistant-in-charge at Delhi, is mentioned; and it is stated that he was not killed until his office had signalled to the Punjab news of the outbreak at Meerut and the march of the mutineers on Delhi. The name of the clerk is not given, but the Director-General of the day adds: "The value of that last service of the Delhi office is best described in the words of Mr. Montgomery—'*The Electric Telegraph has saved India.*'"

Lastly, we have Mrs. Steele's account:—

"'They (*i.e.* the English from Meerut) will come soon,' said a young telegraph clerk coolly, as he stood by his instrument, hoping for the welcome *kling* of the bell;



and sending, finally, that bulletin northwards, which ended with the reluctant admission, 'We must shut up.' Must indeed; seeing that some ruffians rushed in and sabred him with his hands still on the levers."

NOW, as it happens (*teste The Pioneer Mail*, which professes to make the true story now, for the first time, public), there were two telegraph clerks, not one. Both escaped with their lives; and one of them has been employed in the Indian telegraph service ever since, and has but recently retired, after forty years' work, with a very modest pension.

In May, 1857, the telegraph staff at Delhi consisted of Mr. Charles Todd, Assistant in local charge, and two young signallers, Brendish and Pilkington, aged about eighteen years, and drawing the magnificent salaries of thirty rupees a month. On Sunday, the 10th, in the forenoon, came a telegram from Meerut, that eighty men of the 3rd Cavalry were to be blown from guns for refusing to bite the new Enfield cartridges. No further news was received, and at four in the afternoon the Meerut wire was found to be blocked. Next morning, Mr. Todd took a *dak*, and started along the Meerut road to learn at what point the break had occurred. He got no farther than the bridge of boats over the Jumna, where the mutineers of the 3rd Cavalry, on their way to Delhi, met and killed him. The two clerks remained by their instruments in the telegraph-office (which was outside the city walls, about a mile from the Kashmir Gate, and from the Flagstaff Tower, where the Europeans assembled). They saw a regiment of native infantry go by with two guns, and supposed it was moving to turn back the galloping



mutineers, who were then known to have crossed the bridge of boats. But, later,

some peons from the *Delhi Gazette* brought word that the infantry had joined the mutineers. After a while they heard heavy firing in the city, and Brendish, who was at the instruments, kept wiring his news to Lahore, through Umballa. Umballa itself was wiring for information, and he answered that Meerut had been cut off, and Delhi was being sacked.

At noon Brendish sallied out on the road to see what was going on, and was passed by a wounded British officer, driving from the city, who called out, "For God's sake go inside and close your doors!" "We did so," says Brendish, "but even then Pilkington and I did not feel we were secure, as we were but two lads, encumbered with the wife and child of Mr. Todd—whose sad end was not yet known to us—and surrounded by servants who, perhaps, were prepared to take our lives, but who were doubtful as to the termination of events."

So for two hours the lads held on, listening to the firing within the walls. At two o'clock Brendish went to the Umballa instrument, and signalled the historic message ending "and now I am off." It was time to be off. He and Pilkington persuaded Mrs. Todd to accompany them to the Flagstaff Tower, where they remained till sunset in the crowd of Europeans, and saw the explosion and the cloud of red dust which proclaimed that Willoughby and his brave men had blown up the magazine. They fled during the night with other refugees, and both arrived safely at Umballa. But Mr. Brendish relates that, after their arrival at the Flagstaff Tower, a military officer gave Pilkington a message to signal, and that heroic youth actually made his way back to the office, and sent it off to Umballa, whence it was flashed to Lahore and the other big stations in the Punjab.

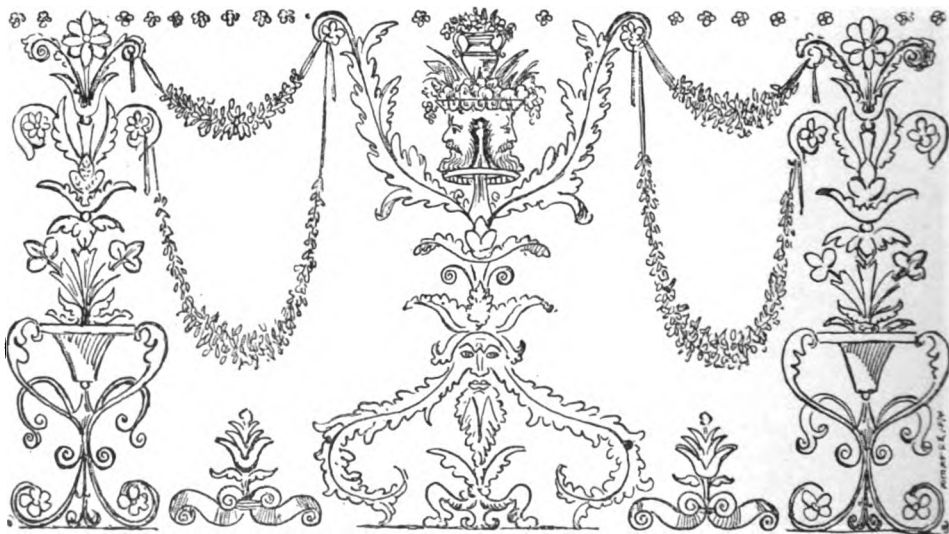
Such is the tale—heroic enough, though not so dramatic as the accepted tradition of the one poor boy sabred while his hands yet clutched the levers. Remember that these lads were left to their own resources. All through that fatal morning no official message reached them for transmission. Their chief had left them on a call of duty, and was dead. They did their best, and *it saved the Punjab*: for upon the information sent by Brendish, the suspected regiments there were disarmed before the sepoys knew what had happened at Meerut and at Delhi.

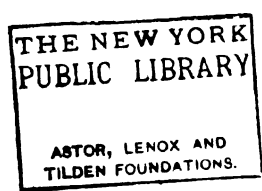
Now mark the sequel. Mr. Brendish joined the Meerut Light Horse in November 1857, and when the fighting was over went quietly back to the Telegraph Department. From that time onward he has done his quiet work, and after forty years' service has reached no higher than the rank of Telegraph Master, at two hundred rupees a month. Fourteen years ago he wrote out a modest statement of his service in May 1857, which lies among the records of the Telegraph Department; and he now retires, at the age of fifty-eight, on a special pension, equivalent to his recent pay. "The recognition," says the writer in *The Pioneer Mail*, "has not come too speedily, but it is something that it should have come at all; for rewards do not fall equally, and many a trimming zemindar has gained more by his caution out of an impartial Government than others who put everything to the risk in its cause, and whose devotion was therefore taken for granted."

I give the story as it reaches me. If it be

true, it does seem strange that we, who have not been backward in proclaiming the heroism of the action and its inestimable value, have been allowing the hero for forty years to work his way unnoticed up to two hundred rupees a month. And what of Pilkington, who so splendidly made his way back to the office from the Flagstaff Tower? Is he painfully working his way up to two hundred rupees a month? Or is he dead? "*The Electric Telegraph has saved India.*" It was neither Brendish nor Pilkington who asserted this, but the head of their Department. And England has believed it, and made much—at little cost—of that telegraph-office at Delhi. It is rash, of course, to argue that because a youth has risen to such an emergency, he deserves something better than a pension of two hundred rupees a month; but I cannot help thinking that, as a *quid pro* the Punjab, a trifle more than this would not tend too dangerously to "encourage the others"—after forty years.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.







Demmelein puxit

"Good Luck!"

10.11.1911

REVOCATA FIDES.

TAKE back my veil, this veil of
snowy white,
These sombre vestments, take them
one by one ;
The beads as well, for here I break my
plight ;—
The sun's so bright I cannot
be a nun.

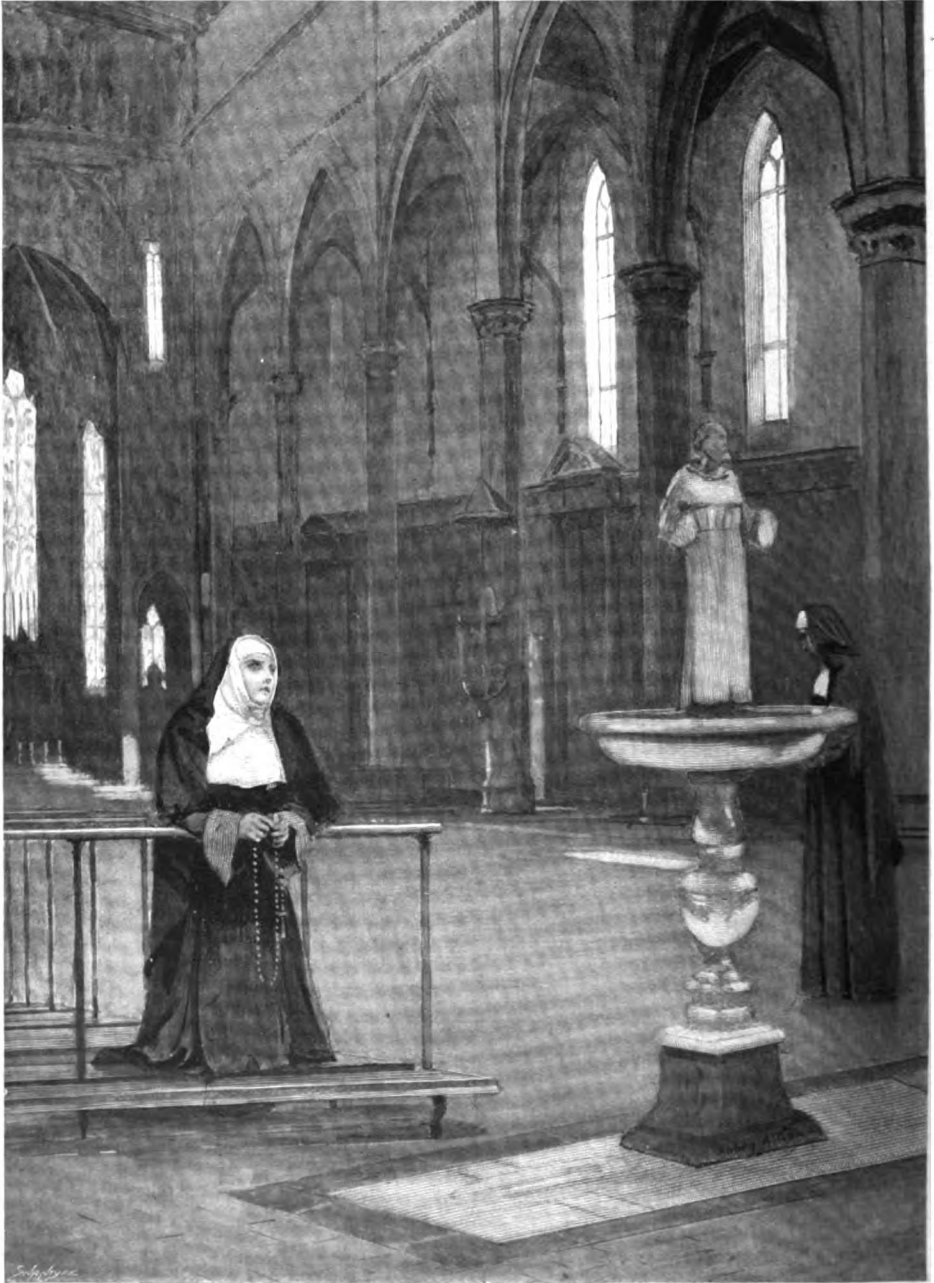


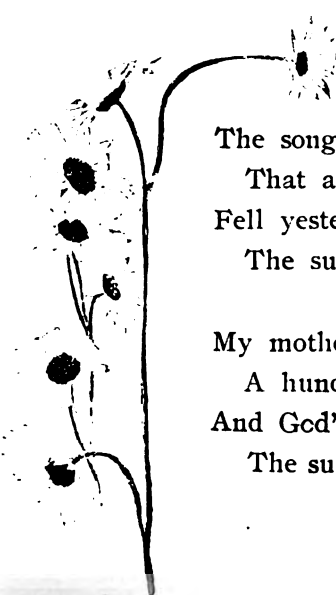
REVOCATA FIDES.

TAKE back my veil, this veil of
snowy white,
These sombre vestments, take them
one by one ;
The beads as well, for here I break my
plight,—
The sun's so bright I cannot
be a nun.



The cloister strikes as coldly as the grave ;
Without, I hear the children laugh and run ;
How shall I keep the promise that I gave ?
The sun's so bright I cannot be a nun.





The songs of thrushes and the bursting May,
That all day long my empty senses stun,
Fell yesterday unheeded ; but to-day
The sun's so bright I cannot be a nun.

My mother longs for me, my sisters lack ;
A hundred little tasks are all undone ;
And God's own world is summoning me back,—
The sun's so bright I cannot be a nun !

H. C. MARILLIER.





From a photograph by]

Main front of Cliveden.

[Plumbe, Maidenhead.

CLIVEDEN.

FEW persons now remember that there ever lived an architect named Bonomi. Yet he added to, or changed, or built several great country houses in England and Scotland, and was the most fashionable man of his day for those who desired to have dwellings on the Italian model. His best time was at the end of the last century, although he continued to perpetrate "palaces" in unsuitable places well into this century, now so near its close. Every one liked to have, as an old lady at Montreal is once supposed to have said, "A Pizarro in front of my house, and a Porto-rico behind; a revenue running up to the door, didos running round the walls, and friskies under the ceiling." She is supposed to have meant, piazzas, colonnades, porticos, dados and frescoes, with an avenue leading to these glories. However that may be, you will hardly see a pretentious old mansion in America, except in New England and in a part of Virginia, which has not a portico; just as you hardly ever see in Ireland an old estate without a pair or more of great gateway pillars, although there may be no "revenue" behind them. Among the last of the portico builders for "private presumption" was Bonomi. An Italian palace, he flattered men, made them feel warm. But, alas! it was only the outside of his houses that may have warmed their imaginations. Within they were often very cold, and, in the passages at least, very dark. Of Bonomi's school of taste was our English architect Barry. Nothing was really perfection for him in country-house architecture unless he could change honest



From a photograph by]

Garden front.

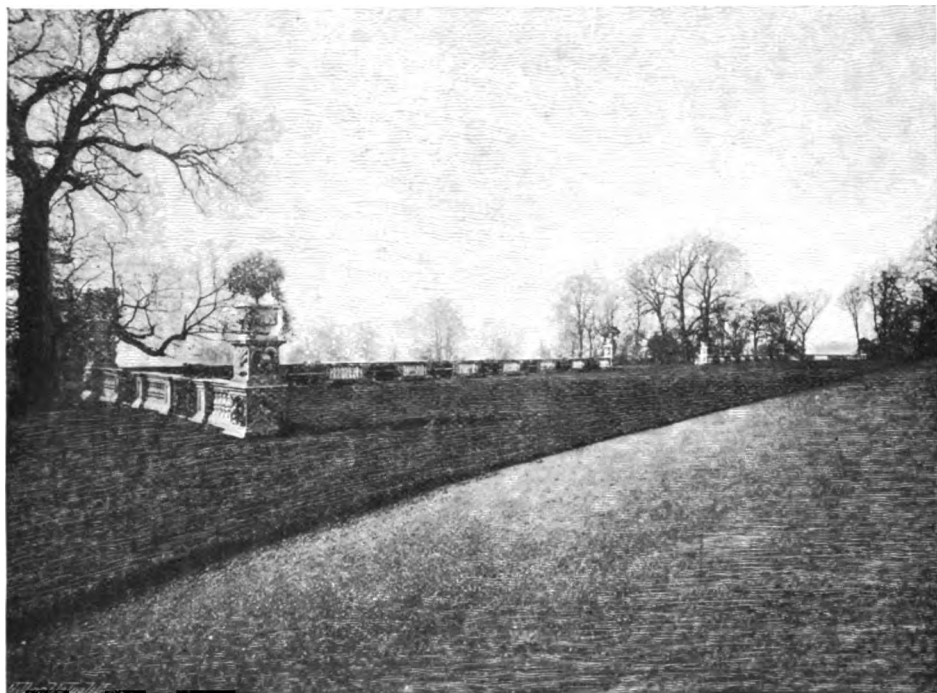
[Plumbe, Maidenhead.

Georgian abodes into Italian villas. He did this, as a rule, not with stone, but with stucco over the old brick, and more new brick added, again with stucco. But he did not insist on any uncomfortable make-believes. Your modern warm-blooded young architect, who believes that the British climate never requires shutters, does not descend from Bonomi or Barry. No, these antiques gave comfortable panels to fold over windows, and make the rooms eye- and air-tight at night. Nor did they insist, as the youthful enthusiast now does, on always having a gallery overlooking and overhearing a hall or drawing-room. That again is a resurrection of a still longer buried past, of most "creepy" consequences. What Barry loved to do was this. He was recommended to some round red-faced squire, the possessor of a square red-faced house. The squire was at once told that his horse pond, below his field in front of his door, was beautifully adapted to landscape gardening. The horse-pond was enormously enlarged, and the field laid out in walks and high-bordered, regular-patterned flower-beds. As for the parallelogram the squire called a house, why, that must be made like stone, balustraded above, arcaded below, prolonged by a covered orangery to the stables on one side, and on the other have a clock tower with an imitation of a wide-eaved Italian roof on the top, while all the lower walls had at intervals vases placed upon them, with one artificial iron aloe plant in each. The effect of all this was always undeniably good, as far as the appearance of the house and its immediate surroundings were concerned. Whether such transplantations of architecture were appropriate to our grey climate is another matter. If we objected generally to all transplantations, we

should object to everything except an aboriginal British bungalow of wattle and thatch ; and even good thatch would probably be an imported luxury. If we desired to be strictly consistent we should never furnish an old castle, except with rushes for carpet and pine knots for candles. There must be change ; and Barry changed boldly.

It is now about forty-five years since Cliveden was burnt. It fell, an old brick ruin. It rose, under his inspiration, in the guise of a great Italian villa. Barry abhorred gables. Gables are made to let roofs throw off snow and rain. What business had anything of the kind at Cliveden? None whatever !—so we saw a gigantic square of scaffolding gradually laced together round a wilderness of brick walls, whose identity as brick was so soon to be concealed. We boys looked on from the windows of the wings ; for the wings had not been destroyed by the fire, and we lived in one of them, and used to go across the courtyard to the other to pay state visits to the housekeeper and get sugar-plums from her pocket, where the whitened caraway seeds reposed among a miscellaneous lot of threads of worsted, keys, and handkerchiefs ! Then, when the building was far advanced, came the question of the wording of the inscription. This was to be written in letters very big, very Latin, very high up, but so that all might read it, right round the whole of the main part of the house. Who on earth was the best scholar to give form and dignity and cadence to the gigantic motto? Who? Why, Mr. Gladstone, of course—he who was first in the schools of Oxford, first in eloquence in Parliament, first in character in the gracious eyes of the mistress of this domain of Cliveden ! There was indeed Samuel Wilberforce, afterwards a bishop of the diocese, whose learning and eloquence had given many a happy motto to delight homes burnt and unburnt, who might have been asked. But it was not so much a text from Holy Writ, of which the Bishop had so apt and exhaustless a supply, that was now wanted. It was to be a simple statement of the rebuilding of a fine home by those who, like its present possessor, greatly valued its memories, and desired to do more than merely sustain the traditions of a pleasure house. Earnestness and grace were wanted, and these could always be found in Mr. Gladstone. So he came, and spoke, and wrote, and conquered—unhappily in stucco—which may, however, at any appropriate moment, be turned into stone ! A quotation from an Italian poet, advised by him to be placed beneath a statue of Apollo, may be seen carved on a durable marble base at the end of the broad walk below the terrace.

It was always a delight to hear Mr. Gladstone talk, and many were the hours he spent at Cliveden, for he and Mrs. Gladstone were always welcomed with far more than a lip-welcome by the Duchess, and he delighted in everything there except in any nearness to the parapet when he ascended to the flat roof to enjoy the view. Good head as his was, it was never proof against giddiness at any considerable height, and he never enjoyed looking down over the balustrades, but gazed rather at the wonderful distance in that beautiful view, where the river, already of fair breadth, seems narrow as it curves under the overhanging woods. These, in their verdure, have their depth of colour extended where the eye traverses the timber-covered tracts of Dropmore, and on to Burnham Beeches ; and then appears the deep blue of the varied horizon line, with the towers of Windsor. How kind was the manner of the distinguished statesman to us boys, who in later days, walking over from Eton, would hear him tell of his own schoolboy time there ! There was a sympathy in all he said, and a music in the voice that charmed us as it has charmed three generations of mankind : yes, a sympathy that could even find something like to modern small sins in those of his own



From a photograph by]

The Borghese balustrade.

[Plumbe, Maidenhead.

more ancient experience ; for when the present tendency to gamble was mentioned as obtaining too great a hold on some Eton boys, he would recount how he too, with his friends, would not indeed gamble on horseraces, but would put a few shillings to the hazard in backing the local Eton or Windsor celebrities of the Prize Ring ! Tell it not in Gath ! I do not think it was said on the housetop of Cliveden !

Much was said about Italy, in that English-Italian house. Its language was familiar as English to that distinguished guest, and its fortunes were an all-absorbing theme, especially when he had paid his famous visit to the prisons at Naples, and had begun with his pen the campaign Garibaldi finished with his sword. When the deliverance had been effected, and Poerio and Caballino liberated, they too came to see the Duchess who had so rejoiced at the overthrow of the Bourbon Government ; and the marks made by the irons on the Duke de Caballino's wrists struck horror into our youthful minds. What good (foreign) radicals we were !—what small but tremendous revolutionists ! And when Garibaldi flattened out the Italian home rulers, and made Italy one, and the little courts were all gathered up and emptied out into the broad lap of Victor Emmanuel, and the red-shirted leader of volunteers came to England, what a shouting we all made ! It took the Duchess of Sutherland's carriage-and-four, with outriders to clear the way, six mortal hours to drive from Mile End station to Stafford House in St. James's ! For such an entry as that of the irregular Italian General, of course no troops were provided to line the streets, and the number of police ordered out was wholly insufficient. The crowd cheered, swayed, squeezed, and roared round the carriage, helpless in its own immensity. Men and women were forced under the wheels, and under the feet of the horses. The pressure was so great that the very axle



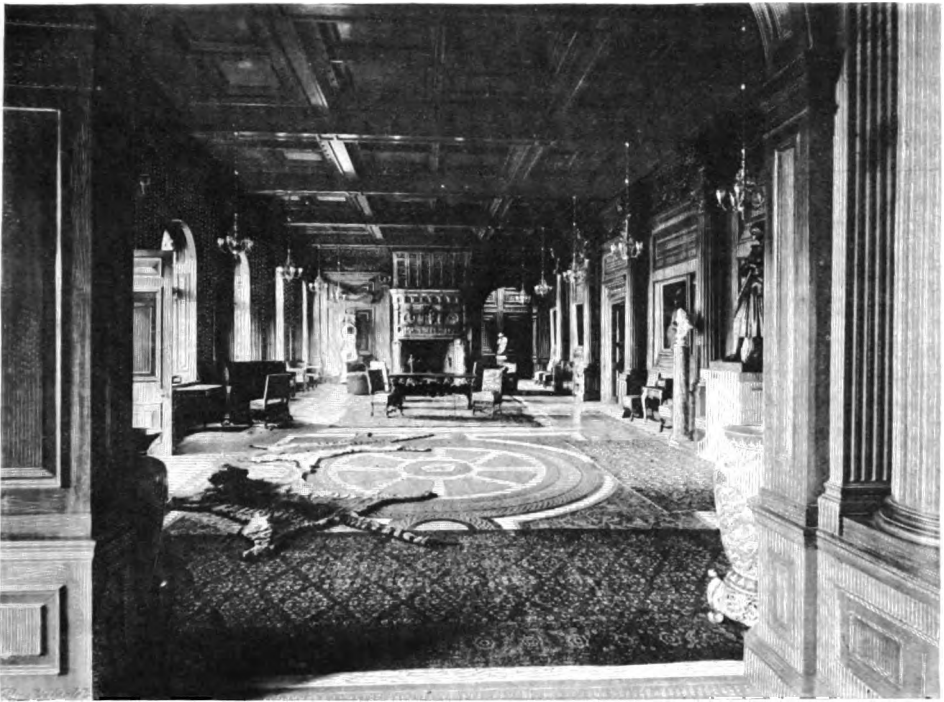
From a photograph by]

The Hall, looking West.

[Plumbe, Maidenhead.

covers were dented. The carriage itself, when crossing over the Thames Bridge, was lifted sideways on to the footwalk, and the postilions thought that it would be pressed over the parapet, and took their feet from the stirrups, lest they should have to jump or swim for life! Luckily, a desperate resistance to the pressure by some of his red-shirt volunteers who struggled along by the carriage, swayed it back into the roadway. At last it appeared in Stable Court, in front of Stafford House, the crowd being so dense that, in striving to save themselves, men hung on to the rumble behind, where two footmen were seated, and brought the rumble down to the ground. The General was got out of the carriage, where the portico afforded for a moment some shelter from the squeezing; but the cheering multitude in their enthusiasm wished to enter the house with him, and it required all the efforts of his volunteers and of the house party to shut the heavy doors. Soon afterwards the Duchess took him to Cliveden. Indeed, he was of so simple a nature that his friends were always fearing that he would be "got hold of" by persons who would only wish to advertise themselves.

The Conservative philanthropist, Lord Shaftesbury, than whom none knew better how to help the crowd, and how liable they are, like the national guest, to be deceived in the persons they trust, was so glad that the General had been received by the Duchess, instead of being left to others, that he took her by the hand with a repeated "God bless you, dear Duchess, that you have done this!" The calm of the General amid all this bustle was most marked. His fine lion-like head seemed of coloured sculpture, so unmoved was it, under the queer little smoking-cap-like Spanish hat he wore, and over the grey mantle thrown over the red shirt. "God bless you, my dear Duchess!"—but the "dear duchess" was for the moment unhappy because the servants had lost their heads, and their enthusiasm had culminated in



From a photograph by]

The Hall, looking East.

[Plumbe, Maidenhead.

giving the General salt in his coffee instead of sugar! The General calmly, but somewhat pathetically, remarked that it had happened before to him, at Mr. Seeley's, in the Isle of Wight, when he had first arrived. He had, however, had previous experience of England, and knew that we did not always flavour coffee with salt! When introduced to Mr. Gladstone, the General looked at him and said emphatically the single word "Precursor," meaning that the Englishman had been the first to pave the way for Italian unity. He was much pleased to have the rest he enjoyed at Cliveden, where only his own friends could see him, and he could make arrangements for doing what he wished, and for the return journey, which was rather hastened because he feared to give offence by refusing the endless invitations that rained upon him from almost all the great English towns. London was to represent all England in its welcome, and after London and its crowds he thought he had seen England.

It was under the large cedar in the little garden behind the present billiard-room in the wing, that the house party used to sit in the summer and drink tea in the pleasant evenings. One of the wing rooms at that time opened into a large conservatory full of arums, passion flowers, and flowering plants. The sward, now unbroken, had scattered tiny beds, shaped as are the "pears" on a Cashmere shawl, and bright with pansies, or verbena, or geranium. The old ilex at the corner of the terrace, then separated by a low wall from the little garden, was a favourite haunt for the children, whence to observe the doings of their elders. Tutors were persuaded to mount to the fork of the evergreen tree, and there to read lessons, when the boys had behaved themselves well.

The group beneath the cedar at the date of Garibaldi's visit comprised also Lacaita, a refugee of 1848 from Naples, who married an English lady, settled in England, and

only died a year or two ago, after again filling in his native land representative positions, having been deputy, and a senator at the time of his death. He told of his early experience in "Bomba's" prisons to the man who had made such tyrannies for ever impossible. He recounted how as a youth he had made an excursion to Capri Island with a gay party of English visitors. He had been rallied by one young lady on his liberal opinions. When they returned to Naples he had written a note, sending some flowers to her, and in the note was a playful allusion to what she had said. It seems that she had carelessly left this letter in her room. A few days afterwards Lacaita was walking on the long parade on the Bay called the Chiaja. He felt his arm pushed. A man walked rapidly past him, saying, without turning his head, the single word "*Fuge!*" ("Fly"). He was startled, but thought the man was joking, and walked on slowly. Soon he felt another push at the arm, and the same word was repeated quickly and earnestly by another man, who also went quickly on before Lacaita. "There must be something in this," thought Lacaita: "I will get home as soon as I can." He had not gone fifty yards before he heard footsteps behind, and then a hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned, and saw that he was arrested by two of the King's police. They hurried him without a word into a cab, and drove off. Luckily for Lacaita, he saw on the side of a street an Englishman belonging to the British Legation. Through the window of the carriage the attaché saw Lacaita and the police. He understood the situation at once. He went to the Embassy and told the Ambassador that their friend Lacaita was arrested. Representations were made to the King, proofs asked of the fault or crime committed. There was only the letter to the young lady! The unfortunate "bit of chaff" had been taken seriously! A dismal prison closed on Lacaita for a few days; but his friends were at work, and he was told that he would be forced to go to beg the King's pardon. He went to court, where he saw all the Neapolitan courtiers turn their backs on him. The King entered, made the circle, and when he came to Lacaita upbraided him bitterly. The unfortunate young man declared he had no evil intention. But the King told him to leave the country instantly. This he did, glad to escape, and was a favourite guest at Chatsworth, Dunrobin, and Cliveden for many years.

There was another room that looked into the cedar garden. This was the Duke's study, where were many books, chiefly in small editions, most carefully bound. Their owner had, when young, been travelling on the Continent when Napoleon was carrying all before him. He had accompanied the Prussian royal family to Memel, when all seemed lost, and had a great admiration for Queen Louise, whom Napoleon had so insulted. There was a cabinet at Cliveden full of souvenirs of her, including many letters. The Duke never forgot her, and loved to speak of her; and when he was dying, fifty years after he had shared her sorrows, he, in wandering thought, was back in Prussia, and imagined she was coming to a party he was giving. "Get the rooms ready: the Queen is coming," he said; and they who stood round his bed knew he was speaking of Queen Louise. There were copies in marble of Rauch's beautiful bust of her, both at Trentham and at Stafford House. He used to sit for a while at the Duchess' table at lunch and tea time; but in his last years seldom dined, on account of his infirmity of deafness, thinking he was only in the way. His consideration for others, his extreme unselfishness, and his courteous manner, the reflex of his refined mind, made all glad to exert themselves for him. There is a good copy at Cliveden of a very faithful likeness of his kindly and high-bred face. No man was ever fonder or prouder of his wife than he was of Harriet Howard. She was a very stately and a very lovely woman, full of sympathy and tenderness, and of noblest mind. The

*From a photograph by]**The Drawing-room.**[Plumbe, Maidenhead.*

gentle look of dignity and surprise with which she would bar any talk that lacked such quality, and the way in which she would express her enthusiasm for what she considered best in persons or in a cause, used to excite some ridicule among those in society who cared for no topics but such as afforded a coarse or a heartless laughter. The Duke of Argyll well wrote of her :—

“ Now all that day comes back to me,
The sense of beauty, love of art,
The overflowings of a heart
That bled for all the ills that be.

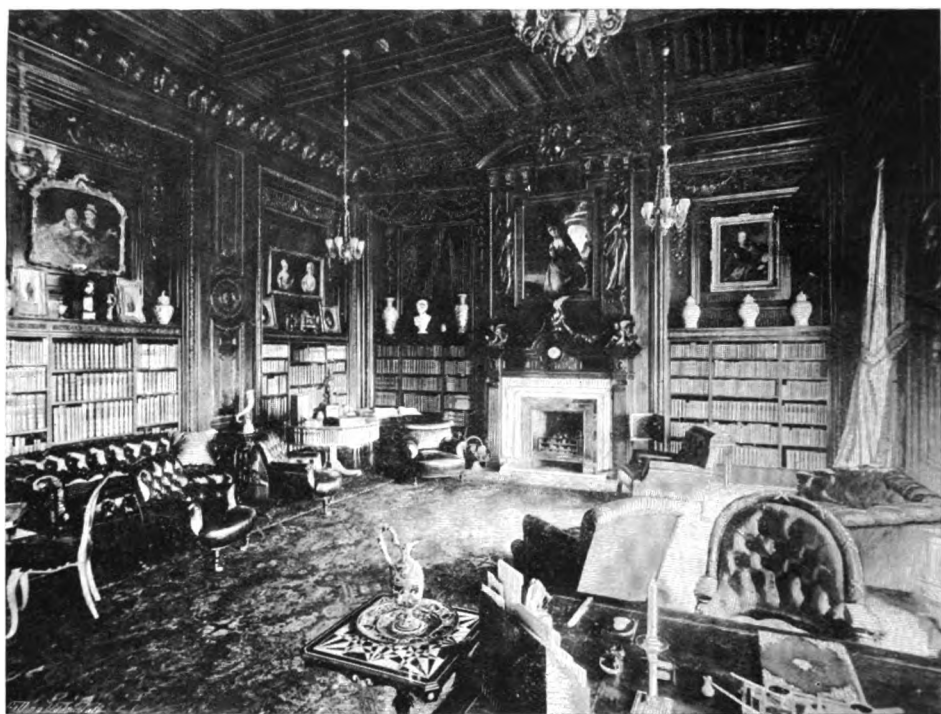
“ How charmed by her the wise and good !
How beamed on them her radiant eye !
To her no baseness dared come nigh,
Abashed all forms of envy stood.

“ No tone of vice could she endure ;
In her great presence roughness fell ;
The light and reckless owned her spell,
And for a while the coarse were pure.

“ Full oft I've seen the doubtful jest
Rise to the lips of some whose walk
Lay in the paths of careless talk,
Then sink, beneath her glance repressed.”

And yet she could prove that wit wears white as well as motley. A good saying had to deserve its epithet with her.

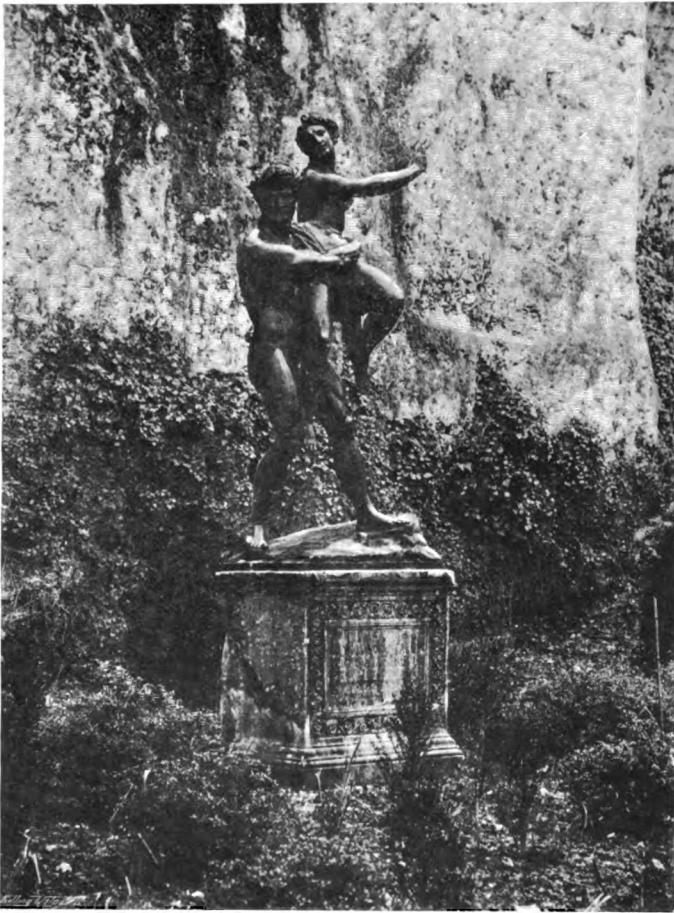
She had the taste to gather in minds and in forms all that was beautiful around her. The houses she built and adorned showed she had stored much of what was

*From a photograph by]**The Library.**[Plumbe, Maidenhead.*

best in all she had seen, and had had the good fortune to be able to repeat. Hers was a great position always used for noble ends. Her influence on society was as excellent as it was wide reaching.

No one liked her more than Prince Albert, for whom she had the greatest admiration. Her love for the Queen became the happy heritage of her descendants. It was from Cliveden that she was called to be a comfort to the Sovereign at Windsor when "the shadow of his loss" robbed the Queen of her life's centre. Even now, when so many years have passed, it is painful to dwell on that time of sorrow and suspense, for war with America seemed to be very near. It is pleasanter to remember the visits paid by Queen Victoria to her friend in brighter days, when the well-known grey horses and postilions would appear at the end of the approach and the carriage draw up at the hall door, where the Duchess and her family were waiting. The Prince rode, and dismounting in the centre of the court, entered the house, his fine figure, kindly manner and fine blue eyes, taking away from us boys half of the shyness which used to be too much in an English child's character. Then would follow a walk down the terrace steps, and on into the woods and down to the river. The Queen used to walk very fast—at least so it appeared to us boys, who followed with some difficulty, for whenever we stopped to roll a stone down the wooded bank or amuse ourselves with a halt, the Queen and her party seemed ever so far ahead, as they ascended the white paths in the chalk cliffs, under the green shadows of pine and yew, elm and beech. The Prince always wore his trousers strapped down as though for riding, whether he walked, or stalked deer, or rode. His manner with children gave them confidence and made them forget their awe. Nowhere was he seen to greater advantage than at a children's ball. The Cliveden party and the boys belonging to it were invited, when the boys were

at Eton, to a dance given by the Duchess of Kent at Frogmore, and we then learned that the Prince could take notice of want of discipline. It had been understood by the Etonians that if the ball made them stay up late they would be excused morning school. One of the last dances was an old-fashioned country dance called "the grandfather," when each couple in turn passed along holding a handkerchief, over which all the others had to jump. The Queen and Prince led the fun, and we boys jumped "all we knew" to clear their hands. Then, when this exercise had given us what in America is called "a big head," and the Queen



From a photograph by

[Plumbe, Maidenhead.]

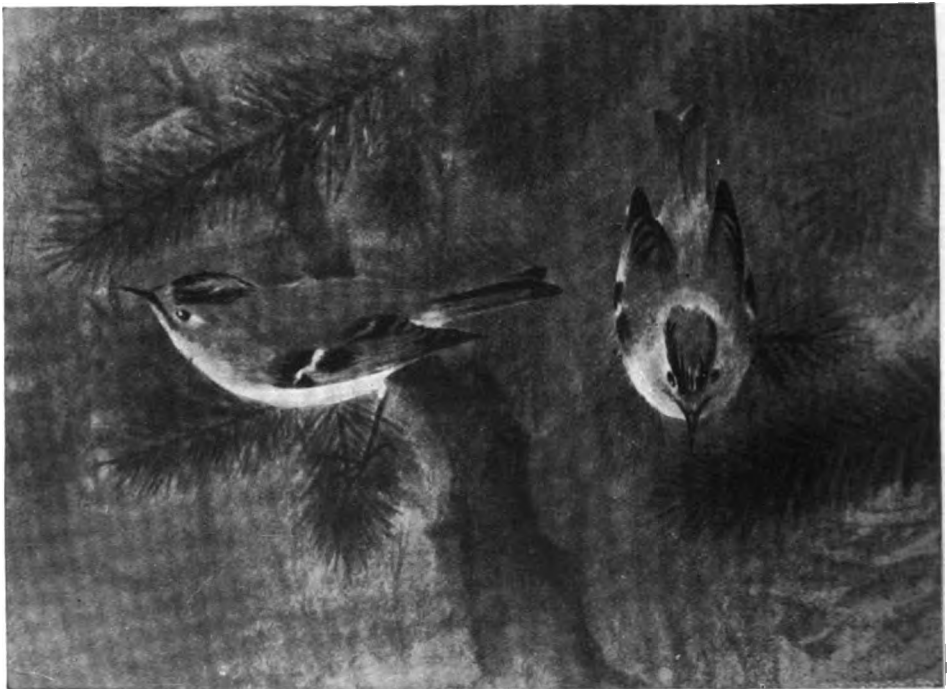
Statue of Pluto and Proserpine, by John of Bologna.

gave the signal for the ball to cease, and left for the Castle, the Etonians thought that if they went at once they might still be made to attend morning school, and waited on, although the tired servants were longing for them to go. The Prince heard that we had overstayed our time, and immediate inquiries were made the next day of our parents, to our great horror and penitence!

The Cliveden domain was far more a jungle of trees in the Duchess of Sutherland's time than it is now. The effect at present of the glades and openings does more justice to the beauty of individual trees, and the taste that has made some changes outside is also visible within the house, where the Hall has been

enlarged and much improved, and a very fine Renaissance chimneypiece, originally an ornament of a French chateau of the time of Francis I., decorates one end of it. Again, before the entrance front of the house there were two old kitchen gardens, concealed by high brick walls and hedges, which have been taken away and lawns laid down to replace them. The dormice, who used to make lovely nests in those old hedges, may be sorry; but birds and beasts as well as men and women seem as happy now as in the olden days at this beautiful place. *Esto perpetua!* The woodpeckers still beat their tattoo among the horse-chestnut trees, the bearded tits are still to be seen hanging on the river reeds, and the gold-crested wrens, of which the Duke of Argyll made the accompanying study at "Rosamond's Bower," still flit about among the box-shrubs, firs, and yew trees. The new "Astoria" (see Irving's fascinating book) is *almost* as beautiful as that fair region on the Pacific which was the kingdom of the present possessor's great-grandfather.

LORNE.



From a water-colour sketch by the Duke of Argyll, done at Cliveden in 1857.



W.B. MACDOUGALL 1897

PRELUDE.

[The matter of Carlounie, the village of Perthshire in Scotland, is become notorious in the world. The name of its late owner, his remarkable transformation, his fortunate career, his married life, the brooding darkness that fell latterly upon his mind, the flaming deed that he consummated, its appalling outcome, and the finding of him by Mr. Mackenzie, the minister of the parish of Carlounie, sunk in a pool of the burn that runs through a "den" close to his house,—all these things are fresh in the minds of many men. It has been supposed that he had discovered a common intrigue between his wife, Kate—formerly a hospital nurse—and his tenant, Hugh Fraser, of Piccadilly, London. It has been universally thought that this discovery led to the last action of his life. The following pages, found among his papers, seem to put a very different complexion on the affair, although they suggest a mediæval legend rather than a history of modern days. It may be added that careful inquiries have been made among the inhabitants of Carlounie, and that no man, woman, or child has been discovered who ever saw, or heard of, the grey traveller mentioned in Alistair Ralston's narrative.]

I.

THE STRANGER BY THE BURN.



CAN a fever change a man's whole nature, giving him powers that he never had before? Can he go into it impotent, starved, naked, emerge from it potent, satisfied, clothed with possibilities that are wonders, that are miracles to him? It must be so. It is so. And yet—I must go back to that sad autumn day when I walked beside the burn. Can I write down my moods, my feelings of that day and of the following days? And, if I can, does that power of pinning the

butterfly of my soul down upon the board—does that power, too, bud, blossom from a soil mysteriously fertilised by illness? Formerly I could as easily have flown in the air to the summit of cloud-capped Schiehallion as have set on paper

even the smallest fragment of my mind. Now—well, let me see, let me still further know my new, my marvellous self.

Yes, that first day! It was autumn, but only early autumn. The leaves were changing colour upon the birch trees, upon the rowans. At dawn mists stood round to shield the toilet of the rising sun. At evening they thronged together like a pale troop of shadowy mutes to assist at his departure to the under world. It was a misty season, through which the bracken upon the hill-sides of my Carlounie glowed furtively in tints of brown and of orange. And my mind, my whole being, seemed to move in mists. I was just twenty-two, an orphan, and master of my estate of Carlounie. And some idiots envied me then, as many begin to envy me now. I even remember one ghastly old man who clapped me on the shoulder and, with the addition of an unnecessary oath, swore that I was "a lucky youngster." I, with my thin, *chétif* body, my burning, weakly, starved, and yet ambitious, soul—lucky! I remember that I broke into a harsh laugh, and longed to kill the babbling beast.

And it was the next day, in the afternoon, that I took that book—my bible—and went forth alone to the long den in which the Unie burn hides and cries its presence. Yes, I took Goethe's *Faust*, and my own complaining spirit, and went out into the mist with my misty, clouded mind. My cousin Gavin wanted me to go out shooting. He laughed and rallied me upon my ill luck on the previous day, when I had gone out and been the joke of my own keepers because I missed every bird. And I turned and railed at him, and told him to leave me to myself. And, as I went, I heard him muttering, "That wretched little fellow! to think that he should be Ralston of Carlounie!" Now he sings another tune.

With *Faust* in my hand, and hatred in my heart, I went out into the delicately chilly air, down the winding ways of the garden, through the creaking iron gateway. I emerged on to the wilder land, irregular grass-covered ground, strewn with grey granite boulders, among which coarse wiry ferns grew sturdily. The black-faced sheep whisked their broad tails at me as I passed, then stooped their ever greedy mouths to their damp and eternal meal again. I heard the thin and distant cry of a whaup, poised somewhere up in the mist. The hills, clothed in the death-like glory of the bracken, loomed around me, like some phantom, tricked-out procession passing through desolate places. And then I heard the voice of the burn, that voice which is even now for ever in my ears. To me that day it was the voice of one alive. And it is the voice of one alive to me now. I descended the sloping hill, with my lounging, weak-kneed gait, at which the creatures who called me master had so often looked contemptuously askance. (I was often tired at that time.) I descended, I say, until I reached the edge of the tree-fringed den, and the burn was noisy in my ears. I could see it now leaping here and there out of its hiding-place—ivory foam among the dripping larches and the birches with their silver stems, ivory foam among the deep brown and flaming orange of the bracken, and in that foam a voice calling, calling me to come down into its hiding-place presided over by the mists, to come down into its hiding-place away from men, away from the living creatures whom I hated because I envied them, because they were stronger than I, because they could do what I could not do, say what I could not say. Gavin, Dr. Wedderburn, my tenants, the smallest farm boy, the grooms, the little leaping peasants—I hated, I hated them all. And then I obeyed the voice of the ivory foam, and I went down into the hiding-place of the burn.

It ran through strange and secret places, where the soft mists hung in wet wreaths. I seemed to be in another world when I was in its lair. On the sharply



"I sat and listened to its murmur."

rising banks stood the sentinel trees like shadows, some of them with tortured and tormented shapes. As I turned and looked straight up the hill of the burn's descending course, the mountain from which it came closed in the prospect inexorably. A soft gloom hemmed us in—me and the burn which talked to me.

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We two were out of the world which I hated and longed to have at my feet. Yes, we were in another world, full of murmuring and of restful unrest. And now that I was right down at the water side, the ivory face of my friend, the ivory lips that spoke to me, the ivory heart that beat against my heart—so sick and so weary—were varied and were changed. As thoughts streak a mind, the clear amber of the pools among the rocks streaked the continuous foam that marked the incessant leaps taken by the water towards the valley. The silence of those pools was brilliant, like the pauses for contemplation in a great career of action. And their silence spoke to me, mingling mysteriously with the voice of the foam. The course of the burn is broken up, and attended by rocks that have been modelled by the action of the running water into a hundred shapes. Some are dressed in mosses yellow and green, like velvet to the touch, and all covered with drops of moisture. Some are gaunt and naked and deplorable, with sharp edges and dry faces. The burn avoids some with a cunning and almost coquettish grace, dashes brutally against others as if impelled by an internal violence of emotion. Others, again, it caresses quite gently, and would be glad to linger by if Nature would allow the dalliance. And this army of rocks helps to give to the burn its charm of infinite variety, and to fill its voice with a whole gamut of expression. For the differing shape of each boulder against which it rushes in its long career gives to it a different note. It flickers across the small and round stone with the purling cry of a child. From the stone curved inwards and with a hollow bosom it gains a crooning liquid melody. The pointed and narrow colony of rocks which break it into an intricate network of small water-threads toss it chattering frivolously towards the dark pool under the birches, where the trout play like sinister shadows and the insects dance in the sombre pomp of autumn. And when it gains a great slab that serves it for a spring board, from which it takes a mighty leap, its voice is loud and defiant, and shrieks with a banshee of triumph—in which, too, there is surely an undercurrent of wailing woe. Oh, the burn has many voices among the rocks, under the ferns and the birch trees, in the brooding darkness of the mists and shadows, between the steep walls of the green banks that hem it in: many voices, which can sing, when they choose, one song, again and again and—monotonously—again!

So—now on this sad autumn day—I was with the burn in its hiding-place, cool, damp, fretful. Carlounie sank from my sight. My garden, the wilder land beyond, the moors on which yesterday my incompetence as a shot had roused the contempt of my cousin and of my hirelings—all were lost to view. I was away from all men in this narrow, tree-shrouded cleft of a world. I sat down on a rock, and, stretching out my legs, rested my heels on another rock. Beneath my legs the clear brown water glided swiftly. I sat and listened to its murmur. And, just then, it did not occur to me that water can utter words like men. The murmur was suggestive, but definitely inarticulate. I had come down here to be away and to think. The murmur of my mind spoke to the murmur of the burn. And, as ever in those days, it lamented and cursed and bitterly complained.

Why, why was I pursued by a malady of incompetence that clung to both mind and body? (So ran my thoughts.) Why was I bruised and beaten by Providence? Why had I been given a soul that could not express itself in the frame of a coward, a weakling, a thin, nervous, dwarfish, almost a deformed creature? If my soul had corresponded exactly to my body, then all might have been well enough. I should have been more complete, although less in some way than I now was. For such a soul would have accepted cowardice, weakness, inferiority to others as suitable to it, as a right fate. Such a soul would never

have known the meaning of the word rebellion, would never have been able to understand its own cancer of disease, to diagnose the symptoms of its villainous and creeping malady. It would never have aspired like a flame, and longed in vain to burn clearly and grandly or to flicker out for ever. Rather would such a soul have guttered on like some cheap and ill-smelling candle, shedding shadows rather than any light, ignorant of its own obscurity, regardless of the possibilities that teem like waking children in the wondrous womb of life, oblivious of the contempt of the souls around it, heedless of ambition, of the trumpet call of success, of the lust to be something, to do something, of the magic, of the stinging magic of achievement. With such a soul in my hateful, pinched, meagre, pallid body, I thought, sitting thus by the burn, I might have been content—an utterly low, and perhaps an utterly satisfied product of the fiend Creation.

But my soul was not of this kind, and so I was the most bitterly miserable of men. God—or the devil—had made me ill-shaped, physically despicable, with the malign sort of countenance that so often accompanies and illustrates a bad, poor body. My limbs, without being actually twisted, were shrunken and incompetent—they would not obey my desires as do the limbs of other men. My legs would not grip a horse. When I rode I was a laughing-stock. My arms had no swiftness, no agility, no delicate and subtle certainty. When I tried to box or to fence, I was one whirling, jiggling incapacity. I had feeble sight, and objects presented themselves to my vision so strangely that I could not shoot straight. I, Alistair Ralston, of Carlounie! When I walked my limbs moved heavily and awkwardly. I had no grace, no lightness, no ordinary, quite usual competence of bodily power. And this was bitter, yet as nothing to the Marah that lay beyond. For my body was in a way complete. It was a wretch. But when you came to the mind you had the real tragedy. In many decrepit flesh temples there dwells a commanding spirit, as a great God might dwell—of bizarre choice—in a ruinous and decaying lodge in a wilderness. And such a spirit rules, disposes, presides, develops, has its own full and superb existence, triumphing not merely over, but actually through, the contemptible body in which it resides, so that men even are led to worship the very ugliness and poverty of this body, to adore it for its power to retain such a mighty spirit within it. Such a spirit was not mine. Had it been, I might have been happy by the burn that autumn day. Had it been, I might never. . . . but I am anticipating. And I must not anticipate. I must sit with the brown water rushing beneath the arch of my limbs, and recall the horror of my musing.

In a manner, then, my soul matched my body. It was feeble and incompetent too. My brain was dull and clouded; my intellect was sluggish and inert. But—and this was the terror for me—within the rank nest of my soul, my spirit, lay coiled two vipers that never ceased from biting me with their poisoned fangs—self-consciousness and ambition. I knew myself, and I longed to be other than I was. I watched my own incompetence as one who watches from a tower. I divined how others regarded me—precisely. The blatant and comfortable egoism of a dwarf mind in a dwarf body was never for one moment mine. I was that terrible anomaly—an utterly incomplete and incompetent thing, that adored, with a curious wilfulness of passion, completeness, competence. Nor had I a soul that could ever be satisfied with a one-sided perfection. My desires were Gargantuan. When I was with my cousin Gavin, a fine all-round sportsman, I longed with fury to be a good shot, to throw a fly as he did, to have a perfect seat on a horse. I felt that I would give up years of life to beat him once in any of his pursuits. When I was with Dr. Wedderburn, my desires, equally intense, were utterly different. He represented in my neighbourhood Intellect—with a capital I. A man

of about fifty, minister of the parish of Carlounie, he was astonishingly adroit as a controversialist, astonishingly eloquent as a divine. His voice was full of music. His eyes were full of light and of the most superb self-confidence. He rested upon his intellect as a man may rest upon a rock. The power of his personality was calm and immense. I felt it vehemently. I shook and trembled under it. I hated and loathed the man for it—because I wanted and could never possess it. So, too, I hated my cousin Gavin for his possessions: his long and sure sighted eyes, great and strong arms, broad chest, lithe legs, bright agility. My body could do nothing. My soul could do nothing—except one great thing. It could fully observe and comprehend its own impotence. It could fully, and desperately, envy and pine to be what it could never be. Could never be—do I say? Wait! Remember, that is only what I thought then, as I sat upon the rock, and, with haggard young eyes, watched the clear brown water slipping furtively past between my knees.

My disease seemed to culminate that day, I remember. I was a sick invalid alone in the mist. Something—it might have been vitriol—was eating into me, eating, eating its way to my very heart, to the core of me. Oh, to be stunted and desire to be straight and tall, to be dwarf and wish to be giant, to be stupid and long to be a genius, to be ugly and yearn to be in face as one of the shining gods, to have no power over men and to pine to fascinate, hold, dominate a world of men—this, indeed, is to be in hell! I was in hell that autumn day. I clenched my thin, weak hands together; I clenched my teeth, from which the pale lips were drawn back in a grin; and I realised all the spectral crowd of my shortcomings. They stood before me like demons of the Brocken—yes, yes, of the Brocken!—and I cursed God with the sound of the burn ringing and chattering in my ears. And I devoted Gavin, Dr. Wedderburn, every man highly placed, every lowest peasant, who could do even one of all the things I could not do, to damnation. The paroxysm that took hold of me was like a fit, a convulsion. I came out of it white and feeble. And suddenly the voice of the burn seemed to come from a long way off. I put out my hand, and took up from the rock on which I had laid it, *Faust*. And, scarcely knowing what I did, I began mechanically to read—to the dim rapture of the burn.

"*Scene III. The Study. Faust (entering with the poodle).*" I began to read, do I say, mechanically? Yes, it is true; but soon, very soon, the spell of Goethe was laid upon me. I was in the lofty-arched, narrow, Gothic chamber, with that living symbol of the weariness, broken ambition, learned despair of all the ages. I was engrossed. I heard the poodle snarling by the stove. I heard the spirits whispering in the corridor. Vapour rose—or was it indeed the mist from the mountains among the birch trees?—and out of the vapour came Mephistopheles in the garb of a travelling scholar. And then—and then the great bargain was struck. I heard—yes, I did, I actually and most distinctly heard a voice, Faust's, say, "*Let us the sensual deeps explore. . . . Plunge we in Time's tumultuous dance, In the rush and roll of circumstance,*" a pause, then the student's grave and astonished tones came to me: *Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum*. The cloak was spread, and on the burning air Faust was wafted to his new life—nay, not to his new life merely, but to Life itself. He vanished, with his guide, in a coloured, flower-like mist. I dropped my hand holding the book down upon the cold rock by which the cold water splashed. It felt burning hot to my touch. My head fell upon my breast, and I had my dreams—dreams of the life of Faust and of its glories, gained by this bargain that he made. And then—yes, then it was!—the voice of the burn, as from leagues away in the bosom of this very

mist, began to sing like a fairy voice, or a voice in dreams and in visions of the night, "*If it was so then, it might be so now.*" At first I scarcely heeded it, for I was enwrapt. But the song grew louder, more insistent. It was travelling to me from a far country. I heard it coming. "*If it was so then, it might be so now—If it was so then, it might be so now.*" How near it was at last, how loud in my ears! And yet always there was something vague, visionary, about it, something of the mist, I think. At length I heard it with the attention that is of earth. I came to myself, out of the narrow, Gothic chamber in which the genius of Goethe had prisoned me. And I stared into the mist, which was gathering thicker as the night began to fall. It seemed flower-like and full of strange and mysterious colour. I trembled. I got up. Still I heard the voice of the burn singing that monotonous legend, on and on and on. Slowly I turned. I climbed the bank of the dell. The sheep scattered lethargically at my approach. I passed through the creaking iron gate into the garden. Carlounie was before me. There was something altered, something triumphant, about its aspect. The voice of the burn faded in a long diminuendo. Yet, even as I gained the door of my house, and, before entering it, paused in an attentive attitude, I heard the water chanting faintly from the den, "*If it was so then, it might be so now.*" As I came into the hall, in which Gavin and Dr Wedderburn stood together talking earnestly, I remember that I shivered. Yet my cheeks were glowing.

* * * * *

From that moment not a day passed without my visiting the burn. It summoned me. Always it sang those words persistently. The sound of the water can be very faintly heard from the windows of Carlounie. Each day, at dawn, I pushed open the lattice of my bedroom and hearkened to hear if the song had changed. Each night, at moonrise, or in the darkness through which the soft and small rain fell quietly, I leaned over the sill and listened. Sometimes the wind was loud among the mountains; sometimes the silence was intense and awful. But in storm or in stillness the burn sang on, ever and ever the same words. At moments I fancied that the voice was as the voice of a man demented, repeating with mirthless frenzy through all his years one hollow sentence. At moments I deemed it the cry of a fair woman, a siren, a Lorelei among my rocks in my valley. Then again I said, "It is a spirit voice, a voice from the inner chamber of my own heart." And—why I know not—at that last fantasy I shuddered. Even in the midnight, from my window ledge I leaned while the world slept, and I heard the mystic message of the burn.

My visits to its bed were not unobserved.

One morning my cousin Gavin said to me roughly, "Why the devil are you always stealing off to that ditch"—so he called the den that was the home of my voice—"when you ought to be practising to conquer your infernal deficiencies? Why, the children of your own keepers laugh at you! Try to shoot straight, man, and be a real man instead of dreaming and idling."

I stared at him, and answered, "You don't understand—everything."

Once Dr. Wedderburn, who had been my tutor, said to me, more kindly, "Alistair, action is better for you than thought. Leave the burn alone. You go there to brood. Try to work; for work is the best man-maker, after all."

And to him I said, "Yes, I know!" and flew with a strong wing in the face of his advice. For the voice of the burn was more to me than the voice of Gavin, or of Wedderburn. And the mind of the burn meant more to me than the mind of any man. And so the autumn died slowly, with a lingering decadence, and shrouded perpetually in mist. I often felt ill, even then. My body was



"It was vague, but less vague than a shadow."

dressed in weakness. Perhaps already the fever was upon me. I wish I could know. Was it crawling in my veins? Was it nestling about my heart and in my brain? Could it be that? . . .

Certainly during this period life seemed alien to me, and I moved as one apart in a remote world, full of the music of the burn, and full, too, of vague clouds. That is so. Looking back, I know it. Still, I cannot be sure what is the truth. In the very late autumn I paid my last visit to the burn before my illness seized me. The cold of early winter was in the air and a great stillness. It was afternoon when I left the house, walking slowly with my awkward gait. My face, I know, was white and drawn, and I felt that my lips were twitching. I did not carry my volume of Goethe in my hand, but, in its place, held an old book on transcendental magic. The voice of the burn—yes, that alone—had led me to study this book.

So now I took it down to the burn. Why? Had I the foolish fancy of introducing my live thing of the den to this strange writing on the black art? Who knows? Perhaps the fever in my veins put the book into my hand. I shivered in the damp cold as I descended the steep ground that lay about the water, which that day seemed to roar in my ears the sentence I had heard so many days and nights. And this time, as I hearkened, my heart and my brain echoed the last words, "*It might be so now.*" Gaining the edge of the burn, then in heavy spate, I watched for a while the passage of the foam from rock to rock. I peered into the pools, clouded with flood water from the hills and with whirling or sinking dead leaves. And all my meagre body seemed pulsing with those everlasting words. "Why not now?" I murmured to myself—with a sort of silent sneer, too, at my own absurdity. I remember I glanced furtively around as I spoke. Grey emptiness, grey loneliness, dripping bare trees, through whose branches the mist curled silently, cold rocks, the cold flood of the swollen burn,—such was the blank prospect that met my eyes.

There was no man near me; there was no one to look at me. I was remote, hidden in a secret place, and the early twilight was already beginning to fall. No one could see me. I opened my old and ragged book, or rather, let it fall open at a certain page. Upon it I looked, for the hundredth time, and read that he who would evoke the devil must choose a solitary and condemned spot. The burn was solitary. The burn was condemned surely by the despair and by the endless incapacities of the wretched being who owned it. I had taken off my shoes and placed them upon a rock. My feet were bare. My head was covered. I now furtively proceeded to gather together a small heap of sticks and leaves, and to these I set fire, after several attempts. As the flames at last crept up, the mist gathered more closely round me and my fire, as if striving to warm itself at the blaze. The voice of the burn mingled with the uneasy crackle of the twigs, and a murmur of its words seemed to emanate also from the flames—two elements uniting to imitate the utterance of man to my brain, already surely tormented with fever. And now, with my eyes upon my book, I proceeded to trace with the sharp point of a stick in some sandy soil between two rocks a rough Goetic circle of black evocations and pacts. From time to time I paused in my work and glanced uneasily about me, but I saw only the mists and the waters.

At length my task was finished and the time had arrived for the supreme effort of my insane and childish folly. Standing at Amasarac in the circle, I said aloud the formula of Evocation of the Grand Grimoire, ending with the words, "Jehosua, Evam, Zariatnatmik, come, come, come!"

My voice died away in the twilight, and I stood among the grey rocks waiting, mad creature that I surely was! But only the rippling voice of the burn answered my adjuration. Then I repeated the words in a louder tone, adding menaces and imprecations to my formula. And all the time the fire I had kindled sprang up into the mist; and the twilight of the heavy autumn fell slowly round me. Again I paused, and again my madness received no satisfaction, no response. But it seemed to me that I heard the browsing sheep on the summit of the right bank of the den scatter as if at the approach of some one. Yet there was no stir of footsteps. It must have been my fancy, or the animals were merely changing their feeding ground in a troop, as they sometimes will, for no assignable cause. And now I made one last effort, urged by the voice of the burn, which sang so loudly the words which had mingled with my dream of Faust. I cried aloud the supreme appellation, making an effort that brought out the sweat on my forehead, and set the pulses leaping in my thin and shivering body,—

"Chavajoth! chavajoth! chavajoth! I command thee by the Key of Solomon and the great name Semhamphoras."

* * * * *

A little way up the course of the burn the dead wood cracked and shuffled under the pressure of descending feet. Again I heard a scattering of the sheep upon the hillside. My hair stirred on my head under my cap, and the noise of the falling water was intolerably loud to me. I wanted to hear plainly, to hear what was coming down to me in the mist. The brushwood sang nearer. In the heavy and damp air there was the small, sharp report of a branch snapped from a tree. I heard it drop among the ferns close to me. And then in the mist and in the twilight I saw a slim figure standing motionless. It was vague, but less vague than a shadow. It seemed to be a man, or a youth, clad in a grey suit that could scarcely be differentiated from the mist. The flames of my fire, bent by a light breeze that had sprung up, stretched themselves towards it as if to salute it. And now I could not hear any movement of the sheep. Evidently they had gone to a distance. At first, seized with a strange feeling of extreme, almost unutterable, fear, I neither moved nor spoke. Then, making a strong effort to regain control of my ordinary faculties, I cried out in the twilight—

"What is that? What is it?"

"Only a stranger who has missed his way on the mountain, and wants to go on to Wester Denoon."

The voice that came to me from the figure beyond the fire sounded, I remember, quite young, like the voice of a boy. It was clear and level, and, perhaps, a little formal. So that was all. A tourist—that was all!

"Can you direct me on the way?" the voice said.

I gave the required direction slowly, for I was still confused, nervous, exhausted with my insane practices in the den. But the youth—as I supposed he was—did not move away at once.

"What are you doing by this fire?" he said. *"I heard your voice calling by the torrent among the trees when I was a very long way off."*

Strangely, I did not resent the question. Still more strangely, I was impelled to give him the true answer to it.

"Raising the devil!" he said. "And did he come to you?"

"No, of course not. You must think me mad."

"And why do you call him?"

Suddenly a desire to confide in this stranger, whose face I could not see now, whose shadowy form I should in all probability never see again, came upon me. My usual nervousness deserted me. I let loose my heart in a turbulent crowd of words. I explained my impotence of body and of mind to this grey traveller in the twilight. I dwelt upon my misery. I repeated the cry of the burn, and related my insane dream of imitating Faust, of making my poor pact with Lucifer, with the sphinx of mediæval terrors. When I ceased the boy's voice answered,—

"They say that in these modern days Satan has grown exigent. It is not enough to dedicate to him your own soul. But you must also pay a tribute of souls to the Cæsar of Hell."

"A tribute of souls?"

"Yes. You must bring, they say, the mystic number—three souls to Satan."

Suddenly I laughed.

"I could never do that," I said. "I have no power to seduce man or woman. I cannot win souls to heaven or to hell."

"But if you received new powers, such as you desire—would you use them to win souls—three souls, to Lucifer?"

"Yes," I said, with passionate earnestness. "I swear to you that I would."

Suddenly the boy's voice laughed.

"*Quomodo cecidisti*, Lucifer!" he said. "When thou canst not contrive to capture souls for thyself! But," he added, as if addressing himself once more to me, after this bizarre ejaculation, "your words have, perhaps, sealed the bond. Who knows? Words that come from the very heart are often deeds. For, as we can never go back from things that we have done, it may be that sometimes we can never go back from things that we have said."

On the words he moved, and passed so swiftly by me into the twilight down the glen, that I never saw his face. I turned instinctively to look after him, and—this was strange—it seemed that the wind at that very moment must have turned with me, blowing from, instead of towards, the mountain. This certainly was so, for the tongues of flame from my fire bent backward on a sudden, and leaned after the grey traveller, whose steps died swiftly away among the rocks and on the shuffling dead wood and leaves of the birches and the oaks.

And then—there came a singing in my ears, a beating of many drums in my brain. I drooped and sank down by the fire in the mist. My fever came upon me like a giant, and presently Gavin and Dr. Wedderburn, searching in the night, found me in a delirium and bore me back to Carlounie.

II.

THE SOUL OF DOCTOR WEDDERBURN.

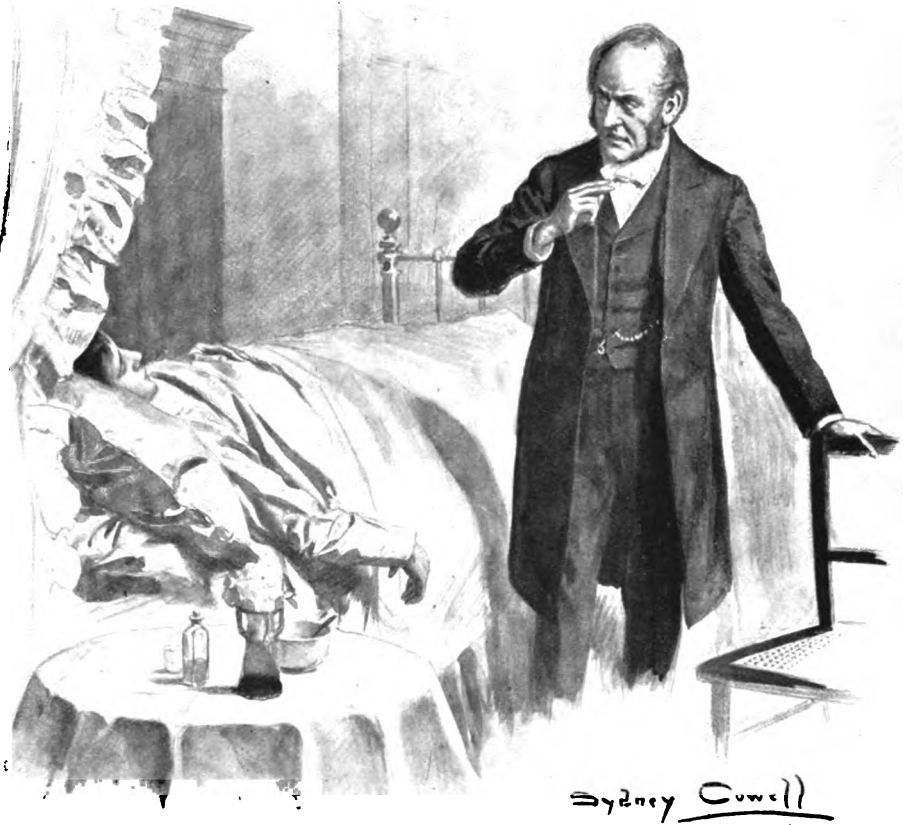
To emerge from a great illness is sometimes dreadful, sometimes divine. To one man the return from the gates of death is a progress of despair. He feels that he cannot face the wild contrasts of the surprising world again, that his courage has been broken upon the wheel, that energy is desolation, and sleep true beauty. To another this return is a marvellous and superb experience. It is like the vivid reawakening of youth in one who is old, a rapture of the past committing an act of brigandage upon the weariness of the present, a glorious substitution of Eden for the outer courts where is weeping and gnashing of teeth. It will be supposed that I found myself in the first category, a terror-stricken and rebellious mortal, when the fever gave me up to the world again; for the world had always been cruel to me, because I was afraid of it and was a puny thing in it. Yet this was not so. My convalescence was like a beautiful dream of rest underneath which riot stirred. A simile will explain best exactly what I mean. Let me liken the calm of my convalescence to the calm of earth on the edge of spring. What a riot of form, of scent, of colour, of movement is preparing beneath that enigmatic and apparently profound repose! In the simile you have my exact state. And I alone felt that within this womb of inaction the child, action, lay hid, developing silently but inexorably day by day. This knowledge was my strange secret. It came upon me one night when I lay awake in the faint twilight shed by a carefully shaded lamp over my bed. Rain drummed gently against the windows. There was no other sound. By the fire, in a great armchair, the trained nurse, Kate Walters, was sitting with a book—"Jane Eyre" it was—upon her knees. I had been sleeping, and now awoke, thirsty. I put out my hand to get at a tumbler of lemonade that stood on a table by my pillow. And suddenly a thought, a curious thought, was with me. My hand had grasped the tumbler and lifted it from the table, but instead of bringing my hand to my mouth I kept my arm rigidly extended, the tumbler poised on my palm as upon the palm of a juggler.

"How long my arm is!" that was my thought. "And how strong!" Formerly

it had been short, weak, awkward. Now surely, after my illness, my arms would naturally be nerveless, useless things. The odd fact was that now, for the first time in my life, I felt joy in a physical act. An absurd and puny act, you will say! I daresay. What of that? With it came a sudden stirring of triumph. I lay there on my back and kept my arm extended for full five minutes by the watch that ticked by my bed-head. And with each second that passed joy blossomed more fully within my heart. I drank the lemonade as one who drinks a glad toast. Yet I was puzzled. "Is this—can this be a remnant of delirium?" I asked myself. And beneath the clothes drawn up to my chin I fingered my arm above the elbow. It was the limb of a big, strong man. Surprise—supreme astonishment forced an exclamation from my lips. Kate got up softly and came towards me. But I feigned to be asleep, and she returned to the fire. Yet, peering under my lowered eyelids, I noticed an expression of amazement upon her young and pretty face. I knew afterwards that it was the sound of my voice—my new voice—that drew it there. After that night my convalescence was more than a joy to me: it was a rapture touched by, and mingled with, something that was almost awe. Is not the Earth awe-struck when she considers that Spring and Summer nestle silently in her bosom? With each day the secret which I kept grew more mysterious, more profound. Soon I knew it could be a secret no longer. The fever—it must be that!—had wrought magic within my body, driving out weakness, impotence, lassitude, developing my physical powers to an extent that was nothing less than astounding. Lying there in my bed, I felt the dwarf expand into the giant. Think of it! Did ever living man know such an experience before? A bodily spring came about within me. And I was already twenty-two years old before the fever took me. My limbs grew large and strong. The muscles of my chest and back were tensely strung, and knit as firmly as the muscles of an athlete. I lay still, it is true, and felt much of the peculiar vagueness that follows fever, but I was conscious of a supine, latent energy never known before. I was conscious that when I rose, and went out into the world again, it would be as a man, capable of holding his own against other strong, straight men. That was a wonder. But it was succeeded by a greater marvel yet.

One afternoon, while I was still in bed, Dr. Wedderburn came to see me and to sit with me. He had been away on a holiday, and consequently had not visited me before, except once when I had been delirious. The Doctor was a short, spare man, with a sharply-cut brick-red face, lively and daring dark eyes, and straight hair already on the road to grey. His self-possession bordered on self-satisfaction; and despite his good heart, and the real and anxious sanctity of his life, he could seldom entirely banish from his manner the contempt he felt for those less intellectual, less swift-minded than himself. Often had I experienced the stinging lash of his sarcasm. Often had I withered beneath one of his keen glances, that dismissed me from an argument as a profound sage might kick an urchin from the study into the street. Often had I hated him with a sick hatred, and ground my teeth because my mind was so clouded and so helpless, while his was so lucent and so adroit. So now, when I heard his tap on the door, his deep voice asking to come in, a rage of self-contempt seized me, as in the days before my illness. The Doctor entered with an elaborate softness, and walked, flat-footed, to my bed, pursing his large lips gently, as men do when filled with cautious thoughts. I could see he desired to moderate his habitual voice and manner; but, arrived close to me, he suddenly cried aloud, with a singularly full-throated amazement.

"Boy—boy, what's come to you?" he called. Then, abruptly putting his finger to his lips, he sank down in a chair, his bright eyes fixed upon me.



"Boy—boy! what's come to you?"

"It's a miracle," he said slowly.

"What is?" I asked, with an invalid's pettishness.

"The voice too—the voice!"

I grew angry easily, as men do when they are sick.

"Why do you say that? Of course I've been bad—of course I'm changed."

"Changed! Look at yourself—and praise God, Alistair."

He had caught up a hand mirror that lay on the dressing-table, and now put it into my hand. For the first time since the fever I saw my face. It was as it had been, and yet it was utterly different. For now it was beautiful. The pinched features seemed to have been smoothed out; the mouth had become firm and masterful; the haggard eyes were alight as if torches burned behind them. My expression, too, was powerful, collected, alert. I scarcely recognised myself. But I pretended to see no change.

"Well—what is it?" I asked, dropping the glass.

The Doctor was confused by my calm.

"Your look of health startled me," he answered, sitting down by the bed and examining me keenly.

All at once I was seized by a strange desire to get up an argument with this

man, by whom I had so often been crushed in conversation. I leaned on my elbow in the bed, and fixing my eyes on him I said,—

“And why should I praise God?”

The Doctor seemed in amazement at my tone.

“Because you are a Christian and have been brought back from death,” he replied, but with none of his usual half sarcastic self-confidence.

“You think God did that?”

“Alistair, do you dare to blaspheme the Almighty?”

I felt at that moment like a cat playing with a mouse. My lips, I know, curved in a smile of mockery; and yet I will swear, yes, even to my own heart, that all I said that day I said in pure mischief, with no evil intent. It seemed that I, Alistair Ralston, the dolt, the ignoramus, longed to try mental conclusions with this brilliant and opinionated divine. He bade me praise God. In reply I praised—the devil. And I forced him to hear me. Absolutely I broke into a flood of words, and he sat silent. I compared the good and evil in the scheme of the world, balancing them in the scales the one against the other. I took up the stock weapon of atheism—the deadly nature, the deadly outcome of free will. I used it with skill. The names of Strauss, Comte, Schopenhauer, Renan, a dozen others, sprang from my lips. The dreary doctrine of the illimitable triumph of sin, of the appalling mistake of the permission granted it to step into the scheme of Creation, in order that its presence might create a *raison d'être* for the power of personal action one way or the other in mankind—such matters as these I treated with a vehement eloquence and command of words that laid a spell upon the Doctor. Going very far, I dared to exclaim that since God had allowed his own scheme to get out of gear, the only hope of man lay in the direction of the opposing force, in frank and ardent Satanism.

When at length I ceased from speaking, I expected Dr. Wedderburn to rise up in his wrath and to annihilate me. But he sat still in his chair with a queer and, as I thought, puzzled expression upon his face. At last he said, as if to himself—

“The miracle of Balaam, verily the miracle of Balaam!”

The ass had indeed spoken as never ass spoke before. I waited a moment, then I said,—“Well, why don't you rebuke me, or why don't you try to controvert me?”

Again he looked upon me, very uneasily I thought, and with something that was almost fear in his keen eyes.

“Ah!” he said, “I have praised the Lord many a morning and evening for His gift of words to me. It seems others bestow that gift too. Alistair”—and here his voice became deeply solemn—“where have you been visiting when you lay there mad to all seeming? In what dark place have you been to gather destruction for men? With whom have you been talking?”

Suddenly, I know not why, I thought of the grey stranger; and, with a laugh, I cried,—“The grey traveller taught me all I have said to you.”

“The grey traveller! Who may he be?”

But I lay back upon the pillows and refused to answer, and very soon the Doctor went, still bending uneasy, nervous eyes upon me.

In those eyes I read the change that had stolen over my intellect, as in the hand mirror I had read the change that had stolen over my face. This strange fever had caused both body and soul to blossom. I trembled with an exquisite joy. Had Fate relented to me at last? Was it possible that I was to know the joys of the heroes? I longed for, yet feared, my full recovery. In it alone should I discover how sincere was my transformation. Dr. Wedderburn did not come to me again. The days passed, my convalescence strengthened, watched over by

the pretty nurse, Kate Walters—a fresh, pure, pious, innocent, beautiful soul, tender, temperate and pitiful for all sorrow and evil. At length I was well. At length I knew, to some extent, my new, my marvellous self. For I had indeed been folded up in my fever like a vesture, and, like a vesture, changed. I had grown taller, expanded, put forth mighty muscles as a tree puts forth leaves. My cheeks and my eyes glowed with the radiance of strong health. I went out with my cousin Gavin, whose estate marched with mine, and I shot so well that he was filled with admiration, and forthwith conceived a sort of foolish worship for me—having a sportsman's soul, but no real mind. For the first time in my life I felt absolutely at home on a horse. An unwonted skill came to my hands, and I actually schooled Gavin's horses over some fences he had had set up in a grass park at the Mains of Cossens. The keepers, who had once secretly jeered at me, were now at my very feet. Their children looked upon me as a young god. I rejoiced in my strength as a giant. But I asked myself then, as I ask myself now—what does it mean? The days of miracles are over. Yet is this not a miracle? And in a miracle is there not a gleam of terror, as there is a gleam of stormy yellow in the fated opal?

But here I leave my condition of body alone, and pass on to the episode of Dr. Wedderburn, partially related in the newspapers of the day, and marvelled at, I believe, by all who ever knew or even set eyes upon him.

The Doctor, as I have said, did not come again to see me, but I felt an overmastering desire to set forth and visit him. This was surprising, as hitherto I had rather avoided and hated him. Now something drew me to the manse. At first I resisted my inclination, but a chance word led me to yield to it impulsively. Since my illness I had not once attended church. Moved by a violent distaste for the religious service, that was novel in me, I had frankly avowed my intention of keeping away. But as I did not go to the kirk I missed seeing Dr. Wedderburn. And I wanted to see him. One day, leaning by chance against a stone dyke in the Glen of Ogilvy, smoking a pipe and enjoying the soft air of spring as it blew over the rolling moorland, I heard two ploughmen exchange a fragment of gossip that made excitement start up quick within me.

One said,—“The Doctor's failin'. Man, he was fairly haverin' last Sabbath, on and on, wi'out logic or argeyment, or sense.”

The other answered,—“Aye, he's greatly changed. He's no' the man he was. It fairly beats me. I canna mak' it oot. Ye've heard that——” and here he lowered his voice and I could not catch his words.

I turned away from the wall and, walking swiftly, set out for the manse with a busy mind. The afternoon was already late, and when I gained a view of the manse, a cold grey house standing a little apart in a grove of weary-looking sycamores, one or two lights smiled on me from the small windows that stared upon the narrow and muddy road. The minister's study was on the right of the hall door, and, as I pulled the bell, I observed the shadow of his head to dance upon the drawn white blind, a thought fantastically, or with a palsied motion, I fancied. The yellow-headed maidservant admitted me with a shrunken grin, that suggested wild humour stifled by achieved respect; and I was soon in the minister's study. Then I saw that Dr. Wedderburn was moving up and down the room, and that his head was going this way and that as he communed in a loud voice with himself. My entrance checked him as soon as he observed me—which was not instantly, as at first his back was set towards me and the mood-swept maid. When he turned about, his discomposure was evident. His gaze was troubled, and his manner, as he shook hands with me, had in it something of the tremulous, and was backward in geniality. We sat down on either side of the fire, the tea-



Sidney Cowell

"'God forgive you, Alistair, for what you're doing!'"

service, and the hot cakes, loved of the Doctor, between us. At first we talked warily of such things as my recovery, the weather, the condition of affairs in the parish, and so forth. I noticed that though the Doctor's eyes often rested, with an almost glaring expression of scrutiny or of surprise, upon me, he made no remark on the change of my appearance. Nor did I on the change of his, which was startling, and suggested I know not what of sorrow and of the attempt to kill it with evil weapons. The healthy brick-red of his complexion was now become scarlet and full of heat. His mouth worked loosely while he talked. The flesh of his cheeks was puffed and wrinkled. His eyes had the clouded and yet fierce aspect of the drunkard. But, absurdly enough, what most struck me in him was his abstinence from an accustomed act. He drank his tea, but he ate no hot cakes. This was a departure from an established, if trifling, custom of many years' standing, and worked on my imaginative conception of what the Doctor now was more than would, at the first blush, appear likely, or even possible. Instead of, as of old, feeling myself on the worm level in his presence, I was filled with a sense of pity, as I looked upon him and wondered what subtle process of mental or physical development or retrogression had wrought this dreary change. Presently,

while I wondered, he put his cup down with an awkward and errant hand that set it swaying and clattering in the tray, and said abruptly,—

"And what have you come for, Alistair, eh? what have you come for? To go on with what you've begun? Well, well, lad, I'm ready for you, I'm ready now."

His voice was full of timorous irritation, his manner of pitiable distress.

"I've thought it out, I've thought it all out," he continued; "and I can combat you, I can combat you, Alistair, wherever you've got your fever-mind from, and your fever-tongue."

I knew what he meant, and suddenly I knew, too, why I had wanted so eagerly to come to the manse. My instinct of pity and of sympathy died softly away. My new instinct of cruel rapture in the ruthless exercise of my—shall I call them fever-powers, then?—woke, dawned to sunrise. And Dr. Wedderburn and I fell forthwith into an animated theological discussion. He was desperately nervous, desperately ill at ease. His argumentative struggles were those of a drowning man, positively convinced—note this—that he would drown, that no human or divine aid could save him. There was, too, a strong hint of personal anger in his manner, which was strictly undignified. He fought a losing battle with bludgeons, and had an obvious contempt for the bludgeons while in the act of using them in defence or in attack. And, at last, with a sort of sharp cry, he threw up his hands, and exclaimed in a voice I hardly knew as his,—

"God forgive you, Alistair, for what you're doing! God forgive you, murderer, murderer!"

This dolorous exclamation ran through me like cold water, and chilled all the warmth of my intellectual excitement.

"Murderer!" I repeated, inexpressively.

Dr. Wedderburn sat in his chair, trembling, and looking upon me with despairing and menacing eyes, the eyes of a man who curses, but cannot fight, his enemy.

"Of a soul—of a soul," he said. "The poisoned dagger—doubt, the poisoned dagger—you've plunged it into me, boy." Then, raising his voice harshly, he exclaimed, "Curse you! curse you!"

I was thunderstruck. I declare it here, for it is true. I had defamed, and deliberately, the Doctor's dearest idols. I had driven my lance into his convictions. I had blasphemed what he worshipped, and had denied all he affirmed. But that I had made so terrific an impression upon his mind, his soul, this astounded me. Yet what else could his passionate denunciation mean? Had I, a boy, unused to controversy, unskilled in dialectics, overthrown with my hasty words the faith of this strong and fervent man? The thought thrilled one side of my dual nature with triumph, pierced the other with grim horror. My emotions were divided and complex. As I sat silent, my face dogged yet ashamed, the Doctor got up from his chair trembling like one with the palsy.

"Away from me—away!" he cried, in a hoarse voice, and pointing at the door. "I'll have no more talk with the devil—no more, no more!"

I had not a word. I got up and went, bending a steady, fascinated look upon this old mentor of mine who now proclaimed himself my victim. Arrived in the garden, I found a thin moon riding above the sycamores, and soft airs of spring playing round the Doctor's habitation. Strangely, I had no mind to be gone from it immediately. I crossed the garden bit and paced up and down the lane that skirted it, keeping an eye upon the lighted window of the study. So I went back and forth for full an hour, I suppose. Then I heard a sound in the spring night. The Doctor's hall door banged; and, peering through the privet hedge that protected his meagre domain, I perceived him come out into the air

bareheaded. He took his way to the small path that ran by the hedge parallel to the lane, coming close to the place by which I crouched, spying upon his privacy. And there he paced, bemoaning aloud the ill fate that had crept upon him. I heard all the awful complaining of this soul in distress, besieged by doubts, deserted by the faith and hope of a lifetime. It was villainous to be his audience; yet I could not go. Sometimes the poor man prayed with a desolate voice, calling upon God for a sign, imploring against temptation. Sometimes—and this was terrible—he blasphemed, he imprecated. And then again he prayed—to the devil, as do the Satanists. I heard him weeping in his garden in the night, alone under the sycamores. It was a new agony of the garden, and it wrung my heart. Yet I watched it till the spectral moon waned, and the trees were black as sins against the faded sky.

About this time, as I have said, his parishioners began to mark the outward change of Dr. Wedderburn that signified the inward change in him. The talking ploughmen had their fellows. All who sat under the Doctor were conscious of a difference, at first vague, in his eloquent discourses—of a diminuendo in the full fervour of his delivery and manner. Gossip flowed about him, and presently there were whisperings of change in his bodily habits. He had been seen by night wandering about his garden in very unholy condition, he who had so often rebuked excess. Children, passing his gate in the dark of evening, had endured with terror his tipsy shoutings. A maidservant left him, and spread doleful reports of his conduct through the village. By degrees, rumours of our minister's shortcomings stole, like snakes, into the local papers, carefully shrouded by the wrappings that protect scandalmongers against libel actions. The congregation beneath the Doctor's pulpit dwindled. Women looked at him askance. Men were surly to him, or—and that was less kind—jocular. I alone followed with fascination the paling to dusk of a bright and useful career. I alone partially understood the hell this poor creature carried within him. For I often heard his dreary night thoughts, and assisted, unperceived of him, at the vigils that he kept. The lamp within his study burned till dawn while he wrestled, but in vain, with the disease of his soul, the malady of his tortured heart.

One night in summer time, towards midnight, I bent my steps furtively to the manse. It was very dark, and the weather was dumb and agitating. No leaf danced, no grass quivered. Breathless, dead, seemed the woods and fields, the ocean of moorland, the assemblage of the mountains. I heard no step upon the lonely road but my own, and life seemed to have left the world until I came upon the manse. Then I saw the light in the Doctor's window, and, drawing near, observed that the blind was up and the lattice thrust open among the climbing dog-roses. Craftily I stole up the narrow garden path and, keeping to the side of the window, looked into the room.

Dr. Wedderburn lounged within at the table facing me. A pen was in his shaking hand. A shuffle of manuscript paper was before him, and a Bible in which he thrust his fingers, as if to keep texts already looked out. Beyond the Bible was a bottle three-quarters full of whiskey and a glass. His muttering lips, and dull, yet shining eyes, betokened his condition. I saw before me a drunkard writing a sermon. The vision was sufficiently bizarre. A tragedy of infinite pathos mingled with a comedy of hideous, yet undeniable, humour in the live picture. I neither wept nor did I laugh. I only watched, shrouded by the inarticulate night. The Doctor took a pull at the bottle, then swept the leaves of the Bible. . . .

"Let me die the death of the righteous," he murmured thickly. "That's it—that's—that's——" He wrote on the paper before him with a wandering pen, then pushed the sheet from him. It fell on the floor by the window.

"And let my last end be like his,—Ah—ah!"

He drank again, and again wrote with fury. How old and how wicked he looked, yet how sad! He crouched down over the table, and the pen broke in his hand. A dull exclamation burst from him. Taking up the bottle, he poured by accident some of the whiskey over the open Bible.

"A baptism! a baptism!" he ejaculated, bursting into laughter. "Now—now—let's see—let's see."

Again he violently turned the sodden leaves and shook his head. He could not read the words, and that angered him. He drank again and again, till the bottle was empty, then staggered out of the room. I heard his frantic footsteps echoing in the uncarpeted passage. Quickly I leaned in at the window and caught up the sheet of paper that had fallen to the floor. I held it up to the light. Only one sentence writhed up and down over it, repeated a dozen times: "There is no God!" While I read I heard the Doctor returning, and I shrank back into the night. He came stumbling in, another whiskey bottle full in his hand. Falling down in the chair he applied his lips to it and drank—on and on. He was killing himself there and then. I knew it. I wanted to leap into the room, to stop him, yet I only watched him. Why? . . . I want to know why. . .

At last he fell forward across the Bible with a choking noise. His limbs struggled. His arms shot out wildly, the table broke under him—there was a crash of glass. The lamp was extinguished. Darkness crowded the little room—and silence.

* * * * *

The papers recorded the shocking death of a minister. They did not record this.

As I stole home that night, alone in my knowledge of the Doctor's appalling end, I heard going before me light and tripping footsteps—those, apparently, of some youth, not above three yards or so from me. What wanderer thus preceded me? I asked myself, with a certain tingling of the nerves, shaken, perhaps, by what I had just seen. I paused. The steps also paused; the person was stopping too. I resumed my way. Again I heard the tripping footfalls. Their sound greatly disquieted me, yet I hurried, intending to overtake the wayfarer. Still the steps hastened along the highway, and always just before me. I ran, yet did not come up with any person. I called—"Stop! Stop!" There was no reply. Again I waited. This man—or boy (the steps seemed young)—waited also. I started forward once more. So did he. Then a fury of fear ran over me, urging me at all hazards to see in whose train I travelled. We were now close to Carlounie. We entered the "policies." Yes, this person turned from the public road through my gates into the drive, and the footfalls reached the very house. I stopped. I dared not approach quite close to the door. With trembling fingers I fumbled in my pocket, drew out my matchbox, and, in the airless night, struck a match. The tiny flame burned steadily. I stretched my hand out, approaching it, as I supposed, to the face of the stranger.

But I saw nothing. Only, on a sudden, I heard some one hasten from me across the sweep of gravel in the direction of the burn. And then—after an interval—I heard the rush of startled sheep through the night.

Just so had they scattered on the day I spoke with the grey traveller by the burnside.

ROBERT HICHENS.

FREDERIC HAMILTON.

(To be concluded next month.)



BRITISH ARMY TYPES.

3 A CAPTAIN, NEW SOUTH WALES MOUNTED RIFLES.



A chain of lakes.

IN THE LAND OF A THOUSAND LAKES.



THE south of Finland is already fairly well known to a certain number of English tourists, fishermen, and to the Anglo-Russian community, but the interior and northern provinces are probably comparatively untravellered by foreigners—at least, so we gathered, my husband and I, from the questions which greeted us on our mentioning to our friends and neighbours that we were going to Finland for the fishing, of which we had heard hopeful accounts. Is it somewhere in Norway, in Iceland, or Siberia?

These and similar observations, showing us that Finland is still to the minds of many, even of the fairly educated, a vague geographical expression, will, I trust, justify this short account of a pleasant summer trip in this quaint and curious land—which has, by-the-bye, an area equal to that of England, Scotland, Ireland, the Netherlands and Belgium combined. Messrs. Bædeker and Murray have not yet taken Finland under their patronage, so the traveller may look forward to the luxury

of forming his own impressions.

Our first impression, as we arrived at Helsingfors, after a delightful voyage of twenty-four hours in the steamer from Stockholm, was something akin to dismay, for we found the friendly and familiar Swedish—the official language of Finland—already only dimly discoverable amongst the bristling babel of Russian uniformed authorities, uncouth, wrangling Finnish *isvoschiks*, and zealous and impatient



The ruined castle of Nyslott.

railway guards and porters who surrounded us, and hurled at our unaccustomed ears a torrent of Russian, Finnish, German, French, and Swedish threats, requisitions, and demands, from which, with difficulty, we escaped to the slow, lumbering train awaiting us.

Our route lay *viâ* Willmanstrand, Nyslott, and Kuopio, up through the great lakes of Central Finland to Kajana and Waala, thence down the famous rapids of the Ulea river to the northern capital of Uleaborg, where already, in our imagination, the river monsters lay trembling at our approach! In the total absence of time-tables and departure records of any kind, we had gathered fragmentary rumours of a steamer leaving Willmanstrand at seven in the morning; on our arrival, therefore, at this place, just two hours earlier, we bade the *isvoschiks* proceed first to the Societetshus, where—not having eaten food since three o'clock the previous day—we hoped for breakfast. This tendency to hunger, and desire for food, was a British weakness which we soon surrendered, in deference to the customs of the country—but as yet it had a hold on us.

So, with our luggage piled in one *isvoschik*, ourselves safely seated in another, we cheerily gave in Swedish the order to proceed "without delay!" But some mystic magic unknown to us was apparently necessary to put our machinery in motion. The grim, coarse, shaggy-bearded drivers, in their broad bishops' hats and belted dressing-gowns, stared stolidly before them, their great round shoulders shrugged themselves, but otherwise no sign of life or movement stirred either horse or man. Threats and exhortations rent the fresh, early morning air in vain. And then the grim truth grew on us—that to the country people Swedish is a foreign tongue, and we possessed no Finnish! One hope remained, and, flying back to the station, we caught the Swedish-speaking guard by the coat tails as he was stepping into the departing train, and begged him to give the drivers the Finnish "Hey, presto, fly!" Then, as we rushed along, helter-skelter, Jehus and horses alike reckless of



A Posthouse.

obstructions, curves, or hills, we snatched a Finnish-German grammar from a handbag, and began the study of the real language of the country. It was disconcerting to one's notions of linguistic propriety to be accosted at first sight by fifteen cases, and to find that, far from being even distantly allied to the healthy, manageable Scandinavian tongues, this Finnish jargon is not even a member of the Aryan family, but belongs to the Finno-Hungarian or Ugrian branch of the Scythian family of languages. But hunger and necessity are sharp teachers, and before very long we found ourselves dashing round the abrupt corner, and through the narrow gateway of the courtyard of the little wooden one-storied building serving as hotel, with a brand-new vocabulary, suggestive of food and coffee, at command. It was, however, only after repeated ringings and long interval that a sleepy, half-dressed woman opened to us. Firmly, perhaps pleasantly, she informed us "that she and her friends were sleeping, and could not therefore disturb themselves to prepare breakfast." She then stifled our remonstrance and entreaty by quietly closing the door upon us. The marketable value of the commodity called politeness was evidently not appreciated in this country. Forward to the steamer, then!

We were now close upon the shores of the first great lake, enclosed, as far as the eye could carry, in all directions, by unbroken expanse of forest trees. Our drivers had never heard of steamer communication with Nyslott, but we bade them drive till we should sight a vessel of some description. Arrived, however, in front of a small square wooden hut, whose inside walls were covered with conflicting statements as to probable dates of steamer departures, they stopped, refused to wait while we sought information, deposited our luggage on the ground, and then, cavilling at their fare, seized and carried off as hostages a precious bag

and fishing-basket. They ran, and we pursued and captured, and a serious fight was only averted by ignominious surrender to extortion. The arrival at that moment of a tiny, gesticulating Russian and his miniature wife diverted us; their appealing looks of despair across the silent, forsaken waters of the lake convincing us, with mute eloquence, that they were comrades in perplexity. They had no Swedish, and we no Russian, but in healthy German accents we laughed together over the vague chances offering of our ever leaving the shores of this lonely lake in Central Finland. Then, leaving the friendly little Russians—who themselves were seeking a steamer to take them to Imatra, the place of the famous waterfall—to guard the luggage, we returned to the little town to seek for information. Finally, when, at seven that evening, we sailed away in triumph, we left our quaint little couple sitting on a broken plank beside the water's edge, their faces alternately disconsolate and amused, waiting, buoyed by a faint hope that, towards two or three o'clock on the following morning, a vessel might appear to take them to their destination.

But once on board our tiny steamer, threading our way amongst the pine-clad isles, which form, of the never-ending, ever-varying lakes, a veritable forest archipelago, our connection with the past was broken, and we felt, with a thrill of pleasure, that we were in a country and amongst a people belonging, by rights, neither to Europe nor this age. Instinctively we dropped the querulous, bustling spirit of anxiety, which fussed after food, luggage, and time-tables, lost very nearly, but not quite, the vulgar British sense of humour so misleading to a fair judgment of less frivolous natures, and caught-on the slow-moving, quiet, phlegmatic air of a people who work to live, and live because it is not yet their fate to die.

The accommodation on the little steamer was, to say the most of it, limited; and, feeling besides uncertain of the companionship below, we stayed up on the little deck all night. Hour after hour slipped by as, in the light melancholy of a northern night, we glided along the dark waters of the lakes, the only token that our voyage was not some old-time dream, and the sole sign of prosaic life, the occasional long chains of timber-laden barges, creeping and twisting their slow way through the forest-fringed labyrinth of inland waters. Sometimes a small tow-steamer serves as propeller to the floating islands of raft-timber, which measure, often, three to four hundred yards across. The progress then is at the rate of two miles an hour, and is made by means of a grappling-chain of two thousand fathoms in length, with which the steamerlet advances, then, after sinking this, returns and attaches herself to the log timbers. Occasionally, however, a horse upon the raft itself turns the windlass; and the rate of progression, in this case, remains steady, at an average of two miles a day!

Throughout that evening the sun, though it lost the fierceness of its heat, seemed loth to leave us, and towards eleven o'clock still lingered, toying with its golden light amongst the fir-tops. A slight spreading of the red-gold clouds towards the east, and in a couple of hours again, aglow with fresh life kindled in the depths of his mighty forest haunts, his warm rays cheered our chilled, numbed senses, and told us that another day was born. Instinctively we listened for the singing of the birds, the lowing of the cattle, for the startled cry of the wild fowl flapping across the steamer's course, for the thousand signs of life which usually greet each fresh day; we looked for the white-tufted tails of frisking rabbits, for the swift running of a hare in the occasional clearings of the forest, which harbours, not animal life nor human sound, but only the dim, weird woodland spirits, which control the thoughts and deeds of faithful Finns. We learned, by the absence of all these signs of a happier nature, that King Frost, with his white-clothed bride,



Down the rapids: our pilot.

Queen Snow, grudges almost to extermination such signs of a relenting nature, and even during the short two months of summer, when for a little space the warm sun reigns supreme by day, frost lays an icy finger on the yellow ears of corn ripening in all haste night and day for harvest, and exultingly destroys by one night's touch the labours of a year. For, before the seed can have been sown, the forest must be cleared by fire and axe, the fallen timber must find a market and be floated down the long length of interminable lakes, and down the rushing rapids of the rivers.

Small wonder is it that the Finns should be gloomy, taciturn, reserved—fatalists, in short. A population of two millions spread over 135,000 square miles of country, it is only in the towns that human intercourse is possible. At work in the silent depths of the indomitable forests, or on the lonely waters of the lakes, nothing in nature speaks or smiles or even weeps for them, the deep and silent snowfalls seeming even to have some nature's secret to conceal. The only life they know is the frozen life of winter, when frost and snow make highways of the trackless heaths and deep dividing waters of the lakes. Then, with sledges, skates, and ski-boats, the children can again make light of the distances which in the short summer weeks keep them back from school. Forest work must cease; and, the short day over, young and old collect in the long barn-like winter room attached to every farmhouse, and together spin and weave and carpenter, and to the music of the ancient Runes and songs work to supply the wants of all the year. Presumably in winter time they also take in a stock of sleep to last them through the summer, for we could never discover a time when it was general to go to rest, and ourselves soon lost the prosaic habit of sleepfulness.

At Nyslott, where we arrived at the conclusion of our first steamer voyage, at



At the rate of thirty miles an hour.

seven in the morning, we spent a delightful day roaming about the old historic island fort, the scene, in bygone times, of many tragic conflicts between the Russians and the Swedes. It was easy to picture how the rival armies must have welcomed such an open break as this fort afforded them, from the hopeless hide-and-peek pursuits through thick forests and over trackless waters; and very forcibly one realised that in the year 1808, when Alexander I. of Russia finally wrested Finland from the Swedes—to whom, since the eleventh century, it had belonged—the Finns might, if they had so chosen, at least have saved themselves the ignominy of the “walk-over” which they suffered Russia to enjoy. “But all is well that ends well,” and although the “Grand Duchy of Finland” is attached to the most autocratic of European Governments, she enjoys almost unlimited measures of Home Rule, having her ancient fundamental laws secured to her, her inherited Lutheran faith confirmed, and her own three-yearly Diet assured, on each successive Emperor’s oath.

The people, indeed, are making rapid strides in civilisation, and even now lay claim to a place amongst the nations; but if the Finnish man knows wisdom, he will welcome still the six months’ blockade of ice and snow which guards his country from the wiles and woes of civilisation, and, while he still can, he will rejoice in the knowledge that his women are distinct in Europe, in combining an infinite capacity for work with a heritage of unaffected modest virtue. Physically they are not beautiful, their faces lacking the transforming influence of vivacity, colouring and expression; but then, even a Venus would be tried by the unbecoming, close-fitting head-kerchiefs, and short, loose, ungirded bodices they wear. Yet, strangely enough, the vulgar fact that beauty is expected in a woman, passes almost

forgotten, as, in addition to the occupations of spinning, weaving, and all the other ordinary avocations of a woman, you see them man the boats, drive the carts, and, in the frequent absence of the men upon distant forest work, manage the farms, playing their heavy parts in life, equally unscourged by masculine assumptions or feminine flippancies.

Amongst the men the type—though, as with the women, it varies in the different provinces—is yet distinctly Mongolian, as proclaimed by the thick lips, laterally projecting cheek bones, and small, slit-like eyes, even though the latter may result from constant blinking at the snow, and from the wood-smoke in the huts. In the northern provinces a striking characteristic is the absence of hair upon the faces of the men, Nature, no doubt with a view to strict impartiality between the sexes, disdaining to bestow undue protection from the cold upon “mere man.” It may be, however, that a diet which is free from vegetables and meat, consisting almost entirely of rye bread and milk, is partly answerable; but this is a question for experts.

Ourselves, we had as yet, on our voyage of twelve hours from Nyslott to Kuopio, as also the following day on the steamer to Isalmi, though vegetables were unknown by name, been treated sumptuously at the midday meal to, tough, oily slabs of meat, much relished by the three fat Finns and a large Lapp, who, with the captain, sat to table with us. We had found them snoring at full length all around the little cabin seats, and had some difficulty in waking them to a sense of the importance of the meal, for which we required sitting space. They much preferred fingers to forks; and the Lapp having first, no doubt in deference to us, picked the fish from off the bones, finally, unable longer to resist, in a moment when he thought our eyes were turned, dexterously picked up the bare bones, and swallowed them with evident relief.

Our conversation was no doubt a trifle polyglot, consisting of a quaint medley of broken Finnish, Lappish and Swedish; but we satisfactorily ascertained each others' ages and domestic history, agreed as to the dreamy, weird monotony of the endless lake and forest scenery through which we were still passing, and on our arrival—after another twelve hours' voyage—at Isalmi, were genuinely sorry to part.

At this place the lake system is interrupted, and we found the journey to Kajana, our next halting-place, must be made in rough two-wheeled carts, distinctly ill adapted for the purpose. Ourselves in one cart, our luggage in another, we started straight away at 6 p.m.—in our growing impatience to reach fishing waters—on our first drive of twenty hours. We learned from our little bleached-haired boy-driver, as we jogged and jolted on from one rut to another, that it was the duty of the landowners in that province to keep the roads in repair; the names of these offending sinners were proclaimed on small red posts at constant intervals along the road, and we found our sole pleasure and variety in hurling relieving curses at them as we passed!

We tried hard to remember how picturesquely interesting it was to be driving through the unbroken heart of a Finland forest, guarded through the hours of night and early morning by the crimson clouds, which, breaking the dark green foliage of the pine trees, veiled the setting and the rising sun during its short moments of seclusion; and when—our very voices hushed to the silent nature all around us—a solitary cuckoo's call fell on our startled ears, we quite appreciated the almost spiritual weirdness of the feelings which came over us. But, as time wore on, Nature forced us to remember, too, that our bones were bruised, our sides aching with the cruel jolting; that we had frozen during the cold hours of the night, then baked under the heat of the morning sun; that it was some days since we had satisfied our hunger, and some thirty-six hours since we had closed



A midday halt.

our eyes,—for though a wooden box and a rug are generally provided in the diminutive rooms left open for a passing traveller in the little posting farms where an occasional short halt is made, there were always lively and sufficient reasons against making use of these! We therefore rejoiced to find that even a Finland forest road, though it has no turnings, comes to an end at last: Kajana, with its picturesque, one-storied, variously-coloured houses, and broad, unpaved streets, loomed in sight, and between the hours of one and two o'clock midday, we drove up in the little courtyard of the "Societetshus." Alas! only to be greeted by the news that some civic authorities had monopolised the only rooms available! But we refused to be denied, as our steamer for the next day's voyage was not to start till seven the following morning; and, after due insistence, when night came, were led up some stone stairs to a bare room leading from a barn. That the room was open to the public and the street, without lock or key, and that we were regarded by the devouring chamois—to use the language of Mark Twain—as lawful prey, these were trifles beneath notice! For were not Uleaborg and fishing within three days of us?

The next day's voyage of six hours, across the great expanse of inland sea which modestly calls itself Lake Oulu, brought us to Waala, a collection of tiny wooden huts picturesquely placed at the opening of the Ulea River. We had time, during our evening meal of oily fish and uneatable black bread, served upon the dressing-table of the tiny room which did duty as the "Gasthaus," to examine with suspicion the beds, which since our arrival had sprung out from the wooden settees; and on deliberation decided to spend at least some portion of the night in roaming through the forest.



Finnish boatmen : a midday pipe.

By five o'clock the next morning, having breakfasted on eggs and goat's cheese, we were down beside the water's edge awaiting the good pleasure of the boatman whom we had bespoken to steer us down the dangerous rapids of the Ulea River.

The natives in their red cotton shirts, large slouch hats, and long knee water-boots, smoking, as is the invariable custom, endless vile-tobaccoed cigarettes, left their tar-barrel-laden boats preparing for the next voyage to Uleaborg to join the kerchiefed women, who came out from the little huts to stare in stolid silence at the two strange creatures who, as the uneventful hours went by, bravely, despairingly struggled to express hurry and bustle in a language that scarcely knows the terms. Vainly we tried to secure the services of some of the apparently leisured boatmen in place of our defaulter. They vouchsafed an answer in this cruel, albeit musical tongue of suffixes and diphthongs, entirely unintelligible ; then, without further effort at making themselves understood, sternly and calmly turned away in silence to their day's work or idleness.

Had it not been for the friendly services of a German-speaking official at the little post-office, our ghosts might even now be waiting, listening, as we did, with growing apprehension to the threatening, thunderous booming of the first cataract we expected soon to shoot. Our friend, however, explained that, our promised helmsman having unaccountably failed us, one other only of the ten men certified to steer was available that day, and he lived at a distance and must be fetched. We thought ourselves lucky, therefore, when at eight o'clock, not more than three hours late, we found ourselves jumping gingerly into the frail, light, long canoe-boat to which, seated in the narrow bottom, we were for the next ten or twelve hours to trust our souls and bodies.

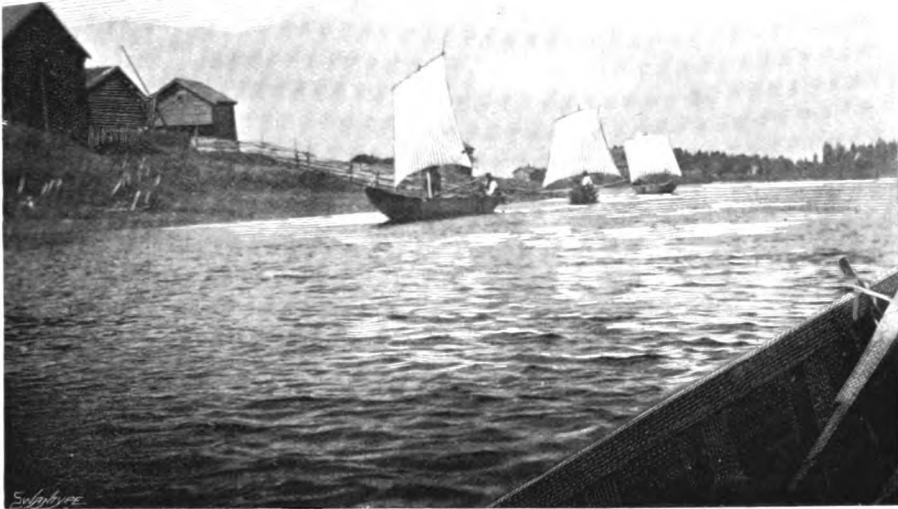
It having been frankly admitted that there was no chance of procuring food till we reached Muhos, twelve hours later, we had carefully requested our hostess of

the night before to put us up some hard-boiled eggs. A plain boiled egg was luxury enough ; a hard-boiled egg seemed evidently but a relic of an effete civilisation, for, leaving the paper bag containing the eggs and some brown cheese upon the ground, while we took the leap down into the boat some feet below us, our steersman trod upon the bag, and we discovered that the eggs were raw ! However, two were still left whole, and on these, together with the cheese (no bread—that was uneatable) we fared sumptuously during the midday halt upon the river's bank.

Our ruffianly-looking little crew consisted of the helmsman, who dexterously steers through the foaming, boisterous waters of the rapids with a powerful paddle which he works behind him, and a couple of men who with totally inadequate-looking, light, spoon-like oars, keep the boat steady, and only in the more peaceful intervals contribute to the speed with which, for the most part unaided, the canoe as by a magic power darts along to the music of the rushing, tumbling waters, between dark banks of forest trees, which hold a breathless silence as you pass. Of the manners and customs of these boatmen little can be written ; for though the Finnish standard of morality is stern enough for it to be a not unusual thing for a woman to drown herself, should the consequences of an indiscretion come upon her, yet the Finns, in these northern provinces at least, know no proprieties, their morality being curiously independent of these European safeguards to unstable virtue. But travelling as we did down the raging rapids of the river at the frequent rate of thirty miles an hour—the last thirty miles were covered just short of the hour—with the great white foaming waves dashing not only against, but also into the boat, wetting us within the first five minutes to the skin, our attention was rapt in the wonder and delight of new sensations. As, occasionally, we disappeared from sight in a blinding cloud of spray, or, following the relentless current at lightning speed, curved sharply past the rocks which roared destruction at us through the dashing waters as we passed, we knew that it needed but one error of judgment in steering across, instead of along, a breaking wave-crest, one oversight of the many stray logs of timber left to float in reckless independence down the strong current to their distant destination, and we, and the crew of the frail but marvellously buoyant little craft, must have cast anchor in another land. But the quick perception and steady nerve, strengthened in these river boatmen by the constant dangers of their surroundings, stood us in good stead, and we landed safely at Muhos, which contains a small "Gasthaus," a church, and an apothecary's shop.

Here we were much struck by the fact that there is one department of communication in which Finland ranks far ahead of us Britishers. In this tiny, isolated hamlet, we found the chemist's shop in telephonic communication with Uleaborg, some ninety miles away, and learned that for the trifling sum of £5 a year the Government supplies any householder with telephonic apparatus : no doubt this accounted for the existence in this unpopulated neighbourhood of the apothecary's shop, his custom flourishing over a hundred or two square miles of country.

Refreshed with this unexpected link with civilisation, and glad of relief from the cramped position of the last ten hours, we decided to leave the canoe and make use of the Government post-carts, supposed to be available, between this place and Uleaborg. We rejoiced to think that, with a fresh horse at every stage of fifteen kilometers, we should quickly travel the ninety miles still remaining to be covered that night. We found, however, we were reckoning without our horse ; for though, on our arrival at the various little farmsteads which served as posting stations, a couple of carts for ourselves and luggage were generally produced with a due amount of pomp and show, our unreasonable request for horses was met with the indifferent and silent contempt it no doubt deserved. We felt ourselves



On the Ulea : running before the wind.

lucky if, within an hour or so, a horse strayed in from distant farm work, or a good-natured neighbour kindly lent a worn-out lamester. On one occasion, having waited for an hour without result, we asked, with what was meant for irony, how many more hours it would be necessary to wait? "You can't go till to-morrow," was the quiet answer, and there was no irony in this. Desperate, we at last, after surreptitious searchings, discovered for ourselves a four-legged equine animal hidden away in a secluded barn, dragged him out in triumph to the little cobbled courtyard, ourselves helped to harness him to the luggage cart, and then proceeded to mount the luggage. This was, however, sternly prohibited, so there was nothing for it but to walk the next stage of fifteen kilometres. I should say "run," as we found it convenient to keep the cart within hail of us, to receive from time to time our various belongings which marked its track along the road. At the next stage we chanced, luckily, on a young untrained pony, which carried us at racehorse speed. He possessed the true Finnish independence of character, and, objecting to such an innovation in his country as a pocket-handkerchief, bolted twice, when, in all innocence of his patriotic scruples, we wiped the tears of cold from off our faces, —giving us excitement to which that of the rapids was comparatively trivial. We were, on the whole, thankful when, at one o'clock that night, we found ourselves at cobble-streeted Uleaborg—a pretty wood-built town of fifteen thousand inhabitants—inside a good hotel, with English news and letters awaiting us.

Now for the fishing! Our hopes ran high as we looked at the mighty river (Ulea), which, with its abundance of rushing waters and secluded pools, lay temptingly inviting us; and we spent the next morning diligently interviewing various town authorities as to prospects and permissions. We were informed that

only fools would waste time attempting to catch salmon with inadequate weapons such as rods and flies, when they were to be trapped by thousands in the nets! But we nevertheless requested introduction to a reliable boatman, and on his arrival in the drawing-room of the courteous Herr J——, himself a Swede, with a smattering of Russian but no Finnish, proceeded to give him our order for the afternoon. As, however, we failed to gather, from the boatman's answer, whether or not our suggestion was agreeable to him, Herr J—— sent for a Russian friend in an adjoining room, who knew something of the Finnish language but of no other than his own, to act as final interpreter. And then it was a real merry game of Russian scandal that we played: we stood in a circle to facilitate matters, and between the rounds of laughter the conversation passed through us, in Swedish, to the Swede, who could just make himself understood to the Russian, who finally communicated to the Finnish boatman what was left of our original remarks.

Both boat and man duly appeared at the appointed place and hour; and the result of the evening was a good fish lost when, in the midst of an exciting chase down the bubbling rapids, the phlegmatic Finn suddenly dropped his steadying oars, to leisurely examine the workmanship of the gaff lying at his feet. With the exception of some grayling caught, this slight encouragement was all we met in the four days during which we allowed ourselves to enjoy the fleshpots of Uleaborg. We were presumably too near the mouth of the river for the salmon to appreciate the dainty flies and minnows with which we vainly sought to tempt them: they apparently prefer being massacred by thousands in the numerous salmon pens everywhere awaiting them. Each to his taste! In sorrow we left them to their fate, gladly catching at a suggestion of a visit to a certain hospitable farmhouse higher up the river, where the fish were reputed to have a nobler taste for sport.

Preferring cold to heat and dust during a tedious drive, we started on our new pilgrimage at 10.30 in the evening.

X——, we had been told, was but a four or five hours' drive from Uleaborg. Times and hours in Finland, however, are but complementary, meaningless expressions, and we had long since decided—after an introduction to the little word *tuhattakahdeksansataydeksankymmentaseitsemän* (1897), which first greeted us in our conversation book—to leave Finnish figures severely to themselves. We were therefore not seriously surprised to find ourselves, at the end of twenty hours, still jolting on interminably with our tired horse and boneshaker, the five-syllabled name by which the farmer and his house were generally known not having yet—by our inquiries in the isolated farmsteads on our route—shown any proof or sign of actual existence.

However, by seven o'clock in the evening we had left the road behind, and after three-quarters of an hour of boat and rapids, found ourselves safely landed on the distant river bank, above which stood the one-storied wooden farm whose hospitality, such as it was, awaited us. Our host, the farmer, might have been cut out of an old Scotch picture of a Covenanter. Stern and serious, pious according to his lights—Lutheran lights, bequeathed by six centuries of Swedish dominion to himself and to his country—his nature, like that of all Finnish people, bore the impress of the harsher phases of life which alone are familiar in this sunless winter land. Of his wife he was, and no doubt justly, proud. She was the mother of nine children, and though his paternal perfections showed weakness when he attempted to remember all their names, this did not detract from his own important position as the husband of such a woman.

Two out of the three diminutive sleeping-rooms used by the family, and the sitting-room, were sacrificed for our use; the family in the meantime contenting themselves with snatching stray intervals of sleep, in turns, throughout the twenty-four



Our canoe.

hours, upon the broad benches used as beds. Before the front windows ran the rushing river, loud with the continuous roaring of the rapids a few hundred yards above—the perpetual background of pine and birch forest beyond—whilst behind the little courtyard at the back, itself inclosed by sheds with laid-by snow-ploughs and sledges, kilns for drying corn, etc., a couple of cultivated fields alone divided us from the dark depths of the unbroken forest.

The outlook of our new quarters charmed us, but it was forty-eight hours since we had trifled with sleep, and thirty-six hours since we had eaten anything worthy of the name of food; we suggested therefore to our host that before going to rest supper would be welcome. He appeared to sympathise; then, pointing to a boat below, said he would call the man—engaged as our fisherman for a week—to go with us and show us the best places for the fish! In our then sleepful and starved condition this sounded slightly disconcerting, and we trusted we had misunderstood; but in a few moments he returned, and taking us by the arm, led us down the steep bank to the shore, meanwhile explaining that the farm supplies were limited to black bread, coffee and last year's eggs.

As our attempts at procuring tinned provisions from Uleaborg had resulted in three tins of sardines, of which two were bad, it was not without anxiety we stepped into the boat awaiting us. "Remembering Uleaborg," we nervously removed the gaff from the vision of our silent boatman, and, as he rowed us out into midstream, prayed the river gods to direct the fish this night. Never was prayer swifter or better responded to: the river seemed literally crammed full of fish, which lay lazily close below the surface of the water, flapping their great fins in idle *ennui*, all around us. We soon saw that there was no danger of starvation, and safely hooked



Our farmhouse attendants.

and gaffed within the first quarter of an hour a promising grilse, temporarily forgot hunger and sleepiness in sportsman's keenness, as the trout and grayling rose and took; then finally, with our rods resting in the bottom of the boat, were ignominiously rowed home, fast asleep, deaf and blind even to the attentions of a grayling at the tail fly!

That night, at eleven o'clock, when at last we sat down to supper, we fancied fish diet the most natural, wholesome and satisfying in the world. Trout for breakfast, salmon for lunch, and grayling for supper! Delightful! It was when a week was past, and a grayling served for our evening meal was sickly, that we began to wonder if we were quite as nourished as we had hoped to be. "When the little heart is full"—or empty—"a little sets it off."

It chanced that the half-torn bill of the little dinner we had enjoyed in town the night before we left for Finland, found its way from a coat pocket on to the empty supper-table. We dared not look into each other's faces, as we recalled each item of that menu: we rose, and humming a light tune, were glad of a diversion, caused by an unusual concourse of boats moored just below the house.

We went out to inquire the reason, and found that it was bath night at our farmhouse, and men and women on their way up and down the river with their tar boats were come, as was the weekly custom, to avail themselves of the cleanly hospitality freely offered. The wood-hut bath-house stood, according to the tradition of every farmhouse in the country, about a hundred yards away from the main buildings, and proclaimed itself to our inquisitive eyes by the clouds of smoke which, issuing from the red-hot boulders on the oven inside, made their way, Irish fashion, through the half-opened door as best they could. We were just wondering whether the men or women bathers would be given precedence, one or other of us hoping, with due discretion and propriety, to advance and learn the mysteries

*Approaching Muho.*

of the Finnish vapour bath. But while we waited on ceremony, these simple, wholesome-minded men and women, standing on the grassed terrace of the river bank, exposed, without shame, to the free air of Nature, stripped themselves of their few garments, and, leaving these strewn on the grass outside, together sauntered into the steam-filled, airless room, now raised to the temperature of a Turkish bath. Each man and woman then seized a small broom of dried birch leaves placed in readiness, and applied it with vigour to his or her perspiring body; then, emerging into the cold night air, re-covered themselves with their scant and not too savoury-looking clothing, whilst a fresh batch of bathers took their place. The next hour was spent by the whole gang sauntering in and out of the long winter room in the farmhouse, examining us in every detail, and cooling themselves before returning to the river.

Rough and uncouth in face and manner, to the last degree, the men undoubtedly were; but it was consoling to know that, though they might drive us from them by their vile tobacco fumes and habits, drunkenness need never be feared: farmers used, at one time, to distil their own supply of spirits from their corn, but the Russian Government now prohibits this, and the sole liquor procurable is a light beer only purchasable in the towns. It may be true that the sober moral virtues of this primitive peasantry are thus in a measure forced upon them, just as it is true that in this cold and pulseless land, whose very configuration seldom rises above the level of its tree tops, passion and emotion, the usual incentives to crime, are conspicuously absent; but it is at least creditable to their vitality that, as a nation, the Finns have survived the centuries during which their country has served as the bloody shield and themselves as the sword of Sweden, and now, in these last years, are raising to themselves, in their town-centres of civilisation, monuments of peace, art and culture. Of this fact the University at Helsingfors,



A street in Uleaborg.

the capital of Finland, is a standing proof; and we ourselves were not left in doubt as to the practical existence of national pioneers of an advanced civilisation, for it chanced that, having returned to Uleaborg by river and carts, thence to Helsingfors by a train which took two days upon the journey, we voyaged back to Hull from Helsingfors, in company with a Finnish Professor on his way to serve as delegate at the Geographical Congress then about to be held in London. He told us that before the delegates were selected he was asked by the authorities if he knew the English language, and he answered promptly, "No, but if you will appoint me delegate I will know it!" And already, within three weeks from that time, he spoke as an accomplished English scholar! In addition to the Professor and three Russian ladies—also visiting England for the first time—our excellently arranged steamer carried on this five-days' voyage ninety Finnish-American emigrants, five thousand barrels of butter for English consumption, and innumerable sacks of bobbins from Kuopio: these latter were the joy of the little Finnish emigrant children, to whom the rocking motion of the Baltic and the North Sea seemed as easy as that of a native cradle—for, their little fingers itching with the inborn love of carpentry, fostered by their native forest work, they amused themselves by making little carts and trucks out of stray bobbins stolen from the sacks.

For us, alas! the North Sea offered little consolation; and in our joy at sight of British soil again, even the dingy wharves of Hull, as they loomed to hazy view, took a beauty of their own. We haven't yet quite decided what honour we should like to bestow upon the unwashed member of the dockyard proletariat who first greeted us, and asked us in our dear intelligible English dialect, "if he should 'ire a carriage for us!"

M. A. STOBART.



THE RAID OF CARLISLE.

A PSEUDO-INGOLDSBEAN LAY.

[The following incident took place in May 1596. Lord Scroop was Warden of the Western Marches on behalf of Elizabeth; while Buccleuch on the Scottish side was Warden of the Middle Marches on behalf of James VI.]



LORD SCROOP sits square In his velvet chair,
 And smacks his lips at the goodly fare
 That lacqueys and liveried grooms of State
 Are heaping in piles on his lordly plate :
Ris d'agneau, And filets de veau,
 With porpoise and peacock, and sturgeon's roe,
 And separate sauces For each of the courses,
 And flagons of Rhenish and rare Bordeaux ;
 I doubt if the Queen Had a finer *cuisine*,
 Or a board at which choicer provisions were seen,
 Than boasted the Warden in old Carlisle,
 When it suited his humour to do it in style.

Well, my lord of Scroop Had finished his soup,
 And his *éperlans frits*, and had called for a stoup
 Of the Château Lafitte, Which he drank with his meat—
 For the Malmsey, though old, was a little too sweet—
 When, battered and spattered and flecked with mud,
 With here and there a suspicion of blood
 Staining his hauberk of burnished steel,
 Sakelde breaks in on the Warden's meal—



Sakelde, the chief of the mounted bands
That ride at my lord of Scroop's commands.

"What news? what news? my deputy bold!
Whatever it is, it had best be told;
So fire away, And say your say,
For a *ventre affamé n'a point d'oreilles*,
And there's nothing I know That annoys me so
As having to eat my *filet de veau*
And *haricots verts* While you stand and stare
Like an image in front of my velvet chair."

Now I'd better explain, While I'm still in the vein,
That towards the end of Elizabeth's reign,
Though the "thistle" and "rose" Were no longer at blows,



They'd a way of disturbing each other's repose,
By the lifting of stock At all hours of the clock,
And by setting a-crowing the "Bonny Red Cock,"
A mode of proceeding Most clearly exceeding
The rules of decorum, and palpably needing
Some clear understanding between the two nations,
By which to adjust their unhappy relations.
With this object in view, It occurred to Buccleuch
That a great deal of mutual good would accrue
If they settled that he And Lord Scroop's nominee
Should meet once a year, and between them agree
To arbitrate all controversial cases,
And grant an award on an equable basis.

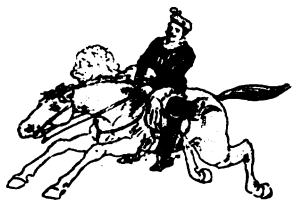
A brilliant idea, That promised to be a
Corrective, if not a complete, panacea—
For, though many writers have tried to condemn it, his
Scheme was prolific in solid indemnities;
Cattle, and sheep, and occasional marks
Being paid to the victims of some of the "larks,"
With which the young "bloods," when inclined for a spree,
Had a way of relieving their days of *ennui*;
And it really appears That, for several years,
These fines of "poll'd Angus" and Galloway
steers

Did greatly conduce, During seasons of truce,
To abating traditional forms of abuse,
And to giving the *roués* of Border Society
Some little sense of domestic propriety.



Now, the point is this: that, whenever they met
In these open-air Courts to express their regret
For these little *faux pas*, and to pay the full debt
For such peccadilloes, the strict etiquette
Observed on each side, When a case had been tried,
And the wardens were able at length to decide

On a suitable fine, was that all who'd attended—
 No matter how deeply they might have offended,
 No matter what claims, On behalf of King James,
 Might be entered against their particular names—
 Should have a day's "grace" When they rode from the place,
 And, in spite of all feuds of religion and race,
 They should not be molested for former transgressions
 Till sunrise the morning succeeding the sessions.
 Now Sakelde, at the time that he made his appearance,
 Had just ridden back, with some fifty adherents,
 From taking his seat at this Annual Board, on
 Behalf for the nonce of his master the Warden ;



So, without more ado, He artistically drew
 A description in full, from his own point of view,
 Of fires and slaughters In various quarters,
 And seizures of wives and abductions of daughters ;
 And what compensations, For such violations,
 The Court had awarded the lady's relations ;
 And so on, *ad lib.*, with his tale of misdoings

And forcible wooings And consequent sueings,
 Till lastly his lord, Who was woefully bored
 By this dreary synopsis of fire and sword,
 And crimes and committals, And fines and acquittals,
 Which kept him from really enjoying his victuals,
 Resolved that his temper no longer could brook it,
 And bluntly requested the other to "hook it."

The Deputy winked, and adjusting a smile
 That was meant to betoken indefinite guile,
 Remarked, "It is possibly worthy of mention
 That down in the lock-up I hold in detention
 One Willie o' Kinmont, a thief of degree
 That we happened to collar at Woodhouselee."

Lord Scroop has leapt from his velvet chair—
 Hey ! but his face was a sight to see,
 So woundily sly Was the bibulous eye
 That he winked at his merry old Deputy :
 "Now drain me a stoup, thou warrior bold,
 Now drain me a flagon of Malvoisie,
 And a chappin of pieces of bright red gold
 Thy guerdon to-night, Sakelde, shall be."
 For that any retainer of Scott o' Buccleuch's
 Should be waiting his capital doom to thole,
 Is the merriest news That a man could choose
 To gladden the Western Warden's soul.



"Where are those grooms? Here, Halliday, Dick,
 Go fetch me this Border Apolycus, quick !
 I'd have a few words with the gentleman ere he be
 Launched on his heavenward trip from the Hairibee.*



* Ancient place of public execution at Carlisle.



Zounds! what a capture! A fig for indentures
 And treaties! I don't care a button who censures
 My act. Why, a man with such low avocations
 Is outside the pale of polite obligations.
 As big a marauder, In fact, as the Border
 Has ever produced for the spread of disorder;
 There's no one I'd sooner have hanged. *Mon Dieu!*
 'Twill be one in the eye for the bold Buccleuch.
 Ha! enter our riever. By all the saints,
 'Tis a figure and face such as Gheeraedts paints!
 So, so, my friend, you are brought at last
 To account to the Queen for your evil past:
 For robbing and thieving, And raiding and rieving
 Her Majesty's people, and rudely relieving
 Respectable folks of their daughters and wives,
 Their cattle, their horses, and even their lives.
 And for such misdemeanours, on Monday at eight
 You shall cancel the debt that you owe to the State;
 For your vertebral cord Will be asked to afford
 A support for the whole of your bodily weight:
 A task to the which, as you'll learn by the sequel,
 The vertebral cord is not usually equal.
 So if you can show me no adequate cause
 For reversing the usual course of the laws,
 I must ask you to leave me to finish in peace
 My *omelette au fromage* and *œufs à la Suisse*."



Oh! Kinmont Willie was mighty of limb,
 And his body was stout, and his eye was grim;
 And I take it that then There were very few men,
 From the mouth of the Annan to Ettrick Pen,
 Who, in battle or brawl, Would have ventured to call
 On the sturdy marauder to wrestle a fall,
 Or settle conclusions by means of a cuff,
 Without—what the faculty call—"getting snuff."
 Still he did *not* possess, I am bound to confess,
 Any superabundance of courtly address;
 And though full of resource As a leader of horse,
 Was a regular duffer at wordy finesse;
 For—unlike Mr. Carrol's somnabulant Alice—his
 Mind was not given to subtle analysis.
 Outside, in fact, his particular trade
 Of embezzling cattle, or heading a raid,
 The bent of his mind Was so strictly confined
 To affairs appertaining to "stock," I'm afraid
 There is hardly a doubt That at revel or rout
 The ladies considered him rather a lout.



So finding himself, so to speak, up a tree,
 And unable to think of a neat repartee,

He wisely concluded (as Brian Boru did
 On seeing his "illigant counthry" denuded
 Of cattle and grain, That were swept from the plain
 By the barbarous hand of the pillaging Dane)
 To bandy no words with a dominant foe,
 But to wait for a chance of returning the blow,
 And then let him have it *in more suo*.
 So he merely replied, With excusable pride,
 That to Harden and Stobbs he was closely allied;
 And Sir Walter Scott Would give it him hot
 (The Warden, that is) for having him shot.

"Pooh! Fiddlededee! I should somewhat smile,"
 Said the Warden, "to catch him inside Carlisle."



There's a little boy saddles a Galloway steed,
 And straight to the norrard he gallops at speed,
 Though the day's getting late (It's a quarter to eight),
 And the Esk's in a regular milk-white spate.
 He don't care a jot If it's flooded or not,
 But reducing his pace to an orderly trot
 Goes slap at the river, and ere you can wink .
 He has driven his Galloway over the brink.
 Now Heaven them guide! 'Tis a desperate ride,
 But they struggle at length to the opposite side;
 Then the stout little lad Gives a twist to his plaid,
 And he stands in his stirrups and gallops like mad;
 And he gallops and gallops o'er Canobie Moss,
 And he's into the Liddell and out and across,
 With a splash and a scramble, and shake and a snort,
 As if pony and boy were enjoying the sport.
 Then, *ventre à terre*, 'They go racing from there
 In a way that, I think, would have made you stare,
 Till at Penton Quins Our pony begins
 To sob very sadly, and, just at the whins
 Below Mangertoun Castle, he staggers and reels,
 And projects our little boy head over heels.
 But he's far from a flat, 'This adventurous brat,
 So he rouses up Willie o' Westburnflat,
 And, *ab illo latrone*, He borrows a pony,
 And rides it as hard as he'd ridden his own—he
 Is on to its back With a whoop and a whack,
 And he's over the water to Hermitage Slack,
 And the "Nine Stane Rig," and on Sundhope Flow
 Gallops hammers and tongs, though it puzzles me how,
 In a very poor light, In the dead of the night,
 On a broken-kneed pony this venturesome wight
 Could have managed to do it; for even now
 It's pretty bad going on Sundhope Flow.
 And if you're inclined to pooh-pooh, and deny it,
 Just borrow a Galloway pony, and try it.



But little Jock Graeme (Which I'm told was his name)
 Doesn't care a brass cent if his pony *is* lame,
 But he gives him to know It's a question of "go"
 When the cry of the rider's "For Branhholme Ho!"
 His wind must be sound and his paces be true
 Who carries the fray to the bold Buccleuch.
 So the good little nag Doesn't potter or lag,
 Though he falls on his head in a treacherous "hagg,"
 Which shows that his legs, like the moods of Poseidon,
 Are not, at a pinch, to be wholly relied on.
 However, no matter, they're nothing the worse,
 Though Jock's observations were pithy and terse;
 And one word, at least, sounded very like— Come,
 With regard to that word I had better be mum;
 For fond as I am Of a neat epigram,
 I can never approve of small boys saying— Dear!
 Once more I was very near writing that swear.



Nevertheless, I am bound to confess,
 That his *toilette* was all in a terrible mess;
 For taking a toss In a glutinous "moss"
 Has a sadly subduing effect on the dress.
 And very few things are as black as the slough
 That lies in the "haggs" on Sundhope Flow.

This little digression On Jockie's expression
 Has checked the monotonous flow of progression
 That brought us so quickly from Canobie Lea
 To the spot where the boy had a fall, and "*on dit*"
 Was repeatedly heard By a bad little bird
 To make use of a word that began with a D.
 So *en route* once more, And *excelsior*,
 For the hillside's steep, and it's half-past four;
 And you'll both of you tire And puff and perspire,
 Before you are over the Hardhaughswire.

But the good little steed, Though it is broken-kneed,
 Has the courage and blood of the Galloway breed;
 For, though you'd imagine the mountain would tire it,
 It really would seem as if *vires acquirit*
Eundo, so great is the spirit and will
 With which it goes galloping over the hill.

Well, be that as it may, They were over the brae
 In a couple of cracks, and below them there lay,
 In the light of the morning, misty and pale,
 The wooded expanse of Teviotdale.
 Then he tightens his reins, and he risks a fall,
 And downward he gallops to Branhholme Hall.



"What news, my smatchet, what news from hame?
 What speirings o' Canobie, wee Jock Graeme?"

There's bluid on your spur, and there's mud in your e'e,
 And I doot there's a rumpus at Woodhouselee.
 Or what the deuce, In a time o' truce,
 Do you mean by bringing the fray to me?"

"Oh! a wife sits pale, And the childer wail,
 And sair's the greeting i' Liddesdale.
 For Willie o' Kinmont's ta'en and held
 By yon fause dinnaguid, Tom Sakelde.
 And Liddesdale lippens to Branhholme Hall
 To red him some gate frae the Warden's thrall.
 For the morn at noon They'll gar him 'gae down,'
 And sure as Sakelde's a twa-faced loon.
 So there, Buccleuch, Ye ken the noo
 Why Liddesdale sends the fray to you."



"Hech wow! wee Jockie, waes me, waes me!
 For the news that you carry frae Woodhouselee.
 And, gif there were war wi' the Queen, my sakes!
 But I'd give that auld limmer Sakelde his paiks,
 And fause Carlisle's Brick, mortar and tiles
 I'd scatter abroad for a score o' miles,
 That ilka fleggin went stravaigin' by
 Should gather the tale of its infamy.
 For of all the devices for quelling disorders
 And checking the Cumberland thieves and marauders,
 The sweetest I own is The *lex talionis*—
 The only canonical law of the Borders.
 Still, as there's a truce wi' the English Queen,
 It wadna just do; still, I vow there's been
 Quite *satis superque* Of this sort of work, we
 Must really take action and intervene.
 Eh mon! I have it! Ho, Wat! What ho!
 Archie Gillespie, Jamie and Joe,
 Get ye to horse, ye loons, and choose
 Me a couple of hundred lads of Ewes
 And Esk, and choose me them steeve and stark,
 To meet me the night on the leas o' Sark.
 Ma certie! I'll gie 'em to understand
 Wha's cock o' the walk in the Borderland."



There's a clatter of horse on Woodhouselee,
 There's a glint of arms on Canobie;
 And from forest and fen, From corrie and glen,
 The Eskdale men "ride readilie."
 From Sorby Hass, from Logan Head,
 Where Tarras burn flows dark and red,
 With hauberk and jack, with spur and boot,
 Sniffing afar the scent of loot,



They gallop to Sark All ripe for a "lark,"
But still in the dark as to what's afoot.

"Now, wha's for a ride at my right hand?
Wha's for a glimpse of Cumberland?
Will ye tak a bit turn O'er the Glenzier burn
For a whiff o' the sea on Solway Sand?

"There's a corbie's nest on Eden's shore,
A corbie's nest baith high and strang,
So bring ye a score Of ropes, or more,
And plenty o' ladders light and lang.



"For the corbie has stolen a wee bit lamb,
A lamb we can ill afford to lose;
So against his eyrie we'll bring a 'ram,'
And to back the 'ram' we'll bring the Ewes.

"So bide ye here Till the nicht draws near,
And when the guid ponies have had a rest,
Manibus pedibusque, As soon as it's dusk we
Will up and awa for the corbie's nest."

Lord Scroop sits square In his velvet chair,
And smacks his lips at the goodly fare



That lacqueys and liveried grooms of state
Are heaping in piles on his lordly plate.
Oh! he's full of *esprit* And of Malvoisie,
And he chuckles aloud in his vinous glee;
And the opposite place at the board is held
By the Deputy Warden, 'Tom Sakelde.

"A toast! a toast! my Deputy stout,
A toast! a toast! What ho! without
More wine, more wine, you lubberly swine—
Bring a couple of quarts of the '59;
We'll drink it betwixt us, My worthy Silenus.
What! Hang it, old fellow, you can't decline.
Here's a speedy release *e vinculo*
To our mutual friend who lives below—
The one in the cell. Not the one in—— well,
You know what I mean, of course. Hullo!
The deuce! What's that? cries, trumpets, shouts?
Here, Humphrey and John, you rascally louts,
Go, say that I really can't allow
Those fellows to make such a fiendish row."



"My lord, my lord, the castle's ta'en!
The garrison's fled, and the sentries slain,
And Scott of Buccleuch, With his cut-throat crew,
Are sacking the castle through and through.

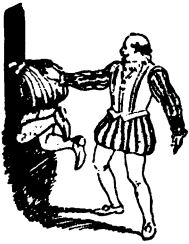


They've burst the gate, they've broken the wall,
 They're playing the deuce in the servants' hall;
 They're smashing the doors And the dungeon floors,
 And letting the prisoners out by scores.
 And the guard are killed, not one escaped;
 And the women, I fear, have all been run
 To ground in the outer Barbican!"

Now, Lord Scroop (his biographers all declare)
 Was a man with a good deal of *savoir faire*;
 And in any emergency, great or small,
 In plot or intrigue, in battle or brawl,
 Whenever, in fact, He'd occasion to act
 In a matter requiring courage and tact,
 He was able to keep what Macaulay defined
 As a gift from the gods—viz., his presence of mind.
 In short, at that time there were certainly few men
 Possessed of the Warden's excessive acumen.
 Now, this being so, You will see that although
 Such news couldn't fail to be rather a blow,
 Lord Scroop was by no means *au bout de son Latin*:
 In spite of the wine, and the *choux-fleur au gratin*,
 And *entrées* and *rôts*, which a *chef* often hides
 Under pseudonyms borrowed from France, and besides
 Other things, on which only the opposite sex are keen—
 Ices and creams, which he'd eaten *κατ' ἐξοχήν*,—
 Spite of all this it is perfectly plain
 That the food hadn't addled his lordship's brain.



He has dragged Sakelde from his velvet chair,
 He has hustled the Deputy down the stair,
 He has bundled him out of the buttery lattice,
 Although the poor gentleman's middle so fat is,
 It's rather a job, for his person is large in
 Proportion, and leaves but a limited margin
 Through which he can squeeze With his fat little knees
 Tucked up to the neck of his dainty *chemise*
 Of "Valenciennes" rare; For, of course, you're aware
 That the windows we use for admission of air
 In old architecture Were used to protect your



Abode from all folks who'd no business there;
 And were rather designed So that men with a mind
 To burglary, murder, and rapine inclined,
 Should fail to get in, than that people with stout
 And protuberant middles should try to get out.
 However, at last He is actually past,
 Although for a minute inclined to stick fast,
 For the curves of his figure Were sensibly bigger
 Since sharing the Warden's Homeric repast;
 Then he bends his ear, The better to hear
 While the Warden unravels the *ruse de guerre*,



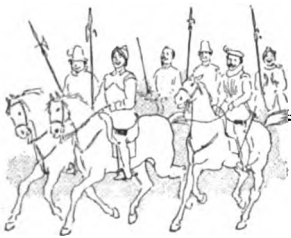
With the which, if the Deputy's decently smart, he
Expects to astonish the opposite party.



There's a terrible hubbub inside the keep;
There's a pretty to-do where the damsels sleep:
Such laughing and squealing, Such frantic appealing,
Such running about and unseemly revealing
Of figures accoutred in scant deshabbille,
And of limbs unencumbered by things with a frill.
Such a general hubbub of voices and tears
Had never been known for a hundred years.
At length there's an end to the racket and riot,
The rieviers are off, and the Barbican quiet.
And, I'm sorry to say, They're no sooner away,
Than out of the fodder, and out of the hay,
Out of the cupboards, and out of the sinks,
And other such places, where nobody thinks
To look for a soldier in arms, there creep,
Palsied and pale to the foot of the keep,
The whole of the garrison, sentries, and guard,
That were said to have died in the castle yard.
Not a soldier lost, not a sentry missing,
No bloodshed whatever; and, as to the kissing,
The ladies distinctly aver that although
They were slightly alarmed at the sight of the foe,
That they nevertheless Were obliged to confess
That the visitors' manners were quite *comme il faut*;
In fact, it would tax them to specify when
They had met such unusually sociable men.



Meanwhile, through the wind and the mist and the rain,
The marauders are off to the Border again;
With carol and song They are jogging along
Down the road to the river, as merry a throng
As ever rode out from the gates of Newbattle
To ease a Northumberland farm of its cattle.
And right in their midst, on a muscular bay,
Which he sits in the loose irresponsible way
Of a caravan gipsy When thoroughly tipsy,
Rides *pecorum fer celeberrimus ipse*,



Willie o' Kinmont, in no little glee
At the thoughts of revisiting Canobie Lea.

They have passed the Caday, and are breasting the ridge
That you cross just before you arrive at the bridge,
With that devil-may-care Sort of rollicking air,
Such as even irregular cavalry wear;
And old Dickie o' Dryhope is singing a stave
About beautiful ladies and men who are brave,—
An equivocal carol, Asserting that men are all
Lovers of feminine beauty in general;

Praising, however, *imprimis* the charms
 Of a maid with such elegant figure and arms,
 It was hard to discriminate which was the better, her
 Arms or her neck, or etc., etc.,
 And as to her face, It reflected such grace
 That whenever it offered a chance to embrace,
 He was sure not to miss it, But hastened to kiss it
 (I think I had better not be *too* explicit ;
 For some of the words that occurred in the chorus
 Are not in the index of any thesaurus).
 However, no matter, he sang with a will,
 And they all of them joined in the chorus, until
 'They were over the ridge And in sight of the bridge.
 And he'd started to sing an elaborate trill—
 Just the sort of cadenza That usually ends a
 Cantata by Paolo Tosti or Denza—
 When, just as he got to the critical note,
 It wavered, and quavered, and stuck in his throat.



For rank upon rank Of the garrison flank
 The approach to the bridge from the wall to the bank.

And the Warden, in order to harass the rear
 Of the Borderers, hovers unpleasantly near
 With his cavalry ; While to give strength to his front, he
 Has placed all his cannon *in medio ponte*.
 And merrily, merrily laughs Lord Scroop
 At the plight of that poor little hapless troop.
 He has hemmed them around upon every side,
 He has driven them down to the riotous tide,
 Where the Eden, the colour of strong Bohea,
 Goes swishing along to the Irish Sea.



Oh ! placid and pure as an infant's dream,
 Or a soul inviolate,
 Is the silvery flow of Eden's stream
 By the braes of Armathwaite.
 But turgid, and flushed with an evil gleam,
 By the braes of Armathwaite,
 Is the riotous flow of Eden's stream,
 When the river's in angry "spate."
 And as to this one particular night,
 It was really a very remarkable sight :
 Such a vortex of eddies from shore to shore
 Had seldom, if ever, been seen before.
 Such swishing and swirling, And twisting and twirling
 Of ashes and elms that the river was whirling
 In dozens and scores to the sea, I expect a
 Few hundred at least of such *membra disjecta*
 Must almost have passed in the space of a minute ;
 Such masses of timber appeared to be in it,

And then such a size ! I am quite at a loss
 To describe to a yard what the width was across ;
 But I'm sure you'll believe (for I never embroider)
 'Twas fully as wide as the Boyne is at Drogheda.
 I doubt if Leander, That spooney young gander
 Of classical history, 'd have cared to philander
 Or swim to his bride Through that furious tide,
 Though a Hero's reward lay the opposite side.

Lord Scroop gallops down like a wolf on the fold,
 And he chuckles to think how Sir Walter is sold ;
 And he stands in his stirrups, and shouts to the raiders
 To yield them as traitors and spies and invaders.



Never a word said Sir Walter Scott,
 But his brow was uncommonly stern, I wot,
 And the Warden and Co. He requested to go
 To a region below That is said to be hot.
 He has faced his horse at the ominous gleam
 That glints from the face of that awful stream ;
 And he spurs at the waste of unlimited water,
 That foams like a torrent of Guinness's porter,
 With a "Braxholme Ho !" and before you can sneeze,



A la Curtius he plunges in medias res.
 And close in the wake of his leader there rides
 "Auld Wat" of Harden and Commonsides,
 And after them blobs Gibbie Elliot of Stobs,
 And the Slitterick lads on their Galloway cobs ;
 Then the others *en suite*. It was really a treat
 To see them go in, for I needn't repeat
 That the Eden in flood is by no means inviting

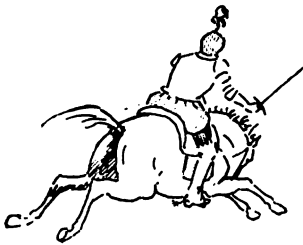
For people to swim in ; though salmon and "whiting" *
 Undoubtedly find it refreshing and cool,
 And a *chemin de luxe* to their favourite pool.
 However, for horses, and soldiers in arms,
 The danger predominates over the charms ;
 For you mustn't suppose It's all *couleur de rose*
 When the water comes gurgling up to your nose,
 And by twos and by threes Big unmannerly trees
 Come and batter your chest and your elbows and knees,
 And your buffeted head is Sucked under by eddies,
 A thing which in medical essays I've read, is
 A cause of asphyxia—*Surtout* if you mix your
 Intestines with much of Sir Wilfrid's elixir.
 And when the said river is running an easy eight
 Miles by the hour, I hope you'll appreciate
 All that it meant for Buccleuch and his rieviers
 To take to the flood like a pack of retrievers.

* A species of white trout ; known also as "herling" on the Esk and Liddell

As an elderly hen, In a Cambridgeshire fen,
 Stands and clucks in pathetic embarrassment when
 All her web-footed fosterlings take to the waters
 And leave her bemoaning the loss of her daughters ;
 Well—*haud aliter*, as Æneas would say,
 Was the face of the Warden at losing his prey.
 And as horses and riders in *tenebras* splashed,
 He observed to the Deputy, "Well, I *am* dashed !
 But for all the money a man could name,
 That mind could fashion or fancy frame,
 I'd see myself cussed Ere I'd ever entrust
 My form to that cataract's angry lust."



Then, swift as the wind, There occurred to his mind
 An idea that the reader no doubt has divined—
 That by crossing the ridge And the Stoniebank bridge,
 He might fall on the enemy's forces behind.
 (You will notice, of course, how that time after time
 I am driven to use this identical rhyme ;
 And whenever I've shown a *Dramatis persona*
 Engaged on the service of Madame Bellona
 Approaching—from any direction—the bridge,
 It's a hundred to one this ubiquitous ridge
 Will immediately rise in the warrior's way ;
 As though some upheaval of littoral clay
 Had caused a formation That changed its location,
 And wandered about in the course of the day.
 But as the word "midge," And this volatile "ridge,"
 Are the only two rhymes in the language to bridge ;
 And as "midge" is out of the question, of course I am
 Bound to make use of the other *ad nauseam*.)



"Tis done. Like an arrow that flies from a bow,
 He has galloped across to demolish the foe.
 But though his bay jennet is famed for its speed,
 And though all the cavalry follow his lead,
 Before they had time to deploy into line
 And enable the sections in rear to combine
 In the movement by taking the proper incline,
 Which I hardly need say was the Warden's design—

Though destined to prove a Protracted manœuvre,
 The bridge being exceedingly narrow—in fine,
 Before even half of this force of Lord Scroop's
 Had had time to do more than get formed into troops,
 And to make a perfunctory feeble attack,
 All the Scots were across, and without looking back,
Tam marte quam arte, The whole of the party
 Got safely away to the Hermitage Slack
 And Debateable Lands ; Not a man of their bands
 But escaped from the Warden's unmannerly hands ;
 Though one or two bodies were afterwards found
 On the sands at the head of the Solway Sound.



And from this I suspect The report was correct
Which suggested that some of the rievvers were wrecked
In attempting to cross. But whatever their loss,
It could never be properly said to affect
The *succès fou* Of the bold Buccleuch
In carrying out his historical *coup*.

And from that day forth, and for many a year,
Any soldier or citizen, peasant or peer
Who was seeking a boon at the Warden's hand,—
Some "Castle appointment," or grant of land,
Or a nice little berth Under Government, worth
Say, a hundred a year, or perhaps the command
In a punitive foray of fire and sword, an
Expedient greatly in vogue with the Warden,—
Whenever, in short, Any person at Court,
With a view to acquiring more than he ought
In the matter of "office," would frame a petition
Inviting the Warden to view the position,



And see that his claims And his laudable aims
Were requited with some little of State recognition,—
If any such man would achieve a success,
And inveigle Lord Thomas of Scroop to say "Yes,"
Quite the very worst thing he could possibly do
Was to mention the name of the bold Buccleuch.

ERNEST HAMILTON.



Ada Bartrick Baker.

"WHEN ROUNDED MOONS"



CRICKET.



IN the debate last year on the motion in the House of Commons to adjourn over Derby Day, Sir Wilfrid Lawson suggested that if the House were to adjourn for the purpose of seeing the England *v.* Australia match it might be excusable, and that he might support such a motion, for he believed that hitherto cricket had been kept free from the betting and gambling element which has invaded so many of our sports and pastimes. That was a very great compliment to the game we love and admire, and ought to be gratefully appreciated by cricketers. It should help us, too, to maintain our resolve that the game shall be kept free from any such volume of betting as might lead to corruption or attempts at the corruption of cricketers. Time was, as Mr. Pycroft has told us, when the "legs" sat under the railings of the pavilion at Lord's, and the incorruptibility of prominent cricketers was questioned. We have passed through that phase, and we are determined it shall not recur. Personally I think we should go a step further and do all that is legitimate in the discouragement of prize giving. We have eliminated that from the highest grades of cricket competition; and if the elevens of England and Australia, and of Canada, and of the United States, and the Cape, and of the Provinces of India, are found to compete for the pure honour of winning, why should elevens of less prominence need to go pot hunting? And let those who are now wandering in the wilderness not despair of salvation, for I will confess to them that I have touched the accursed thing. It is almost forgotten now, but it is a fact, that in 1871 or 1872 the M.C.C., in a moment of aberration, presented a cup to be competed for by the counties. Whether it was due to their innate virtue, or to a suspicion that the M.C.C. might monopolise the gate money, I cannot say, but certain it is that all but two counties declined to compete. Only one match in the proposed tournament was played—viz., between Sussex and Kent—and I regret (on that occasion only) to say that I formed one of the Kent XI. Nothing was ever heard of the cup itself, and nothing more was done about the competition; and from that moment the bare but proud honour of competing for the championship has been sufficient to attract the best cricketers in England; and may it ever be sufficient to attract the best cricketers of the world to defend the honour of their country, or their county, and in time may it be sufficient to attract

every cricketer to defend the honour of his club! 'Of course individuals will and must continue to be paid more or less for their services. Without that help many amateurs could not afford to undertake the expense of long journeys and sleeping away from home; and without it the professional element would collapse: changes which would most disastrously affect the game. There is a clear, easily distinguished difference between remunerating the individual for his labour, and offering to the side a prize to induce them to win. I have written and spoken on this point so often that I fear I am getting very prosy; but indeed I think there is need for watchfulness just now. A new phase is coming over the game. The "Saturday Afternoon Clubs" are becoming a power which may be able to compete, and successfully, with the counties in offering attractions to young cricketers.

A rumour went about last year that one of these clubs had offered one of our best cricketers such handsome terms that in order to retain his services his county club had to increase the remuneration they were giving him. So far no harm is done that I can see: every man has a perfect right to dispose of his prowess on the most advantageous terms, provided they are not dishonourable; and a working man is justified in trying to lay by something for the slice of ill-luck that, in such a hazardous game as cricket, is always possible. If the counties find that the Saturday clubs can tempt the best professionals away from county cricket, the counties will have to go one better. They will have to so arrange their county match system as to give the crowds, who want to look on at good cricket, and who are the cause of the affluence of the Saturday clubs, the opportunity of seeing good county cricket on *the weekday* on which those crowds take their holiday or half-holiday.

But what I am a little apprehensive of is the absence of tradition amongst the Saturday clubs. They possibly have not got, as the counties have, the traditional antipathy to prize-giving, and I dread lest they should be led into offering to competing elevens *inducements to win*. That is what I want every cricketer to try to prevent growing, or to eradicate if the noxious seed has managed to germinate.

Never in my recollection has the game been more popular or more respected: a greater proportion of the population seems to be able to take holiday, and to be able to afford to pay the gate-money. Pessimists tell me that the game is being undermined by golf. I remember their saying the same ten years ago, save that then the danger lay in lawn tennis. Well, croquet seems to have given lawn-tennis the go-by; and I confess I am not afraid of *promising* young cricketers being tempted away by golf, though I daresay it will attract the others. I may be very blind, but it seems to me that cricket is becoming more popular, in its proper sense, every year: that every year it becomes more "the people's" summer game, and the enthusiasm for it presents a wider ring every year. The demands for visits from English elevens roll in on us from every quarter of the British Empire; whilst our cousins in Philadelphia are so assured of the good educational qualities of the game that last year they sent over here an eleven of schoolboys to see how the game is played by English boys, and to visit our great public schools. Those who have seen a Presidency *v.* Parsi match in the Maidan at Bombay, ten thousand natives of India looking on with the keenest interest at an English game, must recognise that there are qualities in the game of most especial merit. Or, to take another instance, look at the wide range of the sympathy displayed last year in W. G.'s marvellous performance. The whole nation seemed to rejoice that the greatest cricketer of any age had recovered his supremacy.

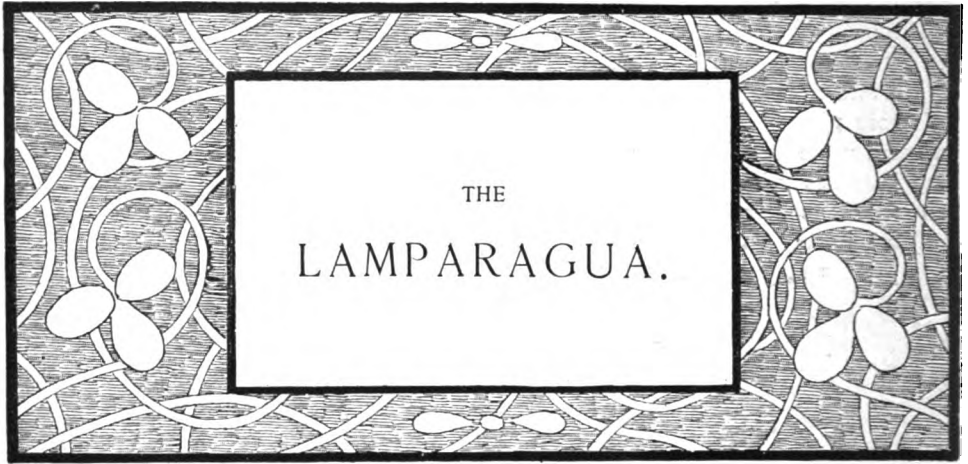
I doubt if cricket can ever be as popular as football. Naturally those who *can* only occasionally get a holiday prefer a game of which they are almost certain to

see the termination, and which is full of incident and excitement from start to finish ; but in its calmer and more protracted style cricket, I am sure, will continue to attract the patronage of the masses.

It will not only do that,—it will do something more: it will retain the respect of those who, whilst not cricketers themselves, and perhaps not comprehending why a mere game should evoke such wide-spread enthusiasm, nevertheless appreciate the immense value to the nation of a pastime which can be cited as an example, an almost solitary example, of the keenest competition without the attendant objection that gambling introduces, and with nothing but honour to induce the competitors to exert their utmost energy.

HARRIS.





[When staying lately in Chile, being interested in the superstitions of the lower caste, which is mainly of Indian origin, I heard, among other curious legends, darkly of one which seemed peculiar to this country. Next, chance acquainted me with a gentleman, one of the principal English residents in Chile, who kindly gave me details of the dread lamparagua. This wizard-like creature, of which many persons in the country have never even heard, is strangely enough supposed to inhabit fertile and cultivated districts. And Mr. L—— was assured by his labourers that one lamparagua or more infested the marshy edges of a lake, as is its favourite haunt, on his own estate, Culipran.

In the following tale I may have overstated the height of the Thing, concerning which and its mode of progression the details were not exact. Otherwise, its appearance, diet, and the means it employs to secure its victims, are faithfully reproduced, according to the description unwillingly confided to Mr. L—— by some of his own peones. And these are men who are declared by Europeans neither to feel pain nor to know fear.]

THE two men had held on steadily riding since two hours before dawn, going all day without stopping, save for a brief noontide halt. During the afternoon of yesterday their track had lain across an utterly desolate pampa, therefore they had pushed on to reach cultivated country again, and water before nightfall. Now, towards evening, they found themselves near a long lake, bordered with reeds, the haunt of numberless wildfowl.

A small rocky valley, down which the active Chilean ponies weariedly scrambled, grew greener towards the lake shore, where a stream which the travellers had followed for some time widened into a V-shaped marsh.

"It is near sunset, Pedro. Let us camp here for the night," said Ramsay, shivering slightly; for the fever had taken him two days ago. "Own the truth, man! You have lost your bearings, and don't know whether we are nine miles or nine leagues from the silver mine. Besides, the horses, poor beasts, will be dead beat."

"Of what good is a horse that cannot do his sixty miles when asked?" returned the Chilean guide. "But, truly, the devil seems to have been driving round on these hills, changing their shapes since last I came this way."

He gazed with discontent deepening on his swarthy features at the hills behind, hiding the sandy desert, far beyond which rose the mighty range of the Andes, still veiled in rosy haze this hot December evening. Then, in sudden recollection,—

"There is a rich Englishman who lives near a lake in this neighbourhood. He has smelting works and a large estate. The house may be close at hand."

"Or it may be on the opposite shore," said Ramsay, wearily dismounting. "Hobble the horses, and let us go up to yonder hilly ground jutting into the lake."

"Then if you can see signs of a *hacienda*, we'll make a last push for it. If not, I rest."

"Why not, patron?" said the *huaso*, using the almost invariable courteous Chilian assent to assertions or requests.

Up among rocks and brushwood master and man climbed, till, advancing to the far crest of the hillock, they scanned the lake shores attentively. Northwards, at a mile's distance, a wooded headland arrested their vision; south and west there was no human habitation in sight, though the ground here and there showed signs of cultivation and the pasture was good.

Right across the lake the sun was sinking gloriously red, against a background of the pale olive green and lilac hues seen so often in a Southern Pacific sky. Soothed by the spectacle, Ramsay sat down on a rock to rest and smoke; and with Indian impassibility Pedro did the same. All *gringos* were mad, he knew; if this one liked staring at nothing, he was more easily pleased than some of the foreign lunatics. But presently Pedro became aware that there was something to be seen among the rocks below. Signing to Ramsay, both men peered stealthily past screening myrtle bushes and witnessed an evening domestic scene in animal life.

The ground rose in two broken ledges from the marsh, and on the upper one a dog-fox and vixen were playing with their cubs near some crannies where was doubtless their home. Presently the mother left the rest, and stretched herself sleepily in the evening sunlight midway on the grass ledge. One cub followed to bite her neck, but, on being repulsed, returned to gambol with his brothers. As he watched them, Ramsay also noticed vaguely a low withered tree, standing in the marsh twenty yards below, alone, and partly submerged, with a hollow cleft in its side.

All at once the peon touched his master's arm and pointed open-mouthed towards the vixen. She had risen as if in terror, both her head and brush curved towards the ledge. Then, while her four paws seemed firmly planted gripping the turf, she was drawn broadside some yards towards the edge by invisible means. The other foxes, old and young, meantime disappeared in the twinkling of an eye into the rock crevices.

As both men eagerly gazed, the vixen's tension relaxed. On the brink she recovered herself and standing still for three or four seconds, as if dazed after deadly effort, she turned tail and darted towards her lair. Two springs only,—on the third she paused in mid-flight! Once more she resisted, but was dragged back towards the edge, this time *tail foremost*. At the same time a rush of wind sounded like a *sh-h* in the stillness. Ramsay knew now he had heard the same sound two minutes before, but had fancied it a light breeze among the leaves. Craning his neck forward, Jock believed he could see an agonised expression in the creature's eyes, as against her will she slid inch by inch—*over*!

The fall was not great. A lower grassy terrace surmounted the marsh. Even as they whispered, the watchers saw the victim rise. A second time—but feebly, like a mouse released from the deadly grip of a cat—the poor she-fox crawled away with drooping brush towards the sheltering rocks. Ramsay searched the marsh

with a sportsman's keen glance, to discover whether the creature had been lassoed by some invisible means, and where was the native hunter. Then he bounded to his feet and pointing towards the withered tree, his arm stiffened with amazement, exclaimed, "Look!"

The cleft in the tree-trunk was visibly widening and gaping, till it looked like a hideous bark-lipped mouth that was drawing a long inspiration. Again there came the same sound in the air, and the vixen, curled in a helpless quivering ball, was borne five yards, as on a wind-blast, disappearing right into the hollow of the tree. The withered wooden lips contracted over the creature's living head; two dead branches above stirred slightly, like antennæ, the cleft closed, leaving a jagged scar in the tree-trunk. That was all.

The scene was still and peaceful as before. A flight of wild duck circled twice over the lake and then alighted on the surface with distant quacks. Behind in a fuchsia thicket a native thrush was singing. The tree was immovable.

Wondering if he could be dreaming, Ramsay turned to the peon. Pedro's copper skin had taken a pale yellow hue, and he was shivering, though a Chilian peasant is brave to savagery.

"The *lamparagua*! Fly!" he gasped, with a cry of horror, and plunged downwards among the rocks. Jock overtook him just as the *huaso* leaped barebacked on his horse.

"Stay for me, my lad, at the valley head in safety. I'll not leave the saddles and blankets," said the Scotchman coolly. But his own breath fluttered in his throat more than from the run, and while his hands tugged at strap and buckle, his head turned to glance at the tree that remained motionless in the distance.

Rejoining Pedro, who waited half a mile away, the master found the peon on his knees, crossing himself and gabbling over and over every scrap of the Latin prayers he could remember, which the *padres* had taught him in boyhood. They were few, and he mixed them so ludicrously that his listener almost laughed.

"Holy Santa Rosa—miserable sinner!" ended Pedro, rising and saddling up with remarkable haste while throwing off some last ejaculations of this rare access of piety. "It was a witch, *señor*; the country is full of spirits. Holy Saint Peter, I ducked your image last autumn in the sea. Forgive!—but those fishermen are such blasphemers, and rail against you at the first bad weather. I abjure all evil-livers, holy——" An awful oath followed as the pony swerved. Pedro stuck his huge rowels in the beast's flanks and cantered furiously away, his *poncho* filling with air as he worked his arms like a windmill's sails, shouting, "Ride ride, patron! Leave this God-forsaken country, quick!"

"Aye, if only our horses can travel," muttered the Scotchman.

True enough, the tired beasts soon showed that they could not be roused long beyond an ambling motion, not unlike the gait of a Peruvian pacer; but which, when unbroken all day, may cover a great distance before nightfall. Not till they had gone some miles could Ramsay persuade his terror-stricken guide to talk sensibly.

"What is this beast-tree? *Lamparagua*,* you called it. Does it exist elsewhere in Chili?"

"Who knows, *señor*? I only heard of such rare trees as northern witches from a rough *roto* who came from this country. I remember it was one evening in July, ten years ago, as we sat in a circle on the ground round the brasier. We thought he was improvising a tale, as we had in turn improvised or recited songs and

* Literally, "Lamp of the Water": a kind of will-o'-the-wisp. Though why a light is associated with the tree was not apparent in the account of it given to the writer.

legends—telling lies for fun, as the patron may know is our custom. There was naught more I can call to mind, save that they swallowed animals and lived near marshy places. Saints preserve us! Ride on—on to the mines. *Stop here? Never!*”

Ramsay dared not lose sight of the man. At least Pedro knew something of the country. He might strike their right track soon. So the soft twilight of the south drew round them, as they rode wearily. And the night came, black and moonless, as they bent in their saddles, more weary yet. The reins lay loose on the horses' necks now, Pedro trusting to the animals' instinct; for “the good land” could not be far where men lived, and there were homesteads and supper and provender.

When midnight was past, Ramsay felt his strength going from him. By the faint starlight they had just plashed through a gravelly stream, in which the horses stopped to drink before reluctantly stumbling up the far bank where their hoofs struck muffled on grass.

“Pedro, I can hold up no longer,” called the engineer feebly, reeling in his saddle, as an ague fit shook him like a rigor. “Leave me—if you will. I—must—lie down.”

Guessing by his master's voice that the latter must be very ill, the peon hastily came to Ramsay's help in dismounting, then guided him to the shelter of some bushes that were faintly discernible. Here he placed a saddle under the sufferer's head, and laid a blanket over him.

Not far off there was a small grove of shrubs, darker than the surrounding twilight, beside which rose a big tree with a huge bulbous base and exposed roots like those of a cotton tree. Near this Ramsay's horse strayed, cropping the grass; so Pedro, following, tethered him to one of these roots, which he had discovered by stumbling against them in the blackness.

“*Caramba!*” he muttered. “Stay there; animal not to be trusted.” His own beast knew him, and never went far from its owner's side.

Then the guide sat down beside his exhausted patron, who slept for fevered snatches, or woke to ramble in delirious talk. So the time passed till the faint light strengthened.

All at once Ramsay fancied he heard Pedro's voice crying out in a tone of desperation—or was it terror?—“*Me voy!* I'm off to bring you help!”

The sick man did not heed, though vaguely conscious he was left alone. It seemed to him that he was in a hospital. The doctor would come round presently; if not, it was peaceful to lie still. Was that his mother, lifting the hair on his fevered brow?

Then he started awake as a horrid cry roused his dulled ears. (It was the scream of a horse!)

What was this well-known valley? Where was he? For, raising himself weakly on one elbow, Ramsay saw a stream running past rocks which were strangely familiar,—and yet *when* had he seen them? The river emptied itself in marshy land. The dawn showed a dark grey surface beyond, like a sea—or lake.

With a cold terror the sick man recognised that he lay not two hundred yards from the marsh of the lamparagua: that headland; the water! All night they must have ridden in a circle.

The horrible scream was already fading from his sick memory like a dream, when a snorting and scuffling noise caused Ramsay to turn slowly his weak head. He saw his horse stamping, pulling back from its halter, and with distended eye-balls staring terrified at a tree, to a root of which it was fastened. What was wrong? The tree had two bare topmost branches like horns, and some lower ones

also without leaves, yet this was summer-time; in December . . . It was withered ! And, there above its onion-shaped bole was, surely, a dark scar, a crack ! Oh, horror ! the top of the tree was that of the lamparagua, in the marsh. And now, as Jock stared with fever-weakened eyes through the dim daybreak, the lower branches moved slowly downwards, clutching the horse's halter with claw-like twigs ; the crack in the side of the *Thing* was widening. Again a fearful sound woke the sleeping glen : the horse's cry of terror. Jock tried instinctively to find his revolver, but his senses reeled as the tree aperture gaped, opening upwards. The horse was drawing towards it—nearer !—fighting, struggling. Then two shots rang out, and a man fainted, and knew no more.

When Jock Ramsay came to himself, the sun was high in the heavens. He was sheltered by wild myrtle from its heat, and though very weak, his senses had come back. Memory was slower. Ah—he *remembered* ! Opening his eyes in a wide stare of apprehension, Ramsay saw himself lying alone. There was a thicket near, but not the awful tree. Pedro was gone ; so were the horses. But perhaps—perhaps—that last vision of the *Thing* engulfing the poor roan cob had been a nightmare, a fevered frenzy. Feebly reconnoitring the ground, the sick man noticed that he lay on a grassy slope between the stream and the rocks where the foxes lived : a small cape. Behind his head the ground must be open up the valley. There lay safety, away from the horrible marsh and the lamparagua—if there were such a tree indeed. Surely it had all been a hideous dream. Drawing the myrtle leaves aside, as one might a curtain, Jock feebly turned himself to examine the glen. Then his fingers clenched, his breath stopped, and a thrill of horror froze his spine. *The Tree was there !* Out in the open, on the grass, with not a bush near it, right between himself and safety.

Take it quietly ! For manhood's sake, think out this business, and don't turn faint like a schoolgirl seeing a snake. First, was the whole affair a dream ? Was that withered tree out yonder on the sward the very lamparagua ? For if so, there were several, or it could change its situation. It was neither in the marsh, nor by the fuchsia thicket. It . . . O God !

For, as he peered, Ramsay believed that the tree was moving. It was horribly near, and it was surely creeping forward by inches. He held his breath, and marked a grass tuft at its bulbous base.

Now—now it had passed beyond the tall silvery grass plumes and spear-leaves, and was close by a stone—was stealthily rounding it. Yes, the *Thing* was approaching him ; doubtless it had stayed quiet till now, gorged with its morning meal, but it was slowly nearing its next victim. With eyes fascinated by fear, Ramsay saw its roots moving forward like giant knotty suckers that gripped and held fast in the herbage, noiselessly moving with the motion of a tortoise.

The hair of the young man's flesh stood up, an icy coldness numbed his blood. Then with a strong effort he gathered his senses to think out escape. The rocks ahead were his only chance. There among the crannies, where the foxes had their dens and hid in safety, he could hide. But he could not rise ! His head was dizzy with fever ; his strength was as running water ; his legs and feet seemed not his own, mere useless weights to be dragged on by sheer pluck. For he had already started—

Grasping the myrtle stems to give himself an impetus, Ramsay was crawling away towards the rocks, foot by foot. He lay outspread like a lizard, for his only strength remained in his arms and chest. Inch by inch, he crept onward as fast as he could go, clutching at the grass tufts, at the sage-bushes, drops of perspiration running down his face.

Faster, faster, if it could only be done! The man had covered some yards; surely the tree moved more slowly. *Ah!*

A blast blew backwards over Ramsay's head, raising his hair. By instinct he dug his nails into the ground, flattening his body as much as he possibly could. The indraught was as if air had rushed by into a deep cavity, while a sound like that of an escape pipe hissed in the air. Then it was over.

As drowning men are said to see a thousand past scenes in a few moments, so in an agonisingly lucid flash, Jock Ramsay reviewed his life. Then he recalled yester-evening, how the wretched fox had gotten breathing-time twice, as once he had now. How long would this horrible game last? The beast-tree was paralysing the human being: he thought of a snake fascinating a rabbit.

Slowly, more feebly, the victim still crawled. Why did that second blast not follow? Could the lamparagua be so near, it needed no aid beyond that of its cruel hooked branches? *He must see!*

Turning his head, as he still dragged himself onward, the fever-stricken wretch beheld a strange sight. He had left his blanket behind upon the ground when first making his escape, and it was now wrapped round the tree-bole, as if the lamparagua had failed to suck it in, and was wrestling with this unknown prey, both branches holding it fast outspread on claw-like twigs. It was a respite! A few seconds more of air, light, life!

Yes, the beast-tree was standing still; yet it had covered more ground than its hunted prey, during the time both had moved. Ramsay felt for the revolver in his pocket. There was one bullet left, he knew, and if escape were hopeless, then——

At last! The rocks were near. The man began scrambling painfully up a steep incline of loose earth and rounded stones which resembled a moraine, and that gave no hold to his desperate grasp. Looking up, he saw with hopeless eyes that there had been a slight landslip lately, which had left the bank projecting overhead, so that he could not reach the top; looking down, that the lamparagua was slowly but steadily approaching once more over the grass, foot-root following foot-root. There was a torn piece of crimson blanket hanging on one bough.

He must struggle across the face of this treacherous slide to where a clump of yuccas were smouldering, their stems blackened as one often sees them, whether from spontaneous combustion or sun-fired in some inexplicable manner, no man knows.

Fire! The smoking plants suggested a thought to the man. He stayed still, holding on half-way up the scree. He felt for his matchbox; there were two matches left.

Then Ramsay, instead of longer seeking escape upwards, flung himself in still more desperate eagerness down the steep slope again towards his enemy. He was at bay.

Where the grass began, the man stopped and stooped, plucking dry blades and twigs with the haste of one who has but a few moments to live should this plan fail of success. Not a drop of rain had fallen since last October; the scorching summer heat had burnt the grass to tinder. There came the spurt of a match.

Two moments: five—!

The fire-spark, kindling, seemed about to spread, when a roaring wind-gust through the valley's stillness blew it out, and the man felt himself sucked irresistibly towards a clump of prickly pear, to which he clung palpitating, with his face pressed against the thorny broad discs that tore the skin to bleeding. *Ah!—that was over!*

For the last time one chance was left,—one match! Again Ramsay snatched what dry fuel lay within his grasp, as he sheltered beneath the bushes. His papers, cheque-book, all were in a small valise he had instinctively thrust overnight under his saddle-pillow. There was one letter left in his breast pocket, which he had carried there two years—the last one ever written by his mother. He tore it out.

With shaking fingers, and blinded by blood-drops he dared not wait to wipe from his eyes—knowing the while that the lamparagua was stalking a yard nearer at each motion—its victim carefully struck the match. Sheltering the tiny flame with one hand, he turned the wax-stem gently till it lit. Next the letter; and the fire licked the words “My dearest Son,” then blazed and crackled in the funeral pyre of broken bramble and dried myrtle leaves that burnt a dead woman’s last token of love to her youngest born. Gladly would she have known it sacrificed on the slight chance to save his life! Ramsay thrust both hands deep into the burning mass, and recovering strength in the excitement of hope, he staggered towards some clumps of tall grass of the pampas a few feet away. The sparks fell, making a trail as he went that caught the dry herbage. Hurrah! How the giant grass-stems took fire, blazing high in a glorious bonfire!

A hasty glance over his shoulder. The lamparagua was not twelve yards distant; its jaws were widening. But the fire-wall was between them.

There came a rush of wind ending in a sound more fierce than a wounded lion’s roar. The man was caught by the blast as he stood upright, weak yet defiant, matching his puny being against the strength of the brute-tree with the help of the mind within him controlling the fiery element as a weapon. Sucked forward, blinded by smoke, scorched, Ramsay fell on his face and lay still with a last conscious effort to save his life. Beyond his body the myrtles and fuchsias were crackling, the tall *chajual* blossoms blazed like high torches, the fire was spreading, leaping up to the *boldo* branches in yonder thicket, running over the open ground in a low sheet that burnt the lamparagua roots.

For half a minute the Thing stayed, trying to stand its ground. Now it was in full flight! The great sucker-feet were travelling over the burning herbage, dragging its tree-trunk with agonised efforts, yard upon yard, towards the stream.

Five minutes later, there came a galloping of horses down the valley; men’s shouts. But Ramsay did not hear them. He seemed to lie prone at death’s door, too weak to enter unless spirit hands lifted him over its threshold and brought him within to be at peace and rest.

But they were earthly hands that were now trying to pour some brandy down Ramsay’s throat. When his eyes opened, Pedro was supporting his master’s head, while a group of men around were watching the stranger curiously, foremost among whom was an English gentleman.

“Coming to all right?” said the latter. “A near shave that. You began to smoke, I take it, finding yourself pretty nearly lost and famished, so the valley got fired. We have been out searching for you since morning, when your man rode up to my *hacienda*, worn out and demented. We passed the head of the valley at ten o’clock, but could see no sign of your horse, which Pedro said he had tied to a tree. What’s the matter?”

For Ramsay struggled up, and was staring round.

“The tree! It was out there before the fire: Pedro, you know—where is it gone?”

Pedro only shivered and stared. Some of the other peones, muttering, and giving sidelong glances at each other, crossed the burnt ground looking about them.

One saw a partly submerged tree at some distance down stream, floating slowly into the marsh. His attention was caught by a gleam of something scarlet tangled in the topmost withered bough.

* * * * *

A few days later, Ramsay was stretched at ease in a cane deck-chair, with a tall glass of iced drink in the wicker socket by his arm. Overhead a verandah was shaded with masses of roses, stephanotis and bignonia. Sunshine flooded the garden stretching beyond like a dream of enchantment, where tall palms shot above high flowering trees, and oranges and lemons were mingled lower with gardenias and poinsettias.

Jock had just finished after talking during some twenty minutes, so felt thirsty, exhausted, and excited.

"That's the whole story," he ended. "Now, do you believe me, Mr. Campbell? Till now, I fancy you thought me mad."

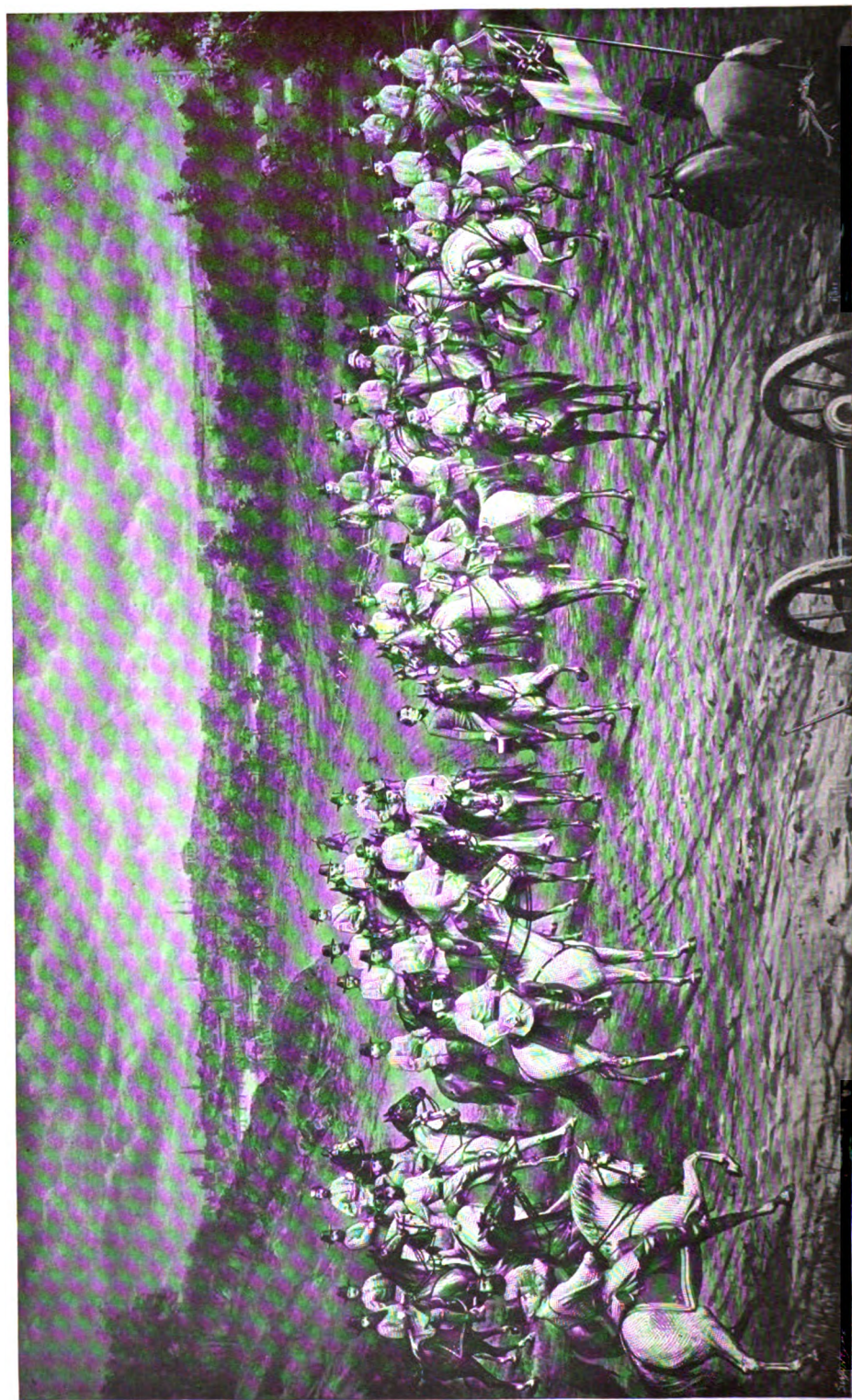
"No, but possibly a bit delirious in your fever, so that you imagined some tale Pedro told you of the lamparagua had really happened to yourself. That was all," said the kindly host.

"Man alive! There is Pedro to witness also. And where is my horse? And your own lad saw the torn red blanket in the marsh!" cried Ramsay.

"True, quite true," nodded Campbell, coolly reflecting. "Well, my dear fellow, if it is any satisfaction to you, I do believe you are one of the few living human beings who have seen the lamparagua. What is more, for some years back I have heard rumours of such a thing, and that it haunted this lake and another adjoining it, both on my estate. But, to confess the truth, I fancied the story was a convenient legend of my cattle-herds to account for missing beasts. Yes, I believe. But hardly any one else will, even in Chile, among our own wise educated class. Of course the peones know. They are nearer Nature than we.

MAY CROMMELIN.





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Lee and his Generals.

By D. H. Anderson, New York.



Residence of President Jefferson Davis. ("The White House of the Confederacy.")

LEE OF VIRGINIA.

II.—THE DEFEAT OF POPE'S ARMY AND THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM (SHARPSBURG).

GENERAL LEE had now, in the seven days' battles (June, July, 1862), raised the siege, and driven McClellan's army from the gates of Richmond.

There it lay, in fortified camp at Harrison's Landing on the James River—a formidable army still, numbering more than ninety thousand men, and only two marches away. Heavy reinforcements would be forthcoming, and the Confederate capital was still its objective point. Lee was not in a position to attack, nor did he propose to lose valuable time by waiting to be attacked. His plan was to draw McClellan away from Richmond altogether, and, by menacing Washington again, to transfer the war to middle or northern Virginia.

While McClellan was recovering from his punishment, important changes transpired in the Federal administration. President Lincoln, in the first place, collected together the forces of Frémont, Banks, and McDowell, which Stonewall Jackson had scattered in the Valley, to form a new army, and assigned its command to Major-General John Pope. Secondly, he called to his personal counsel, as military adviser, Major-General Henry W. Halleck, who was made commander-in-chief of the entire land force of the United States.

General Pope was forty years of age, a native of Kentucky, and a West Point graduate. He was called from the West, where he had been campaigning with some little success, to assume command of what was called the Army of Virginia.

He entered upon his new task in a blustering, aggressive way that stirred up the hatred and contempt of Virginians at the outset, and failed to gain him prestige with his own troops. General Pope made the egregious mistake of crowing before he had even entered the woods. Besides, he was too fierce and sanguinary. "He was evidently deeply impressed with the idea," remarks General "Fitz" Lee, "that the war in Virginia had not been conducted properly, and that he had been brought from the West—where, as he said, he had only seen the backs of his enemies—to destroy the human race at the South generally, whether armed soldiers or unarmed citizens." His soldiers had, according to his own proclamations, unlimited licence for robbery and violence wherever they passed in Virginia while peaceable non-combatants were liable, under his orders, to be seized and held as hostages, if not executed as "spies." As for the bombastic general himself, his headquarters for this campaign were "in the saddle," and he did not propose to worry about lines of retreat or bases of supplies.

General Lee soon took the measure of Pope, and his estimate may be inferred from the kind of tactics he brought to bear upon him—tactics of such audacity as he would scarcely have ventured against an antagonist like McClellan, whom he respected if he did not fear. Not that General Pope was an incompetent soldier, either. His plans were laid skilfully enough, and might possibly have been successful if Lee and Jackson and Longstreet had given him battle in the orderly, conventional way which, according to the precepts of theoretical warfare, he thought he had a right to expect. He might have obtained a valuable hint in this regard, had he been so minded, from McClellan, who remarked in one of his dispatches to Halleck about this time, "I do not like Jackson's movements. He will suddenly appear when least expected."

As soon as Pope, with forty-three thousand men, had penetrated Virginia in the direction of the important railroad junction town of Gordonsville, General Lee prepared to strike him before he could be reinforced by Burnside from Fredericksburg, or by McClellan's army from the vicinity of Richmond, *via* Washington. He began by sending, on July 13th, eight thousand troops under Jackson to Gordonsville. It was about a week before McClellan heard of this movement and notified the Federal authorities. On the same day that he did so (July 20th), Pope reported Jackson in his vicinity at Culpeper. This intelligence startled Washington, and it was decided to withdraw McClellan from Richmond, where he was still in awe of an imaginary overwhelming Confederate force, reckoned by him at two hundred thousand. He made it just one hundred and forty thousand too large this time, for Lee could not have had more than sixty thousand men. McClellan did not actually get under way to leave until August 16th, by which time General Lee in person, with Longstreet and ten brigades and R. H. Anderson's division, had started to join Jackson in Pope's front. In the meantime, on August 9th, Jackson had encountered a portion of Pope's army, under Banks, at Cedar Mountain, eight miles from Culpeper, and fought a rather evenly contested battle, resulting to the advantage of the Southern troops. Nightfall, however, prevented their following up the retreating foe, and Banks was heavily reinforced the next day.

— Having thus hazarded the safety of Richmond upon a guess as to what McClellan and Pope would do, and having as the event proved guessed right, General Lee brought up practically his whole army to the Rapidan, in pursuit of his purpose of crushing Pope before the latter's main reinforcements could reach him. Through the accidental capture of a dispatch, Pope learned of the movement preparing against him, and fell back behind the Rappahannock, on the banks of which river the two armies now confronted each other.



Stonewall Jackson's House, Lexington, Va.

On August 17th, General Lee had written home from "Camp near Orange Court House":—

"General Pope says he is very strong, and seems to feel so. I hope he will not prove stronger than we are. I learn since I have left that General McClellan has moved down the James River with his whole army. I suppose he is coming here too, so we shall have a busy time. Burnside and King from Fredericksburg have joined Pope, which, from their own report, has swelled Pope to ninety-two thousand. I do not believe it, though I believe he is very big."

In this campaign against Pope, leading up to and comprising the series of engagements known as the Second Battle of Manassas (or Second Bull Run), we find in ideal conjunction those two grand soldiers and companions in arms, Lee and Jackson. The Cavalier from eastern tide-water, and the stern Scotch-Irish Presbyterian from the mountains of north-western Virginia, were congenial friends,



General Richard H. Anderson.

who believed in one another, and were never for a single moment at variance. Any attempt at comparison with the idea of disparagement to either must be founded upon a total misconception of the characters of both. Lee was the master mind, at once brilliant and calm, cautious and bold. Jackson was, and prided himself upon being, his great commander's chief lieutenant, his "right arm," swift and powerful and sure. Jackson regarded Lee as "a phenomenon," and declared he was "the only man he would follow blindfold." He did with all his might anything and everything that Lee asked him to do; and Lee entrusted him with orders such as never were laid upon officer before.

And their troops—the Spartan rank and file of the Army of Northern Virginia! What brighter light could be flashed upon them than the remark of a Federal critic, who wrote about this time:—

"The truth is, the rebel generals strip their armies for a march as a man strips to run a race. Their men are 'destitute' when they reach our lines, because they cannot cumber themselves with supplies. They come to fight, not to eat. They march to a battle-field, not to a dress-parade. When shall our armies be found, for a like reason, 'destitute in the presence of the enemy'?"

General Lee began operations by sending his cavalry leader, J. E. B. Stuart—who had just been commissioned as a major-general—upon one of his dashing raids around to Pope's rear. The object was to destroy the railroad there, so as to "hold up" the reinforcements and supplies which would be sent to Pope from Washington and Alexandria; for by that route must come as much of McClellan's army as had been transferred to Washington by water from the James River. Stuart acquitted himself, on this duty, with his usual prowess, and succeeded in capturing General Pope's headquarters, personal effects, and correspondence, which latter confirmed the supposition that McClellan's army was hastening to his assistance; but the main object of the expedition, the destruction of the railroad, was not accomplished. A terrific rainstorm and pitchy darkness, on the night that Stuart struck the line at Catlett's Station, prevented him from doing any great damage, and he had to get away before daybreak.

To repeat on an enlarged scale, with the great flanker Stonewall Jackson in charge of its execution, a movement similar to that which had just been made by Stuart, was now General Lee's determination. His army at this date (August 24th, 1862) numbered fifty thousand troops. Pope, having been joined by Reno's corps of Burnside's army from Fredericksburg, had about the same number of men as Lee; but, two days later, this was increased by the arrival of Fitz-John Porter's and Heintzelman's corps to seventy thousand.

Lee unhesitatingly divided his army into two parts, and set to work with his smaller force to "surround" the greater one of his enemy across the river. He proposed to hold the line of the Rappahannock with thirty thousand men under Longstreet, and so occupy the attention of Pope, while he sent Jackson around

with the other twenty thousand, by a swift circuitous march of fifty-six miles, to a point directly in Pope's rear, and upon his line of communication with Washington. Jackson accordingly crossed the upper Rappahannock on the morning of August 25th, and on the evening of the 26th reached his objective point on the main railroad line in Pope's rear. That same night he captured Manassas, the railway junction station, with eight guns, three hundred prisoners, and vast quantities of stores of every variety, most of which had to be destroyed, for want of transportation to move them. The railroad was torn up, and bridges, cars, and depots were burned.

Stonewall Jackson had, up to this point, made a triumphant success of one of the most hazardous strategic movements on record; but the very success of this movement placed him in a position of extreme peril. With his three divisions, numbering altogether barely twenty thousand men, he had to withstand Pope's entire army for two days, until Lee and Longstreet could come to his assistance over the same route by which he had descended upon Manassas, *via* Thoroughfare Gap, through the Bull Run Mountains.

By a supreme exercise of those wonderful characteristics of boldness, cunning, and fierce activity, which combined in him alone, Jackson was enabled, during those two momentous days of August 28th and 29th, to escape disaster and repulse every attack made upon his heroic corps. On the 28th, Pope sent McDowell with forty thousand troops to swoop down upon Manassas and "bag" Jackson; which no doubt he might have done if Jackson had stayed there until he came. But on this occasion Jackson suddenly *disappeared* "when least expected." He had cleared out during the night, crossed Bull Run, and concentrated his command in the vicinity of Sudley Mills, north of the Warrenton turnpike road. Here he was met by King's division of McDowell's corps, and a terrific engagement ensued, in which both sides



War-time residence of General Lee on Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

fought with stubborn courage till nightfall, and both lost heavily, the Federal command finally falling back to Manassas.

At this crisis General Pope appears to have been seized with that momentary mental paralysis which overtook other Federal commanders when confronted by Lee and Jackson. So completely was he engrossed with "Stonewall" that he committed the capital error of leaving unguarded the defile of Thoroughfare Gap, through which alone Lee and Longstreet could arrive to Jackson's aid on the battlefield of Manassas.

Pope having thus missed his chance of keeping the two Confederate commands apart, the advance of Longstreet's column arrived early in the day on the 29th, and connected with Jackson's right. The Federal attack of this day, however, was made principally with the centre and right against Jackson; the left, under Fitz-John Porter, remaining inactive in Longstreet's front. The next day the Federal assault was renewed, and again repulsed by Jackson. Finally, late in the afternoon, Longstreet ordered his whole line forward, and by the combined attack Pope's army was stampeded, and driven across Bull Run Creek in wild disorder and with immense loss.

Pope withdrew to Centreville, and occupied a position along the heights, where he was reinforced by the corps of Franklin and Sumner and the divisions of Cox and Sturgis, amounting respectively to twenty-five thousand and seventeen thousand men. Since leaving the Rappahannock, he had lost, in killed, wounded, and missing, about fifteen thousand men; yet still his force vastly outnumbered that of Lee. He had sufficient assurance to telegraph to Halleck, "The enemy is badly whipped, and we shall do well enough." Halleck replied, on the morning of the 31st: "You have done nobly. Do not yield another inch if you can avoid it. All reserves are being sent forward."

The next day, Lee's "badly whipped" army executed another flank movement, in charge of Jackson again, and struck Hooker's corps of the Federal army near Fairfax Court House. Here was fought the battle of Ox Hill or Chantilly, a tragic and fearful engagement, at close of day, in the midst of a summer's thunderstorm. It cost both sides heavily, the Federal losses including their two brave generals, Kearney and Stevens. Kearney, especially, was an officer of distinguished gallantry, marked for the command of an army. His dead body, together with his sword and horse, was sent back with honours to the Federal lines by General Lee.*

On September 2nd, the shattered "Army of Virginia" was withdrawn to Washington, and General Pope was relieved of his command. He had led against Lee a proud army, and led it with no mean ability; but he had been out-generalled at every point. The precipitate retreat into the intrenchments around Washington was indeed a second "Bull Run," and the panic raised in the Federal capital can hardly be exaggerated. General McClellan begged for reinstatement at the head of his old troops; but, according to his own account, it was feared that even he could not keep back the victorious Confederates. Fredericksburg was evacuated; and President Lincoln called upon the Northern States for three hundred thousand more men.

Such were the results of General Lee's campaign work in the first three months of his command of the Army of Northern Virginia. He had "used up" two armies.

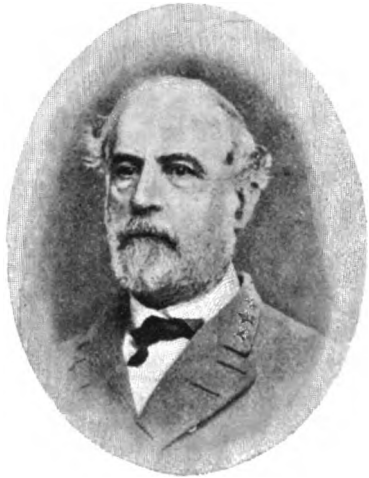
* The horse, which had been captured, was not returned until some time after the battle. Then, at the request of Mrs. Kearney, the General's widow, General Lee caused a search to be instituted; and when the horse was identified, General Lee gave his personal cheque to the Confederate quartermaster for the amount—a good horse was worth from \$3000 to \$4000, in Confederate money, in those days—at which the animal was appraised.

both numerically greater than his own, and deposed their commanders. He had raised the siege of Richmond, and threatened Washington. Second Manassas was Lee's Marengo. It secured him the control of the whole State of Virginia.

Without attempting to follow up and attack the combined armies of Pope and McClellan in their intrenchments on the Virginia bank of the Potomac, General Lee determined nevertheless to continue on the war path, and to fight another battle while the prestige of victory was on his side. Accordingly, he marched from the field of Manassas directly to Leesburg, near the Potomac, forty miles above Washington. There, on September 5th, he crossed the river and entered western Maryland, proceeding first to Frederick City (not to be confounded with Fredericksburg, Va.). He had been reinforced by the divisions of McLaws and D. H. Hill, with Hampton's cavalry, from Richmond; but if his army now numbered forty thousand effectives, the estimate is a liberal one, and their equipment was very far from corresponding with their fighting spirit. Some were actually barefooted; and all, from continuous marching and fighting, were ragged and gaunt. Their appearance did not inspire the Marylanders with sufficient confidence to bring about the rush of Southern-sympathising recruits to arms, which the Confederates had rather counted upon. Still, a decisive victory in that State, which would practically insure the fall of Baltimore and Washington, might very materially change the aspect of affairs.

As Lee had anticipated, the Federal authorities lost no time in sending an army after him; and this army was of necessity under command of General McClellan. Both McClellan and Halleck believed their opponent's force to be one hundred and twenty thousand, and they moved with extreme caution accordingly. One of their cardinal points of belief—or, at least, one of Halleck's—was that the natural rockbound citadel of Harper's Ferry, where the waters of the Shenandoah and the Potomac unite, and together make their way through the Blue Ridge, should be held at all hazards; and for this purpose a considerable force had been isolated there. With McClellan only five marches from him, Lee, on September 10th, sent the greater part of his army, under Jackson, to capture Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry, the latter being on the Virginia side of the Potomac, some ten or twelve miles south from Frederick City. He expected the invincible "Stonewall" to accomplish all this, and to get back in time to join him in confronting McClellan's army. And he was not disappointed. Jackson made thorough work of Harper's Ferry, capturing with that Federal stronghold twelve thousand prisoners, seventy-three pieces of artillery, thirteen thousand stands of small arms, and unlimited supplies of all kinds.

Meanwhile Lee had quitted Frederick, crossed the South Mountain by way of Boonsborough, and gone northward as far as Hagerstown; but on the 15th, the day of the surrender of Harper's Ferry, he turned back southward, and took up his position near Sharpsburg, on the right bank of Antietam Creek. The Confederate commander, who always counted upon McClellan's being slow in his movements, was at a loss to account for the remarkable activity now displayed by the latter,



Portrait from General Custis Lee's private collection.



General James Longstreet.

who was clearly manœuvring to interpose between Lee at Hagerstown and Jackson at Harper's Ferry, and finish them separately. The truth of the matter was that McClellan, arriving at Frederick on the 12th, had fortuitously come into possession of the famous "lost" order of General Lee to D. H. Hill, completely disclosing the plans of the Confederates, including the Harper's Ferry raid.

General McClellan, with the splendid Army of the Potomac, had come out from Washington to fight the battle of his life. Lee also had come to Maryland to fight; and instead of withdrawing his troops back across the Potomac again, as he might readily have done, he drew up his line of battle along Antietam Creek at Sharpsburg, and prepared to meet the enemy with odds as of three to one against him.

McClellan did not attack until the 17th. By that time, or before the day was over, Lee had all his forces up. They amounted in full count to 27,255 infantry, and 8,000 cavalry and artillery. In other words, Lee's total strength at Sharpsburg was 35,255. McClellan had 87,164 troops of all arms; but as the fighting on his side was done by four corps, numbering 57,614 men, Porter's and Franklin's corps and the cavalry not being engaged,—and as practically all of Lee's army except his cavalry fought, the real disparity between the active combatants was about 26,000, in favour of McClellan. Says General Fitz Lee :—

"The picture of the private soldier of Lee's army at Sharpsburg as he stood in the iron hail, with the old, torn slouch hat, the bright eye glistening with excitement, powder-stained face, rent jacket and torn trousers, blanket in shreds, and the prints of his shoeless feet in the dust of the battle, should be framed in the hearts of all who love true courage wherever found."

And the silhouette of the great Confederate leader, as he stood, calm and confident, on an elevated position about the centre of his slim grey battle-line, on the Boonsborough road, is preserved by a staff-officer :—

"His fine form was sharply outlined against the sky, and I thought I had never seen a nobler figure. He seemed quite unconscious that the enemy's shells were exploding around and beyond him."

Lee's line of battle, as has been said, extended along the right or western bank of Antietam Creek, between that stream and the village of Sharpsburg. In his rear, beyond the village, rolled the Potomac River, in a concave bend; so that while both his flanks rested upon it, the centre of the line was about three miles distant from its shore. McClellan's plan was to envelop the two Confederate flanks, beginning with the left, and gain the Williamsport road in Lee's rear, thus cutting him off from the Potomac. This plan was well conceived, but it failed in the execution, though not until McClellan had lost 20 per cent. of his troops in repeated and desperate assaults.

The battle on the 17th raged from dawn to dusk, with an intermission in the middle of the day. In the morning the Confederates' left, held by Jackson, was

assailed by the three Federal corps of Hooker, Mansfield, and Sumner, successively. They fought almost to annihilation, but their efforts to turn the flank were unavailing. In the afternoon Burnside had somewhat better success with the right, where he managed to cross the stone bridge with 13,000 men, and assaulted the ridge held by the Confederate General Jones. But at this critical juncture A. P. Hill arrived from Harper's Ferry, and saved Lee's right by helping to drive Burnside back to the bridge. The Confederate centre, in the meantime, was well looked after by Longstreet, with Miller's guns of the Washington artillery.

At one of the guns, in a silenced battery that had just been relieved from a perilous position, General Lee failed to recognise, among the grimy heroes who had been tending it, his own youngest son, Robert, at that time a private in the Rockbridge Artillery. Returning the gunners' greeting as he passed, the General said, "Well, you have done nobly, but I shall be compelled to send you in again." Young "Rob" spoke up with the rest in the eager response; and then his father, relieved at discovering his identity, added, "That's right, my son! You must help to keep those people back."

Night fell upon a drawn battle at Sharpsburg. Both sides held their lines essentially unbroken. According to the best Confederate authority, Lee's loss here was 8,000; or 10,000 in the whole Maryland campaign, including the fighting around Boonsborough; while McClellan lost in the great battle alone, 12,496 killed, wounded, and missing.

The next day, the 18th, Lee did not feel strong enough to renew the offensive, but he waited with confidence a renewed attack. It did not come. Accordingly, being aware that reinforcements for McClellan were at hand, Lee departed in the night, and withdrew to the Potomac. It was not until the 19th that McClellan thought he might "safely claim a victory." He made only the merest pretence of following up the Confederate retreat into Virginia; and in the early part of October allowed Stuart, with eighteen hundred men and four guns, to make another raid completely around the Federal army, across Maryland, and into southern Pennsylvania. This fatal lack of alertness aggravated the relations, already strained politically, between General McClellan and the Northern Government; and finally, on the 5th of November, 1862, he was permanently relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac, to be succeeded therein by Major-General Ambrose E. Burnside.

Here ended the military career of the personally popular commander against whom General Lee had manœuvred with respectful caution, and whom he regarded as "the most intellectual of all the Federal generals." McClellan was always a gentleman, and sometimes a soldier; but he thought too much to act decisively, and seemed incapable of either feeling or imparting the inspiration of battle.

General Lee's two weeks' campaign in Maryland, if not altogether a failure, certainly fell far short of the mark of success which had been set for it both by himself and by the Confederate chief executive; and it demonstrated that his army, without means of reinforcement, was too small for offensive operations. Lee and Davis had already dreamed, after Manassas, of proposing from the head of the victorious Army of Northern Virginia an end to hostilities in the recognition by the United States of Southern independence.

In answer to the inquiries of a friend, General Lee wrote, after the war:—

"I will state that, in crossing the Potomac, I did not propose to invade the North, for I did not believe that the Army of Northern Virginia was strong enough for the purpose, nor was I in any degree influenced by popular expectation. My movement was simply intended to threaten Washington, call the Federal army north of that river,

relieve our territory, and enable us to subsist the army. I considered it useless to attack the fortifications around Alexandria and Washington, behind which the Federal army had taken refuge ; and indeed I could not have maintained the army in Fairfax, so barren was it of subsistence, and so deficient were we in transportation. After reaching Frederick City, finding that the enemy still retained his positions at Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry, and that it became necessary to dislodge him in order to open our communication through the valley for the purpose of obtaining from Richmond the ammunition, clothing, etc., of which we were in great need,—after detaching the necessary troops for the purpose, I was left with but two divisions, Longstreet's and D. H. Hill's, to mask the operation. That was entirely too weak a force to march on Baltimore, even if such a movement had been expedient."

One day, in the last year of his life, General Lee showed to the Rev. Dr. Jones, his army chaplain and subsequent biographer, a letter from a New York editor, inquiring what battle it was in which General Lee asked of General McClellan a truce to bury his dead, and asked the chaplain if he remembered. Dr. Jones writes :

"Upon my replying that it was my very decided conviction that in all of his contests with General McClellan, the flag of truce had to come *from the other side* ; that Sharpsburg was the only battle at which it *could* have occurred ; and that there was no formal truce there, though a tacit understanding on a part of the line by which both parties gathered up their dead and wounded, he quietly replied, 'Yes, that is my impression. I remember distinctly that at Sharpsburg we held a large part of the battlefield, that we remained in line of battle the whole of the next day, expecting and in fact hoping for an attack, and that we only withdrew upon information that the enemy was being largely reinforced. But this gentleman writes to me (I wish he had written to General McClellan : *he* could have told him), and I desired, before answering him, to confirm my impression by that of others.'"

HENRY TYRRELL.

(*To be continued.*)



Lee at the soldiers' prayer-meeting.



THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EVENTS OF MONDAY: THE LAWYER'S PARTY.

BY half-past eight o'clock on the next morning, I was ringing the bell of the lawyer's office in Castle Street, where I found him ensconced at a business table, in a room surrounded by several tiers of green tin cases. He greeted me like an old friend.

"Come away, sir, come away!" said he. "Here is the dentist ready for you, and I think I can promise you that the operation will be practically painless."

"I am not so sure of that, Mr. Robbie," I replied, as I shook hands with him. "But at least there shall be no time lost with me."

I had to confess to having gone a-roving with a pair of drovers and their cattle, to having used a false name, to having murdered or half-murdered a fellow-creature in a scuffle on the moors, and to having suffered a couple of quite innocent men to lie some time in prison on a charge from which I could have immediately freed them. All this I gave him first of all, to be done with the worst of it; and all this he took with gravity, but without the least appearance of surprise.

"Now, sir," I continued, "I expect to have to pay for my unhappy frolic, but I would like very well if it could be managed without my personal appearance or even the mention of my real name. I had so much wisdom as to sail under false colours in this foolish jaunt of mine; my family would be extremely concerned if they had wind of it; but at the same time, if the case of this Faa has terminated fatally, and there are proceedings against Todd and Candlish, I am not going to stand by and see them vexed, far less punished; and I authorise you to give me up for trial if you think that best—or, if you think it unnecessary, in the meanwhile to make preparations for their defence. I hope, sir, that I am as little anxious to be Quixotic, as I am determined to be just."



"I found him ensconced at a business table."

"Very fairly spoken," said Mr. Robbie. "It is not much in my line, as doubtless your friend, Mr. Romaine, will have told you. I rarely mix myself up with anything on the criminal side, or approaching it. However, for a young gentleman like you, I may stretch a point, and I daresay I may be able to accomplish more than perhaps another. I will go at once to the Procurator Fiscal's office and inquire."

"Wait a moment, Mr. Robbie," said I.

"You forget the chapter of expenses. I had thought, for a beginning, of placing a thousand pounds in your hands."

"My dear sir, you will kindly wait until I render you my bill," said Mr. Robbie severely.

"It seemed to me," I protested, "that, coming to you almost as a stranger, and placing in your hands a piece of business so contrary to your habits, some substantial guarantee of my good faith——"

"Not the way that we do business in Scotland, sir," he interrupted, with an air of closing the dispute.

"And yet, Mr. Robbie," I continued, "I must ask you to allow me to proceed. I do not merely refer to the expenses of the case. I have my eye besides on Todd and Candlish. They are thoroughly deserving fellows; they have been subjected through me to a considerable term of imprisonment; and I suggest, sir, that you should not spare money for their indemnification. This will explain," I added, smiling, "my offer of the thousand pounds. It was in the nature of a measure by which you should judge the scale on which I can afford to have this business carried through."

"I take you perfectly, Mr. Ducie," said he. "But the sooner I am off, the better this affair is like to be guided. My clerk will show you into the waiting-room and give you the day's *Caledonian Mercury* and the last *Register* to amuse yourself with in the interval."

I believe Mr. Robbie was at least three hours gone. I saw him descend from a cab at the door, and almost immediately after I was shown again into his study, where the solemnity of his manner led me to augur the worst. For some time he had the inhumanity to read me a lecture as to the incredible silliness, "not to say immorality," of my behaviour. "I have the more satisfaction in telling you my opinion, because it appears that you are going to get off scot free," he continued, where, indeed, I thought he might have begun.

"The man, Faa, has been discharged cured; and the two men, Todd and

Candlish, would have been leeberated long ago, if it had not been for their extraordinary loyalty to yourself, Mr. Ducie—or Mr. St. Ivey, as I believe I should now call you. Never a word would either of the two old fools volunteer that in any manner pointed at the existence of such a person; and when they were confronted with Faa's version of the affair, they gave accounts so entirely discrepant with their own former declarations, as well as with each other, that the Fiscal was quite nonplussed, and imagined there was something behind it. You may believe I soon laughed him out of that! And I had the satisfaction of seeing your two friends set free, and very glad to be on the causeway again."

"Oh, sir," I cried, "you should have brought them here."

"No instructions, Mr. Ducie!" said he. "How did I know you wished to renew an acquaintance which you had just terminated so fortunately? And, indeed, to be frank with you, I should have set my face against it, if you had! Let them go! They are paid and contented, and have the highest possible opinion of Mr. St. Ivey! When I gave them fifty pounds apiece—which was rather more than enough, Mr. Ducie, whatever you may think—the man Todd, who has the only tongue of the party, struck his staff on the ground. 'Weel,' says he, 'I aye said he was a gentleman!' 'Man Todd,' said I, 'that was just what Mr. St. Ivey said of yourself!'

"So it was a case of 'Compliments fly when gentlefolk meet.'"

"No, no, Mr. Ducie, man Todd and man Candlish are gone out of your life, and a good riddance! They are fine fellows in their way, but no proper associates for the like of yourself; and do you finally agree to be done with all eccentricity—take up with no more drovers, or rovers, or tinkers, but enjoy the naitural pleasures for which your age, your wealth, your intelligence, and (if I may be allowed to say it) your appearance so completely fit you. And the first of these,' quoth he, looking at his watch, "will be to step through to my dining-room and share a bachelor's luncheon."

Over the meal, which was good, Mr. Robbie continued to develop the same theme. "You're, no doubt, what they call a dancing-man?" said he. "Well, on Thursday night there is the Assembly Ball. You must certainly go there, and you must permit me besides to do the honours of the ceety and send you a ticket. I am a thorough believer in a young man being a young man—but no more drovers or rovers, if you love me! Talking of which puts me in mind that you may be short of partners at the Assembly—oh, I have been young myself!—and if ye care to come to anything so portentiously tedious as a tea-party at the house of a bachelor lawyer, consisting mainly of his nieces and nephews, and his grand-nieces and grand-nephews, and his wards, and generally the whole clan of the descendants of his clients, you might drop in to-night towards seven o'clock. I think I can show you one or two that are worth looking at, and you can dance with them later on at the Assembly."

He proceeded to give me a sketch of one or two eligible young ladies whom I might expect to meet. "And then there's my parteeular friend, Miss Flora," said he. "But I'll make no attempt of a description. You shall see her for yourself."

It will be readily supposed that I accepted his invitation; and returned home to make a toilette worthy of her I was to meet and the good news of which I was the bearer. The toilette, I have reason to believe, was a success. Mr. Rowley dismissed me with a farewell: "Crikey! Mr. Anne, but you do look prime!" Even the stony Bethiah was—how shall I say?—dazzled, but scandalised, by my appearance; and while, of course, she deplored the vanity that led to it, she could not wholly prevent herself from admiring the result.

"Ay, Mr. Ducie, this is a poor employment for a wayfaring Christian man!" she said. "Wi' Christ despised and rejectit in all pairts of the world, and the flag of the Covenant flung doon, you will be muckle better on your knees! However, I'll have to confess that it sets you weel. And if it's the lassie ye're gaun to see the nicht, I suppose I'll just have to excuse ye! Bairns maun be bairns!" she said, with a sigh. "I mind when Mr. McRankine came courtin', and that's lang by-gane—I mind I had a green gown, passementit, that was thocht to become me to admiration. I was nae just exactly what ye would ca' bonny; but I was pale, penetratin', and interestin'." And she leaned over the stair-rail with a candle to watch my descent as long as it should be possible.

It was but a little party at Mr. Robbie's—by which, I do not so much mean that there were few people, for the rooms were crowded, as that there was very little attempted to entertain them. In one apartment there were tables set out, where the elders were solemnly engaged upon whist; in the other and larger one, a great number of youth of both sexes entertained themselves languidly, the ladies sitting upon chairs to be courted, the gentlemen standing about in various attitudes of insinuation or indifference. Conversation appeared the sole resource, except in so far as it was modified by a number of keepsakes and annuals which lay dispersed upon the tables, and of which the young beaux displayed the illustrations to the ladies. Mr. Robbie himself was customarily in the card-room; only now and again, when he cut out, he made an incursion among the young folks, and rolled about jovially from one to another, the very picture of the general uncle.

It chanced that Flora had met Mr. Robbie in the course of the afternoon. "Now, Miss Flora," he had said, "come early, for I have a Phoenix to show you—one Mr. Ducie, a new client of mine that, I vow, I have fallen in love with"; and he was so good as to add a word or two on my appearance, from which Flora conceived a suspicion of the truth. She had come to the party, in consequence, on the knife-edge of anticipation and alarm; had chosen a place by the door, where I found her, on my arrival, surrounded by a posse of vapid youths; and, when I drew near, sprang up to meet me in the most natural manner in the world, and, obviously, with a prepared form of words.

"How do you do, Mr. Ducie?" she said. "It is quite an age since I have seen you!"

"I have much to tell you, Miss Gilchrist," I replied. "May I sit down?"

For the artful girl, by sitting near the door, and the judicious use of her shawl, had contrived to keep a chair empty by her side.

She made room for me, as a matter of course, and the youths had the discretion to melt before us. As soon as I was once seated her fan flew out, and she whispered behind it:

"Are you mad?"

"Madly in love," I replied; "but in no other sense."

"I have no patience! You cannot understand what I am suffering!" she said. "What are you to say to Ronald, to Major Chevenix, to my aunt?"

"Your aunt?" I cried, with a start. "*Peccavi!* is she here?"

"She is in the card-room at whist," said Flora.

"Where she will probably stay all the evening?" I suggested.

"She may," she admitted; "she generally does!"

"Well, then, I must avoid the card-room," said I, "which is very much what I had counted upon doing. I did not come here to play cards, but to contemplate a certain young lady to my heart's content—if it can ever be contented!—and to tell her some good news."



G. GRENVILLE MANTON

"Surrounded by a posse of vapid youths."

"But there are still Ronald and the Major!" she persisted. "They are not card-room fixtures! Ronald will be coming and going. And as for Mr. Chevenix, he——"

"Always sits with Miss Flora?" I interrupted. "And they talk of poor St. Ives? I had gathered as much, my dear; and Mr. Ducie has come to prevent it! But pray dismiss these fears! I mind no one but your aunt."

"Why my aunt?"

"Because your aunt is a lady, my dear, and a very clever lady, and, like all clever ladies, a very rash lady," said I. "You can never count upon them, unless you are sure of getting them in a corner, as I have got you, and talking them over rationally, as I am just engaged on with yourself! It would be quite the same to your aunt to make the worst kind of a scandal, with an equal indifference to my danger and to the feelings of our good host!"

"Well," she said, "and what of Ronald, then? Do you think *he* is above making a scandal? You must know him very little!"

"On the other hand, it is my pretension that I know him very well!" I replied. "I must speak to Ronald first—not Ronald to me—that is all!"

"Then, please, go and speak to him at once!" she pleaded. "He is there—do you see?—at the upper end of the room, talking to that girl in pink."

"And so lose this seat before I have told you my good news?" I exclaimed. "Catch me! And, besides, my dear one, think a little of me and my good news! I thought the bearer of good news was always welcome! I hoped he might be a little welcome for himself! Consider! I have but one friend; and let me stay by her! And there is only one thing I care to hear; and let me hear it!"

"Oh, Anne," she sighed, "if I did not love you, why should I be so uneasy? I am turned into a coward, dear! Think, if it were the other way round—if you were quite safe and I was in, O such danger!"

She had no sooner said it than I was convicted of being a dullard. "God forgive me, dear!" I made haste to reply, "I never saw before that there were two sides to this!" And I told her my tale as briefly as I could, and rose to seek Ronald. "You see, my dear, you are obeyed," I said.

She gave me a look that was a reward in itself; and as I turned away from her, with a strong sense of turning away from the sun, I carried that look in my bosom like a caress. The girl in pink was an arch, ogling person, with a good deal of eyes and teeth, and a great play of shoulders and rattle of conversation. There could be no doubt, from Master Ronald's attitude, that he worshipped the very chair she sat on. But I was quite ruthless. I laid my hand on his shoulder, as he was stooping over her like a hen over a chicken.

"Excuse me for one moment, Mr. Gilchrist!" said I.

He started and span about in answer to my touch, and exhibited a face of inarticulate wonder.

"Yes!" I continued, "it is even myself! Pardon me for interrupting so agreeable a *tête-à-tête*, but you know, my good fellow, we owe a first duty to Mr. Robbie. It would never do to risk making a scene in the man's drawing-room; so the first thing I had to attend to was to have you warned. The name I go by is Ducie, too, in case of accidents."

"I—I say, you know!" cried Ronald. "Deuce take it, what are you doing here?"

"Hush, hush!" said I. "Not the place, my dear fellow—not the place. Come to my rooms, if you like, to-night after the party, or to-morrow in the morning, and we can talk it out over a cigar. But here, you know, it really won't do at all."

Before he could collect his mind for an answer, I had given him my address in St. James's Square, and had again mingled with the crowd. Alas! I was not fated to get back to Flora so easily! Mr. Robbie was in the path: he was insatiably loquacious; and as he continued to palaver I watched the insipid youths gather again about my idol, and cursed my fate and my host. He remembered

suddenly that I was to attend the Assembly Ball on Thursday, and had only attended to-night by way of a preparative. This put it into his head to present me to another young lady; but I managed this interview with so much art that, while I was scrupulously polite and even cordial to the fair one, I contrived to keep Robbie beside me all the time and to leave along with him when the ordeal was over. We were just walking away arm in arm, when I spied my friend the Major approaching, stiff as a ramrod and, as usual, obtrusively clean.

"Oh! there's a man I want to know," said I, taking the bull by the horns. "Won't you introduce me to Major Chevenix?"

"At a word, my dear fellow," said Robbie; and "Major!" he cried, "come here and let me present to you my friend Mr. Ducie, who desires the honour of your acquaintance."

The Major flushed visibly, but otherwise preserved his composure. He bowed very low. "I'm not very sure," he said: "I have an idea we have met before?"

"Informally," I said, returning his bow; "and I have long looked forward to the pleasure of regularising our acquaintance."

"You are very good, Mr. Ducie," he returned. "Perhaps you could aid my memory a little? Where was it that I had the pleasure?"

"Oh, that would be telling tales out of school," said I, with a laugh, "and before my lawyer, too!"

"I'll wager," broke in Mr. Robbie, "that, when you knew my client, Chevenix, the past of our friend Mr. Ducie is an obscure chapter full of horrid secrets. I'll wager now you knew him as St. Ivey," says he, nudging me violently.

"I think not, sir," said the Major, with pinched lips.

"Well, I wish he may prove all right!" continued the lawyer, with certainly the worst-inspired jocularly in the world. "I know nothing by him! He may be a swell mobsman for me with his aliases. You must put your memory on the rack, Major, and when ye've remembered when and where ye met him, be sure ye tell me."

"I will not fail, sir," said Chevenix.

"Seek to him!" cried Robbie, waving his hand as he departed.

The Major, as soon as we were alone, turned upon me his impassive countenance.

"Well," he said, "you have courage."

"It is undoubted as your honour, sir," I returned, bowing.

"Did you expect to meet me, may I ask?" said he.

"You saw, at least, that I courted the presentation," said I.

"And you were not afraid?" said Chevenix.

"I was perfectly at ease. I knew I was dealing with a gentleman. Be that your epitaph."

"Well, there are some other people looking for you," he said, "who will make no bones about the point of honour. The police, my dear sir, are simply agog about you."

"And I think that that was coarse," said I.

"You have seen Miss Gilchrist?" he inquired, changing the subject.

"With whom, I am led to understand, we are on a footing of rivalry?" I asked. "Yes, I have seen her."

"And I was just seeking her," he replied.

I was conscious of a certain thrill of temper; so, I suppose, was he. We looked each other up and down.

"The situation is original," he resumed.

"Quite," said I. "But let me tell you frankly you are blowing a cold coal. I owe you so much for your kindness to the prisoner Champdivers."

"Meaning that the lady's affections are more advantageously disposed of?" he asked, with a sneer. "Thank you, I am sure. And, since you have given me a lead, just hear a word of good advice in your turn. Is it fair, is it delicate, is it like a gentleman, to compromise the young lady by attentions which (as you know very well) can come to nothing?"

I was utterly unable to find words in answer.

"Excuse me if I cut this interview short," he went on. "It seems to me doomed to come to nothing, and there is more attractive metal."

"Yes," I replied, "as you say, it cannot amount to much. You are impotent, bound hand and foot in honour. You know me to be a man falsely accused, and even if you did not know it, from your position as my rival you have only the choice to stand quite still or to be infamous."

"I would not say that," he returned, with another change of colour. "I may hear it once too often."

With which he moved off straight for where Flora was sitting amidst her court of vapid youths, and I had no choice but to follow him, a bad second, and reading myself, as I went, a sharp lesson on the command of temper.

It is a strange thing how young men in their teens go down at the mere wind of the coming of men of twenty-five and upwards! The vapid ones fled without thought of resistance before the Major and me; a few dallied awhile in the neighbourhood—so to speak, with their fingers in their mouths—but presently these also followed the rout, and we remained face to face before Flora. There was a draught in that corner by the door; she had thrown her pelisse over her bare arms and neck, and the dark fur of the trimming set them off. She shone by contrast; the light played on her smooth skin to admiration, and the colour changed in her excited face. For the least fraction of a second she looked from one to the other of her pair of rival swains, and seemed to hesitate. Then she addressed Chevenix:—

"You are coming to the Assembly, of course, Major Chevenix?" said she.

"I fear not; I fear I shall be otherwise engaged," he replied. "Even the pleasure of dancing with you, Miss Flora, must give way to duty."

For awhile the talk ran harmlessly on the weather, and then branched off towards the war. It seemed to be by no one's fault; it was in the air, and had to come.

"Good news from the scene of operations," said the Major.

"Good news while it lasts," I said. "But will Miss Gilchrist tell us her private thought upon the war? In her admiration for the victors, does not there mingle some pity for the vanquished?"

"Indeed, sir," she said, with animation, "only too much of it! War is a subject that I do not think should be talked of to a girl. I am, I have to be—what do you call it?—a non-combatant? And to remind me of what others have to do and suffer: no, it is not fair!"

"Miss Gilchrist has the tender female heart," said Chevenix.

"Do not be too sure of that!" she cried. "I would love to be allowed to fight myself!"

"On which side?" I asked.

"Can you ask?" she exclaimed. "I am a Scottish girl!"

"She is a Scottish girl!" repeated the Major, looking at me. "And no one grudges you her pity!"

"And I glory in every grain of it she has to spare," said I. "Pity is akin to love."

"Well, and let us put that question to Miss Gilchrist. It is for her to decide,

and for us to bow to the decision. Is pity, Miss Flora, or is admiration, nearest love?"

"Oh, come," said I, "let us be more concrete. Lay before the lady a complete case: describe your man, then I'll describe *mine*, and Miss Flora shall decide."

"I think I see your meaning," said he, "and I'll try. You think that pity—and the kindred sentiments—have the greatest power upon the heart. I think more nobly of women. To my view, the man they love will first of all command their respect; he will be steadfast—proud, if you please; dry, possibly—but of all things steadfast. They will look at him in doubt; at last they will see that stern face which he presents to all the rest of the world soften to them alone. First, trust, I say. It is so that a woman loves who is worthy of heroes."

"Your man is very ambitious, sir," said I, "and very much of a hero! Mine is a humbler, and, I would fain think, a more human dog. He is one with no particular trust in himself, with no superior steadfastness to be admired for, who sees a lady's face, who hears her voice, and, without any phrase about the matter, falls in love. What does he ask for, then, but pity?—pity for his weakness, pity for his love, which is his life. You would make women always the inferiors, gaping up at your imaginary lover; he, like a marble statue, with his nose in the air! But God has been wiser than you; and the most steadfast of your heroes may prove human, after all. We appeal to the queen for judgment," I added, turning and bowing before Flora.

"And how shall the queen judge?" she asked. "I must give you an answer that is no answer at all. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth': she goes where her heart goes."

Her face flushed as she said it; mine also, for I read in it a declaration, and my heart swelled for joy. But Chevenix grew pale.

"You make of life a very dreadful kind of a lottery, ma'am," said he. "But I will not despair. Honest and unornamental is still my choice."

And I must say he looked extremely handsome and very amusingly like the marble statue with its nose in the air to which I had compared him.

"I cannot imagine how we got upon this subject," said Flora.

"Madame, it was through the war," replied Chevenix.

"All roads lead to Rome," I commented. "What else would you expect Mr. Chevenix and myself to talk of?"

About this time I was conscious of a certain bustle and movement in the room behind me, but did not pay to it that degree of attention which perhaps would have been wise. There came a certain change in Flora's face; she signalled repeatedly with her fan; her eyes appealed to me obsequiously; there could be no doubt that she wanted something—as well as I could make out, that I should go away and leave the field clear for my rival, which I had not the least idea of doing. At last she rose from her chair with impatience.

"I think it time you were saying good-night, Mr. Ducie!" she said.

I could not in the least see why, and said so.

Whereupon she gave me this appalling answer, "My aunt is coming out of the card-room."

In less time than it takes to tell, I had made my bow and my escape. Looking back from the doorway, I was privileged to see, for a moment, the august profile and gold eyeglasses of Miss Gilchrist issuing from the card-room; and the sight lent me wings. I stood not on the order of my going; and a

moment after, I was on the pavement of Castle Street, and the lighted windows shone down on me, and were crossed by ironical shadows of those who had remained behind.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EVENTS OF TUESDAY : THE TOILS CLOSING.

THIS day began with a surprise. I found a letter on my breakfast-table addressed to Edward Ducie, Esquire ; and at first I was startled beyond measure. "Conscience doth make cowards of us all !" When I had opened it, it proved to be only a note from the lawyer, enclosing a card for the Assembly Ball on Thursday evening. Shortly after, as I was composing my mind with a cigar at one of the windows of the sitting-room, and Rowley, having finished the light share of work that fell to him, sat not far off tootling with great spirit and a marked preference for the upper octave, Ronald was suddenly shown in. I got him a cigar, drew in a chair to the side of the fire, and installed him there—I was going to say, at his ease, but no expression could be farther from the truth. He was plainly on pins and needles, did not know whether to take or to refuse the cigar, and, after he had taken it, did not know whether to light or to return it. I saw he had something to say ; I did not think it was his own something ; and I was ready to offer a large bet it was really something of Major Chevenix's.

"Well, and so here you are !" I observed, with pointless cordiality, for I was bound I should do nothing to help him out. If he were, indeed, here running errands for my rival, he might have a fair field, but certainly no favour.

"The fact is," he began, "I would rather see you alone."

"Why, certainly," I replied. "Rowley, you can step into the bedroom. My dear fellow," I continued, "this sounds serious. Nothing wrong, I trust."

"Well, I'll be quite honest," said he. "I *am* a good deal bothered."

"And I bet I know why !" I exclaimed. "And I bet I can put you to rights, too !"

"What do you mean !" he asked.

"You must be hard up," said I, "and all I can say is, you've come to the right place. If you have the least use for a hundred pounds, or any such trifling sum as that, please mention it. It's here, quite at your service."

"I am sure it is most kind of you," said Ronald, "and the truth is, though I can't think how you guessed it, that I really *am* a little behind board. But I haven't come to talk about that."

"No, I daresay !" cried I. "Not worth talking about ! But remember, Ronald, you and I are on different sides of the business. Remember that you did me one of those services that make men friends for ever. And since I have had the fortune to come into a fair share of money, just oblige me, and consider so much of it as your own."

"No," he said, "I couldn't take it ; I couldn't, really. Besides, the fact is, I've come on a very different matter. It's about my sister, St. Ives," and he shook his head menacingly at me.

"You're quite sure ?" I persisted. "It's here, at your service—up to five hundred pounds, if you like. Well, all right ; only remember where it is, when you do want it."

"Oh, please let me alone !" cried Roland : "I've come to say something unpleasant ; and how on earth can I do it, if you don't give a fellow a

chance? It's about my sister, as I said. You can see for yourself that it can't be allowed to go on. It's compromising; it don't lead to anything; and you're not the kind of man (you must feel it yourself) that I can allow my female relatives to have anything to do with. I hate saying this, St. Ives; it looks like hitting a man when he's down, you know; and I told the Major I very much disliked it from the first. However, it had to be said; and now it has been, and, between gentlemen, it shouldn't be necessary to refer to it again."

"It's compromising; it doesn't lead to anything; not the kind of man," I repeated thoughtfully. "Yes, I believe I understand, and shall make haste to put myself *en règle*." I stood up, and laid my cigar down. "Mr. Gilchrist," said I, with a bow, "in answer to your very natural observations, I beg to offer myself as a suitor for your sister's hand. I am a man of title, of which we think lightly in France, but of ancient lineage, which is everywhere prized. I can display thirty-two quarterings without a blot. My expectations are certainly above the average: I believe my uncle's income averages about thirty thousand pounds, though I admit I was not careful to inform myself. Put it anywhere between fifteen and fifty thousand; it is certainly not less."

"All this is very easy to say," said Ronald, with a pitying smile. "Unfortunately, these things are in the air."

"Pardon me,—in Buckinghamshire," said I, smiling.

"Well, what I mean is, my dear St. Ives, that you *can't prove* them," he continued. "They might just as well not be: do you follow me? You can't bring us any third party to back you up."

"Oh, come!" cried I, springing up and hurrying to the table. "You must excuse me!" I wrote Romaine's address. "There is my reference, Mr. Gilchrist. Until you have written to him, and received his negative answer, I have a right to be treated, and I shall see that you treat me, as a gentleman."

He was brought up with a round turn at that.

"I beg your pardon, St. Ives," said he. "Believe me, I had no wish to be offensive. But there's the difficulty of this affair; I can't make any of my points without offence! You must excuse me, it's not my fault. But, at any rate, you must see for yourself this proposal of marriage is—is merely impossible, my dear fellow. It's nonsense! Our countries are at war; you are a prisoner."

"My ancestor of the time of the Ligue," I replied, "married a Huguenot lady out of the Saintonge, riding two hundred miles through an enemy's country to bring off his bride; and it was a happy marriage."

"Well!" he began; and then looked down into the fire, and became silent.

"Well?" I asked.

"Well, there's this business of—Goguelat," said he, still looking at the coals in the grate.

"What!" I exclaimed, starting in my chair. "What's that you say?"

"This business about Goguelat," he repeated.

"Ronald," said I, "this is not your doing. These are not your own words. I know where they came from: a coward put them in your mouth."

"St. Ives!" he cried, "why do you make it so hard for me? and where's the use of insulting other people? The plain English is, that I can't hear of any proposal of marriage from a man under a charge like that. You must see it for yourself, man! It's the most absurd thing I ever heard of! And you go on forcing me to argue with you, too!"

"Because I have had an affair of honour which terminated unhappily, you—a

young soldier, or next-door to it—refuse my offer? Do I understand you aright?" said I.

"My dear fellow!" he wailed, "of course you can twist my words, if you like. You *say* it was an affair of honour. Well, I can't, of course, tell you that—I can't—I mean, you must see that that's just the point! Was it? I don't know."

"I have the honour to inform you," said I.

"Well, other people say the reverse, you see!"

"They lie, Ronald, and I will prove it in time."

"The short and the long of it is, that any man who is so unfortunate as to have such things said about him is not the man to be my brother-in-law!" he cried.

"Do you know who will be my first witness at the court? Arthur Chevenix!" said I.

"I don't care!" he cried, rising from his chair and beginning to pace outrageously about the room. "What do you mean, St. Ives? What is this about? It's like a dream, I declare! You made an offer, and I have refused it. I don't like it, I don't want it; and whatever I did, or didn't, wouldn't matter—my aunt wouldn't hear of it anyway! Can't you take your answer, man?"

"You must remember, Ronald, that we are playing with edged tools," said I. "An offer of marriage is a delicate subject to handle. You have refused, and you have justified your refusal by several statements. First, that I was an impostor; second, that our countries were at war; and third— No, I will speak," said I; "you can answer when I have done,—and third, that I had dishonourably killed—or was said to have done so—the man Goguelat. Now, my dear fellow, these are very awkward grounds to be taking. From any one else's lips I need scarce tell you how I should resent them; but my hands are tied. I have so much gratitude to you, without talking of the love I bear your sister, that you insult me, when you do so, under the cover of a complete impunity. I must feel the pain—and I do feel it acutely—I can do nothing to protect myself."

He had been anxious enough to interrupt me in the beginning; but now, and after I had ceased, he stood a long while silent.

"St. Ives," he said at last, "I think I had better go away. This has been very irritating. I never at all meant to say anything of the kind, and I apologise to you. I have all the esteem for you that one gentleman should have for another. I only meant to tell you—to show you what had influenced my mind; and that, in short, the thing was impossible. One thing you may be quite sure of: I shall do nothing against you. Will you shake hands before I go away?" he blurted out.

"Yes," said I, "I agree with you—the interview has been irritating. Let bygones be bygones. Good-bye, Ronald."

"Good-bye, St. Ives!" he returned. "I'm heartily sorry."

And with that he was gone.

The windows of my own sitting-room looked towards the north; but the entrance passage drew its light from the direction of the square. Hence I was able to observe Ronald's departure, his very disheartened gait, and the fact that he was joined, about half-way, by no less a man than Major Chevenix. At this, I could scarce keep from smiling; so unpalatable an interview must be before the pair of them, and I could hear their voices, clashing like crossed swords, in that eternal antiphony of "I told you," and "I told you not." Without doubt, they had gained very little by their visit; but then I had gained less than nothing,



"'St. Ives,' he said at last, 'I think I had better go away.'"

and had been bitterly dispirited into the bargain. Ronald had stuck to his guns and refused me to the last. It was no news; but, on the other hand, it could not be contorted into good news. I was now certain that during my temporary absence in France, all irons would be put into the fire, and the world turned upside down, to make Flora disown the obtrusive Frenchman and accept Chevenix. Without doubt she would resist these instances; but the thought of them did not please me, and I felt she should be warned and prepared for the battle.

It was no use to try and see her now, but I promised myself early that evening to return to Swanston. In the meantime I had to make all my preparations, and look the coming journey in the face. Here in Edinburgh I was within four miles

of the sea, yet the business of approaching random fishermen with my hat in the one hand and a knife in the other, appeared so desperate, that I saw nothing for it but to retrace my steps over the northern counties, and knock a second time at the doors of Birchell Fenn. To do this, money would be necessary; and after leaving my paper in the hands of Flora I had still a balance of about fifteen hundred pounds. Or rather I may say I had them and I had them not; for after my luncheon with Mr. Robbie I had placed the amount, all but thirty pounds of change, in a bank in George Street, on a deposit receipt in the name of Mr. Rowley. This I had designed to be my gift to him, in case I must suddenly depart. But now, thinking better of the arrangement, I despatched my little man, cockade and all, to lift the fifteen hundred.

He was not long gone, and returned with a flushed face and the deposit receipt still in his hand.

"No go, Mr. Hann," says he.

"How's that?" I inquired.

"Well, sir, I found the place all right, and no mistake," said he. "But I tell you wot gave me a blue fright! There was a customer standing by the door, and I reckoned him! Who do you think it was, Mr. Anne? W'y, that same Red-Breast—him I had breakfast with near Aylesbury."

"You are sure you are not mistaken?" I asked.

"Certain sure," he replied. "Not Mr. Lavender, I don't mean, sir; I mean the other party. 'Wot's he doin' here?' says I. 'It don't look right.'"

"Not by any means," I agreed.

I walked to and fro in the apartment reflecting. This particular Bow Street runner might be here by accident; but it was to imagine a singular play of coincidence that he, who had met Rowley and spoken with him in the "Green Dragon," hard by Aylesbury, should be now in Scotland, where he could have no legitimate business, and by the doors of the bank where Rowley kept his account.

"Rowley," said I, "he didn't see you, did he?"

"Never a fear," quoth Rowley. "W'y, Mr. Anne, sir, if he 'ad you wouldn't have seen *me* any more! I ain't a hass, sir!"

"Well, my boy, you can put that receipt in your pocket. You'll have no more use for it till you're quite clear of me. Don't lose it, though; it's your share of the Christmas-box: fifteen hundred pounds all for yourself."

"Begging your pardon, Mr. Anne, sir, but wot for!" said Rowley.

"To set up a public-house upon," said I.

"If you'll excuse me, sir, I ain't got any call to set up a public-house, sir," he replied stoutly. "And I tell you wot, sir, it seems to me I'm reether young for the billet. I'm your body servant, Mr. Anne, or else I'm nothink."

"Well, Rowley," I said, "I'll tell you what it's for. It's for the good service you have done me, of which I don't care—and don't dare—to speak. It's for your loyalty and cheerfulness, my dear boy. I had meant it for you; but to tell you the truth, it's past mending now—it has to be yours. Since that man is waiting by the bank, the money can't be touched until I'm gone."

"Until you're gone, sir?" re-echoed Rowley. "You don't go anywheres without me, I can tell you that, Mr. Anne, sir!"

"Yes, my boy," said I, "we are going to part very soon now; probably to-morrow. And it's for my sake, Rowley! Depend upon it, if there was any reason at all for that Bow Street man being at the bank, he was not there to look out for *you*. How they could have found out about the account so early is more than I can fathom; some strange coincidence must have played me false! But there

the fact is ; and, Rowley, I'll not only have to say farewell to you presently, I'll have to ask you to stay indoors until I can say it. Remember, my boy, it's only so that you can serve me now."

"W'y, sir, you say the word, and of course I'll do it!" he cried. "'Nothink by 'alves,' is my motto! I'm your man, through thick and thin, live or die, I am!"

In the meantime there was nothing to be done till towards sunset. My only chance now was to come again as quickly as possible to speech of Flora, who was my only practicable banker; and not before evening was it worth while to think of that. I might compose myself as well as I was able over the *Caledonian Mercury*, with its ill news of the campaign of France and belated documents about the retreat from Russia; and, as I sat there by the fire, I was sometimes all awake with anger and mortification at what I was reading, and sometimes again I would be three parts asleep as I dozed over the barren items of home intelligence. "Lately arrived"—this is what I suddenly stumbled on—"at Dumbreck's Hotel, the Viscount of Saint-Yves."

"Rowley," said I.

"If you please, Mr. Anne, sir," answered the obsequious, lowering his pipe.

"Come and look at this, my boy," said I, holding out the paper.

"My crikey!" said he. "That's 'im, sir, sure enough!"

"Sure enough, Rowley," said I. "He's on the trail. He has fairly caught up with us. He and this Bow Street man have come together, I would swear. And now here is the whole field, quarry, hounds and hunters, all together in this city of Edinburgh."

"And wot are you goin' to do now, sir? Tell you wot, let me take it in 'and, please! Gimme a minute, and I'll disguise myself, and go out to this Dum—to this hotel, leastways, sir—and see wot he's up to. You put your trust in me, Mr. Anne: I'm fly, don't you make no mistake about it. I'm all a-growing and a-blowing, I am."

"Not one foot of you," said I. "You are a prisoner, Rowley, and make up your mind to that. So am I, or next door to it. I showed it you for a caution; if you go on the streets, it spells death to me, Rowley."

"If you please, sir," says Rowley.

"Come to think of it," I continued, "you must take a cold, or something. No good of awakening Mrs. McRankine's suspicions."

"A cold?" he cried, recovering immediately from his depression. "I can do it, Mr. Anne."

And he proceeded to sneeze and cough and blow his nose, till I could not restrain myself from smiling.

"Oh, I tell you, I know a lot of them dodges," he observed proudly.

"Well, they come in very handy," said I.

"I'd better go at once and show it to the old gal, 'adn't I?" he asked.

I told him, by all means; and he was gone upon the instant, gleeful as though to a game of football.

I took up the paper and read carelessly on, my thoughts engaged with my immediate danger, till I struck on the next paragraph:—

"In connection with the recent horrid murder in the Castle, we are desired to make public the following intelligence. The soldier, Champdivers, is supposed to be in the neighbourhood of this city. He is about the middle height or rather under, of a pleasing appearance and highly genteel address. When last heard of he wore a fashionable suit of pearl-grey, and boots with fawn-coloured tops. He is accompanied by a servant about sixteen years of age, speaks English without

any accent, and passed under the *alias* of Ramornie. A reward is offered for his apprehension."

In a moment I was in the next room, stripping from me the pearl-coloured suit!

I confess I was now a good deal agitated. It is difficult to watch the toils closing slowly and surely about you, and to retain your composure; and I was glad that Rowley was not present to spy on my confusion. I was flushed, my breath came thick; I cannot remember a time when I was more put out.

And yet I must wait and do nothing, and partake of my meals, and entertain the ever-garrulous Rowley, as though I were entirely my own man. And if I did not require to entertain Mrs. McRankine also, that was but another drop of bitterness in my cup! For what ailed my landlady, that she should hold herself so severely aloof, that she should refuse conversation, that her eyes should be reddened, that I should so continually hear the voice of her private supplications sounding through the house? I was much deceived, or she had read the insidious paragraph and recognised the comminated pearl-grey suit. I remembered now a certain air with which she had laid the paper on my table, and a certain sniff, between sympathy and defiance, with which she had announced it: "There's your *Mercury* for ye!"

In this direction, at least, I saw no pressing danger; her tragic countenance betokened agitation; it was plain she was wrestling with her conscience, and the battle still hung dubious. The question of what to do troubled me extremely. I could not venture to touch such an intricate and mysterious piece of machinery as my landlady's spiritual nature; it might go off at a word, and in any direction, like a badly-made firework. And while I praised myself extremely for my wisdom in the past, that I had made so much a friend of her, I was all abroad as to my conduct in the present. There seemed an equal danger in pressing and in neglecting the accustomed marks of familiarity. The one extreme looked like impudence, and might annoy; the other was a practical confession of guilt. Altogether, it was a good hour for me when the dusk began to fall in earnest on the streets of Edinburgh, and the voice of an early watchman bade me set forth.

I reached the neighbourhood of the cottage before seven; and as I breasted the steep ascent which leads to the garden wall, I was struck with surprise to hear a dog. Dogs I had heard before, but only from the hamlet on the hillside above. Now, this dog was in the garden itself, where it roared aloud in paroxysms of fury, and I could hear it leaping and straining on the chain. I waited some while, until the brute's fit of passion had roared itself out. Then, with the utmost precaution, I drew near again, and finally approached the garden wall. So soon as I had clapped my head above the level, however, the barking broke forth again with redoubled energy. Almost at the same time, the door of the cottage opened, and Ronald and the Major appeared upon the threshold with a lantern. As they so stood, they were almost immediately below me, strongly illuminated, and within easy earshot. The Major pacified the dog, who took instead to low, uneasy growling intermingled with occasional yelps.

"Good thing I brought Towzer!" said Chevenix.

"Damn him, I wonder where he is!" said Ronald; and he moved the lantern up and down, and turned the night into a shifting puzzle-work of gleam and shadow. "I think I'll make a sally."

"I don't think you will," replied Chevenix. "When I agreed to come out here and do sentry-go, it was on one condition, Master Ronald: don't you forget that! Military discipline, my boy! Our beat is this path close about the house. Down, Towzer! good boy, good boy—gently, then!" he went on, caressing his confounded monster.

"To think! The beggar may be hearing us this minute!" cried Ronald.

"Nothing more probable," said the Major. "You there, St. Ives?" he added, in a distinct but guarded voice. "I only want to tell you, you had better go home. Mr. Gilchrist and I take watch and watch."

The game was up. "*Beaucoup de plaisir!*" I replied, in the same tones. "*Il fait un peu froid pour veiller; gardez-vous des engelures!*"

I suppose it was done in a moment of ungovernable rage; but in spite of the excellent advice he had given to Ronald the moment before, Chevenix slipped the chain, and the dog sprang, straight as an arrow, up the bank. I stepped back, picked up a stone of about twelve pounds weight, and stood ready. With a bound the beast landed on the cope-stone of the wall; and, almost in the same instant, my missile caught him fair in the face. He gave a stifled cry, went tumbling back where he had come from, and I could hear the twelve-pounder accompany him in his fall. Chevenix, at the same moment, broke out in a roaring voice: "The hell-hound! If he's killed my dog!" and I judged, upon all grounds, it was as well to be off.

CHAPTER XXX.

EVENTS OF WEDNESDAY; THE UNIVERSITY OF CRAMOND.

I AWOKE to much diffidence, even to a feeling that might be called the beginnings of panic, and lay for hours in my bed considering the situation. Seek where I pleased, there was nothing to encourage me and plenty to appal. They kept a close watch about the cottage; they had a beast of a watch-dog—at least, unless I had settled it; and if I had, I knew its bereaved master would only watch the more indefatigably for the loss. In the pardonable ostentation of love I had given all the money I could spare to Flora; I had thought it glorious that the hunted exile should come down, like Jupiter, in a shower of gold, and pour thousands in the lap of the beloved. Then I had in an hour of arrant folly buried what remained to me in a bank in George Street. And now I must get back the one or the other; and which? and how?

As I tossed in my bed, I could see three possible courses, all extremely perilous. First, Rowley might have been mistaken; the bank might not be watched; it might still be possible for him to draw the money on the deposit receipt. Second, I might apply again to Robbie. Or, third, I might dare everything, go to the Assembly Ball, and speak with Flora under the eyes of all Edinburgh. This last alternative, involving as it did the most horrid risks, and the delay of forty-eight hours, I did but glance at with an averted head, and turned again to the consideration of the others. It was the likeliest thing in the world that Robbie had been warned to have no more to do with me. The whole policy of the Gilchrists was in the hands of Chevenix; and I thought this was a precaution so elementary that he was certain to have taken it. If he had not, of course I was all right: Robbie would manage to communicate with Flora; and by four o'clock I might be on the south road and, I was going to say, a free man. Lastly, I must assure myself with my own eyes whether the bank in George Street were beleaguered.

I called to Rowley and questioned him tightly as to the appearance of the Bow Street officer.

"What sort of looking man is he, Rowley?" I asked, as I began to dress.

"Wot sort of a looking man he is?" repeated Rowley. "Well, I don't very well know wot you would say, Mr. Anne. He ain't a beauty, any'ow."

"Is he tall?"

"Tall? Well, no, I shouldn't say *tall*, Mr. Anne."

"Well, then, is he short?"

"Short? No, I don't think I would say he was what you would call *short*. No, not piticular short, sir."

"Then, I suppose, he must be about the middle height?"

"Well, you might say it, sir; but not remarkable so."

I smothered an oath.

"Is he clean-shaved?" I tried him again.

"Clean-shaved?" he repeated, with the same air of anxious candour.

"Good heaven, man, don't repeat my words like a parrot!" I cried. "Tell me what the man was like: it is of the first importance that I should be able to recognise him."

"I'm trying to, Mr. Anne. But *clean shaved*? I don't seem to rightly get hold of that p'int. Sometimes it might appear to me like as if he was; and sometimes like as if he wasn't. No, it wouldn't surprise me now if you was to tell me he 'ad a bit o' whisker."

"Was the man red-faced?" I roared, dwelling on each syllable.

"I don't think you need go for to get cross about it, Mr. Anne!" said he. "I'm tellin' you every blessed thing I see! Red-faced? Well, no, not as you would remark upon."

A dreadful calm fell upon me.

"Was he anywise pale?" I asked.

"Well, it don't seem to me as though he were. But I tell you truly, I didn't take much heed to that."

"Did he look like a drinking man?"

"Well, no. If you please, sir, he looked more like an eating one."

"Oh, he was stout, was he?"

"No, sir. I couldn't go so far as that. No, he wasn't not to say *stout*. If anything, lean rather."

I need not go on with the infuriating interview. It ended as it began, except that Rowley was in tears, and that I had acquired one fact. The man was drawn for me as being of any height you like to mention, and of any degree of corpulence or leanness; clean shaved or not, as the case might be; the colour of his hair Rowley "could not take it upon himself to put a name on"; that of his eyes he thought to have been blue—nay, it was the one point on which he attained to a kind of tearful certainty. "I'll take my davy on it," he asseverated. They proved to have been as black as sloes, very little and very near together. So much for the evidence of the artless! And the fact, or rather the facts, acquired? Well, they had to do not with the person but with his clothing. The man wore knee-breeches and white stockings; his coat was "some kind of a lightish colour—or betwixt that and dark"; and he wore a "moleskin weskit." As if this were not enough, he presently haled me from my breakfast in a prodigious flutter, and showed me an honest and rather venerable citizen passing in the square.

"That's *him*, sir," he cried, "the very moral of him! Well, this one is better dressed, and p'r'aps a trifle taller; and in the face he don't favour him noways at all, sir. No, not when I come to look again, 'e don't seem to favour him noways."

"Jackass!" said I, and I think the greatest stickler for manners will admit the epithet to have been justified.



"I made my way to Mr. Robbie's, where I rang the bell."

Meanwhile the appearance of my landlady added a great load of anxiety to what I already suffered. It was plain that she had not slept; equally plain that she had wept copiously. She sighed, she groaned, she drew in her breath, she shook her head, as she waited on table. In short, she seemed in so precarious a state, like a petard three times charged with hysteria, that I did not dare to address her; and stole out of the house on tiptoe, and actually ran downstairs, in

the fear that she might call me back. It was plain that this degree of tension could not last long.

It was my first care to go to George Street, which I reached (by good luck) as a boy was taking down the bank shutters. A man was conversing with him; he had white stockings and a moleskin-waistcoat, and was as ill-looking a rogue as you would want to see in a day's journey. This seemed to agree fairly well with Rowley's *signalement*: he had declared emphatically (if you remember), and had stuck to it besides, that the companion of the great Lavender was no beauty.

Thence I made my way to Mr. Robbie's, where I rang the bell. A servant answered the summons, and told me the lawyer was engaged, as I had half expected.

"Wha shall I say was callin'?" she pursued; and when I had told her "Mr. Ducie," "I think this'll be for you, then?" she added, and handed me a letter from the hall table. It ran—

"DEAR MR. DUCIE,

"My single advice to you is to leave *quam primum* for the South.

"Yours, T. ROBBIE."

That was short and sweet. It emphatically extinguished hope in one direction. No more was to be gotten of Robbie; and I wondered, from my heart, how much had been told him. Not too much, I hoped, for I liked the lawyer who had thus deserted me, and I placed a certain reliance in the discretion of Chevenix. He would not be merciful; on the other hand, I did not think he would be cruel without cause.

It was my next affair to go back along George Street, and assure myself whether the man in the moleskin vest was still on guard. There was no sign of him on the pavement. Spying the door of a common stair nearly opposite the bank, I took it in my head that this would be a good point of observation, crossed the street, entered with a businesslike air, and fell immediately against the man in the moleskin vest. I stopped and apologised to him; he replied in an unmistakable English accent, thus putting the matter almost beyond doubt. After this encounter I must, of course, ascend to the top story, ring the bell of a suite of apartments, inquire for Mr. Vavasour, learn (with no great surprise) that he did not live there, come down again and, again politely saluting the man from Bow Street, make my escape at last into the street.

I was now driven back upon the Assembly Ball. Robbie had failed me. The bank was watched; it would never do to risk Rowley in that neighbourhood. All I could do was to wait until the morrow evening, and present myself at the Assembly, let it end as it might. But I must say I came to this decision with a good deal of genuine fright; and here I came for the first time to one of those places where my courage stuck. I do not mean that my courage boggled and made a bit of a bother over it, as it did over the escape from the Castle; I mean, stuck, like a stopped watch or a dead man. Certainly I would go to the ball; certainly I must see this morning about my clothes. That was all decided. But the most of the shops were on the other side of the valley, in the Old Town; and it was now my strange discovery that I was physically unable to cross the North Bridge! It was as though a precipice had stood between us, or the deep sea had intervened. Nearer to the Castle my legs refused to bear me.

I told myself this was mere superstition; I made wagers with myself—and gained them; I went down on the esplanade of Prince's Street, walked and stood there, alone and conspicuous, looking across the garden at the old grey bastions

of the fortress, where all these troubles had begun. I cocked my hat, set my hand on my hip, and swaggered on the pavement, confronting detection. And I found I could do all this with a sense of exhilaration that was not unpleasing, and with a certain *cranerie* of manner that raised me in my own esteem. And yet there was one thing I could not bring my mind to face up to, or my limbs to execute; and that was to cross the valley into the Old Town. It seemed to me I must be arrested immediately if I had done so; I must go straight into the twilight of a prison cell, and pass straight thence to the gross and final embraces of the nightcap and the halter. And yet it was from no reasoned fear of the consequences that I could not go. I was unable. My horse balked, and there was an end!

My nerve was gone: here was a discovery for a man in such imminent peril, set down to so desperate a game, which I could only hope to win by continual luck and unflagging effrontery! The strain had been too long continued, and my nerve was gone. I fell into what they call panic fear, as I have seen soldiers do on the alarm of a night attack, and turned out of Prince's Street at random as though the devil were at my heels. In St. Andrew's Square, I remember vaguely hearing some one call out. I paid no heed, but pressed on blindly. A moment after, a hand fell heavily on my shoulder, and I thought I had fainted. Certainly the world went black about me for some seconds; and when that spasm passed I found myself standing face to face with the "cheerful extravagant," in what sort of disarray I really dare not imagine, dead white at least, shaking like an aspen, and mowing at the man with speechless lips. And this was the soldier of Napoleon, and the gentleman who intended going next night to an Assembly Ball! I am the more particular in telling of my breakdown, because it was my only experience of the sort; and it is a good tale for officers. I will allow no man to call me coward; I have made my proofs; few men more. And yet I (come of the best blood in France and inured to danger from a child) did, for some ten or twenty minutes, make this hideous exhibition of myself on the streets of the New Town of Edinburgh.

With my first available breath I begged his pardon. I was of an extremely nervous disposition, recently increased by late hours; I could not bear the slightest start.

He seemed much concerned. "You must be in a devil of a state!" said he; "though of course it was my fault—damnably silly, vulgar sort of thing to do! A thousand apologies! But you really must be run down; you should consult a medico. My dear sir, a hair of the dog that bit you is clearly indicated. A touch of Blue Ruin, now? Or, come: it's early, but is man the slave of hours? what do you say to a chop and a bottle in Dumbreck's Hotel?"

I refused all false comfort; but when he went on to remind me that this was the day when the University of Cramond met; and to propose a five-mile walk into the country and a dinner in the company of young asses like himself, I began to think otherwise. I had to wait until to-morrow evening, at any rate; this might serve as well as anything else to bridge the dreary hours. The country was the very place for me; and walking is an excellent sedative for the nerves. Remembering poor Rowley, feigning a cold in our lodgings and immediately under the guns of the formidable and now doubtful Bethiah, I asked if I might bring my servant. "Poor devil! it is dull for him," I explained.

"The merciful man is merciful to his ass," observed my sententious friend. "Bring him by all means!

'The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy;'

and I have no doubt the orphan boy can get some cold victuals in the kitchen, while the *Senatus* dines."

Accordingly, being now quite recovered from my unmanly condition, except that nothing could yet induce me to cross the North Bridge, I arranged for my ball dress at a shop in Leith Street, where I was not served ill, cut out Rowley from his seclusion, and was ready along with him at the trysting-place, the corner of Duke Street and York Place, by a little after two. The University was represented in force: eleven persons, including ourselves, Byfield the aeronaut, and the tall lad, Forbes, whom I had met on the Sunday morning, bedewed with tallow, at the "Hunters' Rest." I was introduced; and we set off by way of Newhaven and the sea beach; at first through pleasant country roads, and afterwards along a succession of bays of a fairylike prettiness, to our destination—Cramond on the Almond—a little hamlet on a little river, embowered in woods, and looking forth over a great flat of quicksand to where a little islet stood planted in the sea. It was miniature scenery, but charming of its kind. The air of this good February afternoon was bracing, but not cold. All the way my companions were skylarking, jesting, and making puns, and I felt as if a load had been taken off my lungs and spirits, and skylarked with the best of them.

Byfield I observed, because I had heard of him before, and seen his advertisements, not at all because I was disposed to feel interest in the man. He was dark and bilious and very silent; frigid in his manners, but burning internally with a great fire of excitement; and he was so good as to bestow a good deal of his company and conversation (such as it was) upon myself, who was not in the least grateful. If I had known how I was to be connected with him in the immediate future, I might have taken more pains.

In the hamlet of Cramond there is a hostelry of no very promising appearance, and here a room had been prepared for us, and we sat down to table.

"Here you will find no guttling or gormandising, no turtle or nightingales' tongues," said the extravagant, whose name, by the way, was Dalmahoy. "The device, sir, of the University of Cramond is Plain Living and High Drinking."

Grace was said by the Professor of Divinity, in a macaronic Latin, which I could by no means follow, only I could hear it rhymed, and I guessed it to be more witty than reverent. After which the *Senatus Academicus* sat down to rough plenty in the shape of rizzar'd haddocks and mustard, a sheep's head, a haggis, and other delicacies of Scotland. The dinner was washed down with brown stout in bottle, and as soon as the cloth was removed, glasses, boiling water, sugar, and whisky were set out for the manufacture of toddy. I played a good knife and fork, did not shun the bowl, and took part, so far as I was able, in the continual fire of pleasantry with which the meal was seasoned. Greatly daring, I ventured, before all these Scotsmen, to tell Sim's Tale of Tweedie's dog; and I was held to have done such extraordinary justice to the dialect, "for a Southron," that I was immediately voted into the Chair of Scots, and became, from that moment, a full member of the University of Cramond. A little after, I found myself entertaining them with a song; and a little after—perhaps a little in consequence—it occurred to me that I had had enough, and would be very well inspired to take French leave. It was not difficult to manage, for it was nobody's business to observe my movements, and conviviality had banished suspicion.

I got easily forth of the chamber, which reverberated with the voices of these merry and learned gentlemen, and breathed a long breath. I had passed an agreeable afternoon and evening, and I had apparently escaped scot free. Alas! when I looked into the kitchen, there was my monkey, drunk as a lord, toppling

on the edge of the dresser, and performing on the flageolet to an audience of the house lasses and some neighbouring ploughmen.

I routed him promptly from his perch, stuck his hat on, put his instrument in his pocket, and set off with him for Edinburgh. His limbs were of paper, his mind quite in abeyance; I must uphold and guide him, prevent his frantic dives, and set him continually on his legs again. At first he sang wildly, with occasional outbursts of causeless laughter. Gradually an inarticulate melancholy succeeded; he wept gently at times; would stop in the middle of the road, say firmly "No, no, no," and then fall on his back: or else address me solemnly as "M'lord," and fall on his face by way of variety. I am afraid I was not always so gentle with the little pig as I might have been, but really the position was unbearable. We made no headway at all, and I suppose we were scarce gotten a mile away from Cramond, when the whole *Senatus Academicus* was heard hailing, and doubling the pace to overtake us.

Some of them were fairly presentable; and they were all Christian martyrs compared to Rowley; but they were in a frolicsome and rollicking humour that promised danger as we approached the town. They sang songs, they ran races, they fenced with their walking-sticks and umbrellas; and, in spite of this violent exercise, the fun grew only the more extravagant with the miles they traversed. Their drunkenness was deep-seated and permanent, like fire in a peat; or rather—to be quite just to them—it was not so much to be called drunkenness at all, as the effect of youth and high spirits—a fine night, and the night young, a good road under foot, and the world before you!

I had left them once somewhat unceremoniously; I could not attempt it a second time; and, burthened as I was with Mr. Rowley, I was really glad of assistance. But I saw the lamps of Edinburgh draw near on their hill-top with a good deal of uneasiness, which increased, after we had entered the lighted streets, to positive alarm. All the passers-by were addressed, some of them by name. A worthy man was stopped by Forbes. "Sir," said he, "in the name of the *Senatus* of the University of Cramond, I confer upon you the degree of LL.D.," and with the words he bonneted him. Conceive the predicament of St. Ives, committed to the society of these outrageous youths, in a town where the police and his cousin were both looking for him! So far, we had pursued our way unmolested, although raising a clamour fit to wake the dead; but at last, in Abercromby Place, I believe—at least it was a crescent of highly respectable houses fronting on a garden—Byfield and I, having fallen somewhat in the rear with Rowley, came to a simultaneous halt. Our ruffians were beginning to wrench off bells and door-plates!

"Oh, I say!" says Byfield, "this is too much of a good thing! Confound it, I'm a respectable man—a public character, by George! I can't afford to get taken up by the police."

"My own case exactly," said I.

"Here, let's bilk them," said he.

And we turned back and took our way down hill again.

It was none too soon: voices and alarm-bells sounded; watchmen here and there began to spring their rattles; it was plain the University of Cramond would soon be at blows with the police of Edinburgh! Byfield and I, running the semi-inanimate Rowley before us, made good despatch, and did not stop till we were several streets away, and the hubbub was already softened by distance.

"Well, sir," said he, "we are well out of that! Did ever any one see such a pack of young barbarians?"

"We are properly punished, Mr. Byfield; we had no business there," I replied,

"No, indeed, sir, you may well say that! Outrageous! And my ascension announced for Saturday, you know!" cried the aëronaut. "A pretty scandal! Byfield the aeronaut at the police-court! Tut-tut! Will you be able to get your rascal home, sir? Allow me to offer you my card. I am staying at Walker and Poole's Hotel, sir, where I should be pleased to see you."

"The pleasure would be mutual, sir," said I; but I must say my heart was not in my words, and as I watched Mr. Byfield departing, I desired nothing less than to pursue the acquaintance.

One more ordeal remained for me to pass. I carried my senseless load upstairs to our lodging, and was admitted by the landlady in a tall white nightcap and with an expression singularly grim. She lighted us into the sitting-room; where, when I had seated Rowley in a chair, she dropped me a cast-iron courtesy. I smelt gunpowder on the woman. Her voice tottered with emotion.

"I give ye notice, Mr. Ducie," said she. "Dacent folks' houses . . ."

And at that apparently temper cut off her utterance, and she took herself off without more words.

I looked about me at the room, the goggling Rowley, the extinguished fire; my mind reviewed the laughable incidents of the day and night; and I laughed out loud to myself—lonely and cheerless laughter!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[At this point the story breaks off, having been laid aside by the author some weeks before his death. At the request of the Executors of the Author, Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch has undertaken to complete the story from notes furnished by Mrs. Strong, step-daughter and amanuensis of the late Robert Louis Stevenson. The story will be completed in six chapters, the first instalment appearing in the PALL MALL MAGAZINE for September.]

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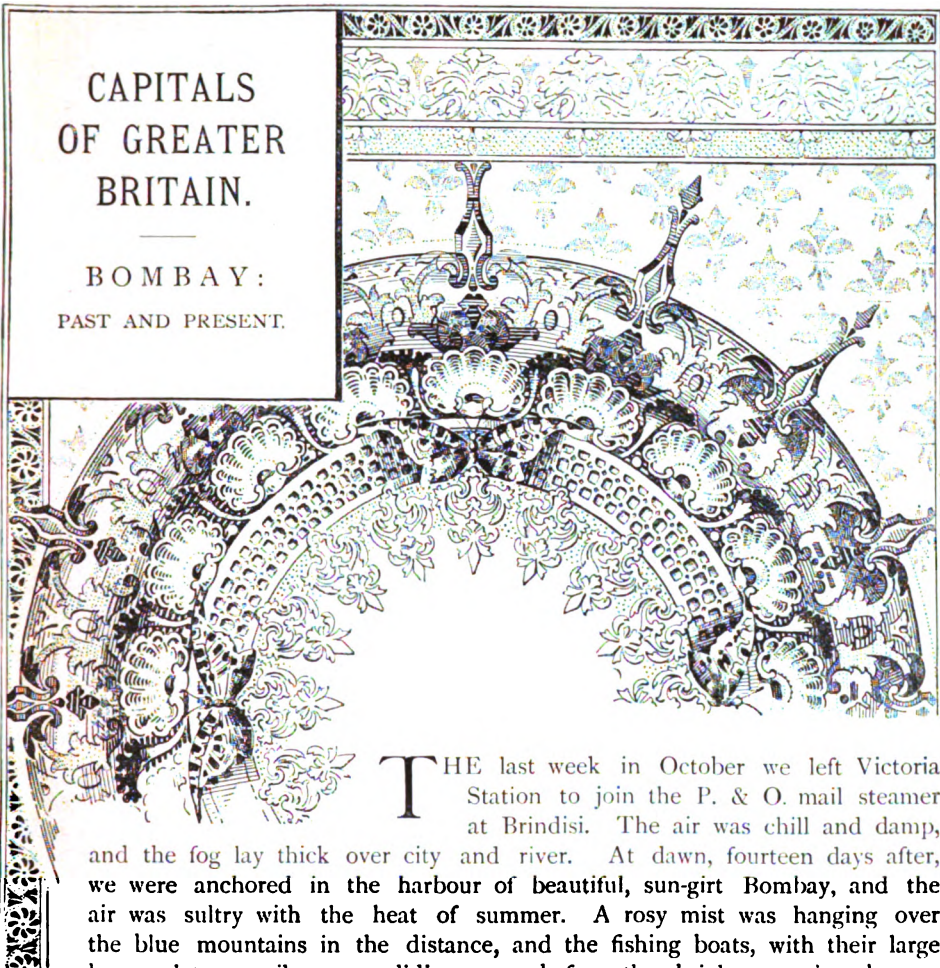


"La belle Suisse"

AFTER A PAINTING BY M.V. ESCHENBURG.

CAPITALS OF GREATER BRITAIN.

BOMBAY:
PAST AND PRESENT.

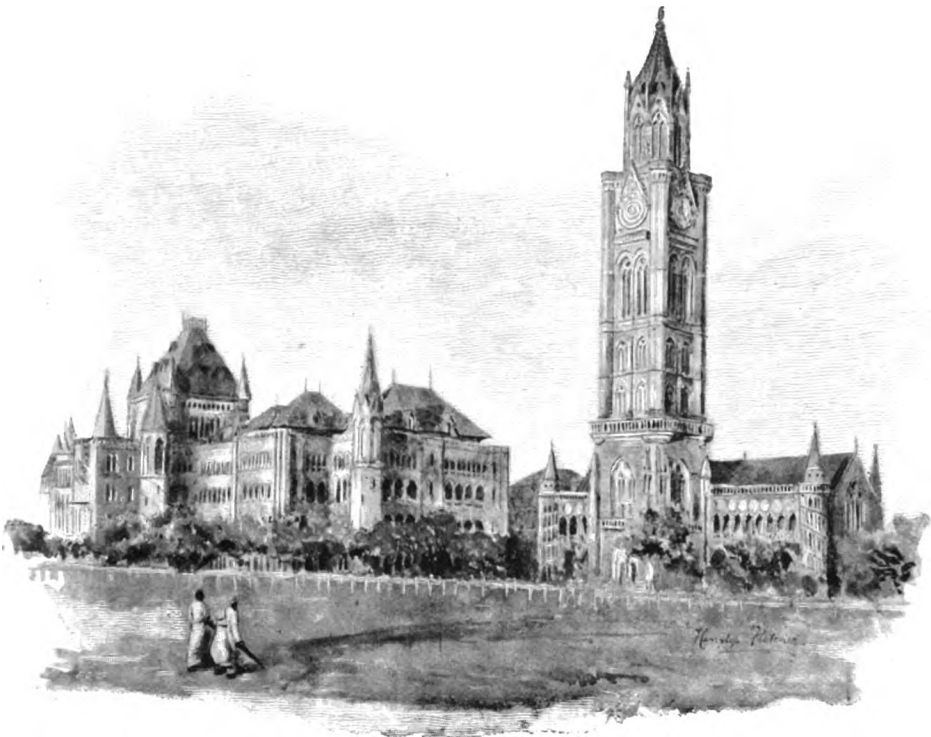


THE last week in October we left Victoria Station to join the P. & O. mail steamer at Brindisi. The air was chill and damp, and the fog lay thick over city and river. At dawn, fourteen days after, we were anchored in the harbour of beautiful, sun-girt Bombay, and the air was sultry with the heat of summer. A rosy mist was hanging over the blue mountains in the distance, and the fishing boats, with their large brown lateen sails, were gliding away before the bright morning breeze. Steamers, and brigs, and Arab dhows, with their broad, raised poops—like the poops of the vessels that sailed the Spanish Main—are anchored before us; and not far from the dhows are two turret ships of ugly, but imposing presence, meant to protect the gate of our Indian Empire. In the far distance rises into sight a well-wooded hill, and between it and a long spit of land lies the city of Bombay, whose towers and domes soar clear in the serene and transparent air. Immediately in front of the deck are the grey walls of the old castle, which has been ours for two centuries and a quarter.

When in the year 1663 Mr. Humphrey Cook and his men took possession of Bombay in the King's name, they found—"a pretty well seated, but ill Fortified House, four Brass Guns being the whole Defence of the Island." "About the house of the Castle was a delicate Garden, voiced to be the pleasantest in *India*, intended rather for wanton Dalliance, Love's Artillery, than to make resistance against an invading Foe." Ten years after, "Bombay opened itself" to John Fryer, M.D. Cantabrig., and Fellow of the Royal Society, and during that time a great change had been wrought "in this Garden of *Eden*, or Place of Terrestrial Happiness. The Walks, which before were covered with Nature's verdant awning and lightly pressed by soft Delights, are now open to the Sun, and loaded with the hardy Cannon: the

Bowers dedicated to Rest and Ease are turned into bold Rampires for the watchful Centinel to look out on; every Tree that the Airy Choristers made their Charming Choir, trembles, and is extirpated at the rebounding Echo of the alarming Drum; and those slender Fences only designed to oppose the *Sylvian* Herd, are thrown down to erect others of a more War-like Force." Captain Alexander Hamilton, who was in Bombay within twenty years of its occupation, informs us in "A New Account of the East Indies," that "No sooner had Mr. Cook acquired the Island than he forthwith began to fortify regularly, and to save Charges of building an House for the Governor, built a Fort round an old square House, which served the *Portuguese* for a Place of Retreat, when they were disturbed by their Enemies, till Forces could be sent from other Places to relieve them." In erecting the Fort in its present situation Hamilton considered "Mr. Cook showed his want of skill in *Architecture*, when a proper and convenient Situation ought to be well considered"; but "As for the Magnitude, Figure and Materials of the Fort, there is no fault to be found in them, for it is a regular Tetragon, whose outward Polygon is about 500 Paces, and it is built of a good hard Stone, and it can mount above 100 Piece of Cannon; and that is all that is commendable in it. But had it been built about 500 Paces more to the Southward on a more acute Point of Rocks, called *Mendham's* Point, it had been much better on several Accounts." A French traveller, who visited Bombay the same year as Fryer, describes the Castle as a very fine Fort in which the English President commonly keeps residence; and the latter tells us that even at that early date the Governor of Bombay held considerable state. "The President," he writes, "has a large Commission, and is *Vice-Regis*; he has a Council here also, and a Guard when he walks or rides abroad, accompanied with a Party of Horse, which are constantly kept in the Stables, either for Pleasure or Service. He has his Chaplains, Physician, Chyrurgeons, and Domesticks; his Linguist and Mint-Master. At Meals he has his Trumpets usher in his Courses, and Soft Musick at the Table. If he move out of his Chamber, the Silver Staves wait on him; if down Stairs, the Guard receive him. If he go abroad, the *Bandarines* and *Moors* under two Standards march before him: he goes sometimes in his Coach, drawn by large Milk-White Oxen, sometimes on Horseback, other times in Palenkeens carried by *Cohors*, *Musslemen* Porters; always having a *Sumbrero* of State carried over him. And those of the *English* inferior to him, have a suitable Train."

Sir Gerald Aungier, President of the East India Company's factories and trade, was, at the time of Fryer's visit, the ruler over Bombay, "for the King, finding that the Charge of keeping Bombay in his own Hands would not turn to account, the Revenues being so very inconsiderable," had made the island over to the Company. It was to be held by them of the King "in free and common soccage as that of the Manere of East Greenwich on payment of the annual rent of £10 in gold on the 30th September in each year." Gerald Aungier was one of the men who make empires and bind them together. During his three years' stay at Bombay he so improved the fortifications of the place that, "finding Bombay fort as stark as the deil, the Dutch retreated to their boats without any booty." Aungier quelled a formidable mutiny, and by strict discipline prepared the troops for action, and formed the inhabitants into a militia to act with the garrison. He laid out a town on the site of a few fishermen's huts, and erected houses for the factors' warehouses to store his masters' goods, a granary, mint-house, and a court of judicature. He organised the administration, and made his famous convention with the inhabitants—a wise and statesmanlike measure which has done much to promote the welfare of the island. His Imperial policy, however, did not meet with the



University Buildings.

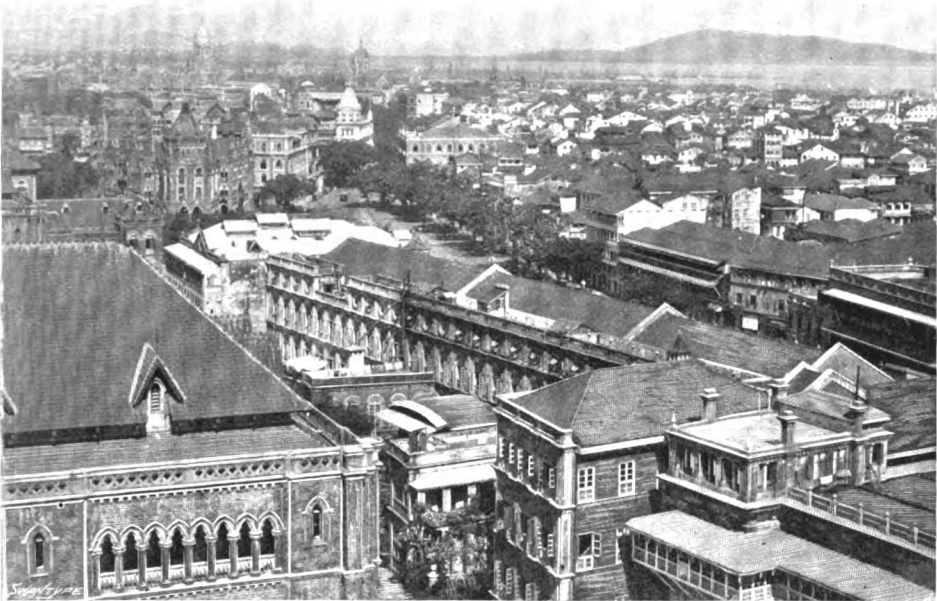
approval of his masters at home. They blamed him "for the great charges expended, and the grandeur he used on their island Bombay." But Aungier replied that "Fame hath aggrandised the expenses of Bombay more than really it is." "The moneys expended in public appearance were by serious debate in Council, made suitable to the decency and advantage of your affairs free from vanity or superfluity, and ever ended with the same reasons that also produced them." As for the buildings, they were judged "absolutely necessary and such as you cannot be without," "yet if you shall not approve thereof your President offers to take them to his own account provided you will please to allow him reasonable rent for the time they have been employed in your service and give him leave hereafter to improve them to his best advantage."

For twenty years Gerald Aungier conducted the government of Bombay and Surat with great skill and judgment. Then, in a letter dated "Surat, y^e 30th June 1677," we read, "It hath pleased God to our great sorrow after a tedious sickness to take out of this life o^r worthy Presid^t Gerald Aungier, who dec^d this morning between four and five of y^e clock, of w^{ch} wee thought good to give you this timely notice, y^t you might prevent all innovations or disturbances upon y^e island." The Bombay Council, in acknowledging the receipt of this sad intelligence, remark: "Wee cannot rightly express y^e reallity of our grief wee conceived at y^e perusal of y^e deplorable news of the death of our late noble Presid^t. Multiplicity of words may multiply y^e sense of our loss, but cannot depaint its greatness." Forty years after Aungier's death Hamilton wrote: "The name of Mr. *Aungier* is much revered by the ancient People of *Surat* and *Bombay* to this day. His Justice and Dexterity in managing Affairs got him such Esteem that the Natives

of these Places made him the Common Arbitrator of the *Differences* in Point of Traffick. Nor was it ever known that any Party receded ever from his Award." Three centuries have passed since Gerald Aungier threw up the bastions between Bombay Castle and the sea, and the "old square house" which we took over from the Portuguese, and in which he lived and did his great work, still stands. Here should be placed a tablet to the memory of the man who was the first—and not the least noble—of the long and illustrious line of administrators who have made our Indian Empire. On his foundation they have built. He "brought the face of Justice to be unveiled."

Facing Bombay Castle, on the land side, in the days long done, there was a wide tract of common land, about fifty acres in extent. James Forbes, in his "Oriental Memoirs," one of the most charming works ever written about the East, has given us a view of Bombay Green as it was in the year (1763) when Lord Bute resigned and proceedings were begun against Wilkes for No. 45 of the *North Briton*. A company of soldiers is drawn up before the church. A gentleman in cocked-hat, knee-breeches, and a long stick, with a native servant holding an umbrella over his head, is gazing at them. A coach, drawn by four horses, preceded by a company of sepoy, is being driven by the church. It may be the coach of His Excellency the Governor. A humble factor is being carried in an open palanquin, and with two sepoy with drawn swords preceding him. There is a gentleman riding in a chaise and pair, as a native bullock-carriage was then styled. When Admiral Watson, the brave old sailor whose name is so closely linked with that of Robert Clive, came to Bombay in 1774 with his squadron, "palanquins," writes the surgeon of the ship, "were placed at the disposal of his sick by Government, whilst the Admiral had a chaise and pair of these oxen allowed him also by the Company. They are commonly white, have a large pair of perpendicular horns, and black noses. The Admiral oftentimes went in the chaise for an afternoon outing to Malabar Hill, and to the end of Old Woman's Island, to Marmulia and many other places. In England, if these creatures are forced out of their usual pace, it is too well known that they will faint or lie under their burthen; but at Bombay they trot and gallop as naturally as horses, and are equally serviceable in every respect—except that they sometimes incommode by the filth thrown upon you by their tails." An admiral in uniform driving about in a small bullock-cart, with his knees close to his chin, must have been a quaint and interesting sight.

Twelve years after the visit of Admiral Watson, James Forbes reached Bombay as a writer in the Company's service, and he gives us a graphic account of the daily life in the settlement, at the beginning of the last century. Early rising prevailed throughout the Presidency. "The morning was then dedicated to business; everybody dined at one o'clock; on breaking up, the Company went to their respective houses to enjoy a siesta, and return after a walk or ride in the country to pass the remainder of the evening and sup where they had dined." Forbes pays a handsome tribute to the character of his countrymen in exile. "In private life they are generous, kind, and hospitable; in their public situations, when called forth to arduous enterprise, they conduct themselves with skill and management; and whether presiding at the helm of the political and commercial department, or spreading the glory of the British arms with courage, moderation and clemency, the annals of Hindustan will transmit to future ages names dear to fame and deserving the applause of Europe." When Forbes landed at Bombay, "comfort, hospitality and urbanity," he states, characterised the settlement; and all who have had the privilege of visiting the island will bear willing testimony that in one respect Bombay has not altered.



View from the University Tower.

A commanding feature in the view of Bombay Green presented in the "Oriental Memoirs" is the church. On the arrival of Richard Cobbe as chaplain to the island, he found that services were held in a room in the fort; and, in a sermon preached on the first Sunday after Trinity, he impressed on his congregation the necessity of a suitable church.

"Well, Doctor," said the Governor after the service, "you have been very zealous for the church this morning."

"Please, y^r Honour," he replied, "I think there was occasion for it, and I hope without offence."

"Well, then," said the Governor, "if we must have a church, we must have a church. Do you see and get a book made, and see what every one will contribute towards it, and I will do first."

Cobbe himself gave Rs. 1427; Cornelius Toddington gave, "For my wife when I have her," Rs. 20; and Mr. Richard Walters, Rs. 11, paid him for doing the service in absence of the chaplain. A commutation from penance corporal at Surat was Rs. 150. A substantial sum was collected, and on November 18th, 1718, the foundation stone of the church was laid. Three years after, on Christmas Day, it was opened. The Governor went in procession, and was met at the entrance by the chaplain in his canonical dress. During the service a child was baptized; the Governor, Mrs. Parker, the Deputy-Governor's wife, and Mrs. Crommelin "standing Gossips." When the service was concluded the Governor, his Council, and the ladies repaired to the vestry, where they drank success to the new church in a glass of sack. The church was prosperous under the vigorous ministration of

Cobbe, but the man whose strong will and inflexible purpose established it could not move in the regular official routine and keep the waters smooth. Mr. Braddyll, Member of Council, complained that Mr. Cobbe had "affronted him at the Communion Table, when he was going to receive the Holy Sacrament, and he had likewise affronted him publicly several times before." From the letter which Mr. Braddyll wrote to the President and Governor of Bombay and Council it can be gathered that Mr. Cobbe had frequently complained about him employing workmen on Sunday, and that the Member of Council had advanced the plea of necessity. The quarrel culminated in the following occurrence:—

"After the congregation, of which I happened to be one, had placed themselves at the altar in a posture for receiving the Communion, Mr. Cobbe having consecrated the elements, turned himself towards me and spoke with a loud voice, and said, 'Mr. Braddyll'; to which I made no answer, thinking him to be out of his senses; but he repeated it a second time, and said, 'Mr. Braddyll, have you done working on Sundays? unless y^t, I cannot administer you this Sacrament.' To the best of my remembrance I told him I had. He went still further, and said he would not give me communion unless I would promise him and the congregation then present that I would work no more on Sundays. I told him I would not unless necessity obliged me, upon which he condescended to treat me like y^e rest of the community." The Board demanded an explanation of his conduct from the Chaplain, and he replied "that he was sorry to find that a person in Mr. Braddyll's station should, instead of being ashamed, make it a matter of complaint for a reproof of a sin so exceeding sinfull, but is God Almighty less in India than He is in England? Or has He given any man license to sin? Is the violation of this holy day become the less enormous, because it is so frequently and irreligiously profaned, or must it out of good manners be past by unobserved, connived and winked at, especially when it comes from so eminent a quarter?" The Board came to the conclusion "that the second Rubric," from which the Chaplain based his defence, did not apply to the case, as it referred only to "an open and notorious evil liver," and they "ordered Mr. Richard Cobbe to ask Mr. Braddyll pardon publickly in the church on Sunday morning next immediately after in the following words: 'Whereas, on Sunday the 3rd instant, through mistake, I did affront Mr. Braddyll at the Communion Table, I do hereby notify to this congregation here present, that on more mature consideration I find myself to be in the wrong, and do hereby beg Mr. Braddyll's pardon for the injury done him and the offence given him to the other communicants.'"

Mr. Cobbe refused compliance with the Council's order for two reasons: firstly, because according to the rubric after the Nicene Creed nothing is to be proclaimed during the time of Divine service "but what is prescribed in the rules of the Book of Common Prayer or enjoined by the Queen or by the ordinary of the place"; and secondly, because such compliance "would not only give encouragement to them by lessening too much the credit of reproof, but inevitably draw contempt upon the clergy, and wound even religion through the sides of the ministry." He concluded the letter with these words: "For this, therefore, I hope, gentlemen, you will pardon your servant in that I cannot, I dare not, yield my assent without declining that duty, without betraying that trust, for which I am accountable to a more awfull tribunal." Mr. Cobbe, however, offered to give Mr. Braddyll any satisfaction he could except what the Board had ordered. But the Board refused to listen to any compromise, and proceeded to review his past conduct. Notice was taken of a sermon that he had preached at the members of the Government from the text, "Though hand joyn in hand, yet the wicked shall

not go unpunished," and the Board declared that it was "but too notorious and usual with him to draw odious characters in the sermons and apply them to such persons with whom he has any difference. . . . In order, therefore, to secure this Government against the evils which such seditious sermons and discord may possibly have on the minds of some people, especially at this time of actual warr with one enemy, and an apprehension of a rupture with our neighbours the Portuguese, when there is all the need imaginable of union and firm resolution, it was resolved that Mr. Richard Cobbe, Chaplain, be suspended from the Right Hon^{ble} Company's service and from officiating as their chaplain, receiving no further salary or other allowances of the Right Hon^{ble} Company from this day." Cobbe returned to England, and lived to a ripe old age, and in the decline of life wrote an account of the church which he founded, now the cathedral of a vast diocese.

Near the Cathedral, about the centre of the old Green, is situated Elphinstone Circle, a block of commercial buildings which would do credit to any European capital. They surround a small garden which has the glory of colour that nature lavishes on shrub and flower in the East. Here is a statue to the Marquis Cornwallis, who, as the inscription informs us, died at Ghazipur, on October 5th, 1805. The Indian climate proved too much for a constitution already shattered by the anxieties and vexations of his Irish administration, and the difficult and delicate task of conducting the negotiations which led to the peace of Amiens. "A peace that will not dishonour the country," wrote Cornwallis; an expression afterwards happily converted into "peace with honour" by one who knew how to borrow. Cornwallis had not the genius of Hastings, or of Wellesley; but he was a man of sterling integrity, and his death was regarded in India as a public misfortune, on account of his whole previous administration having been imbued with the spirit of justice and moderation. At a public meeting of the British inhabitants of Bombay, it was resolved to erect a statue to the late Marquis. James Macintosh, the "Man of Promise," at the time Recorder of Bombay, wrote to Flaxman,—“As one of the committee appointed for that purpose, I naturally turned my thoughts towards you, for reasons which it might be indelicate to mention to you, and which it must be unnecessary to state to any one else. It is enough to say that I feel very great solicitude to leave to our most distant successors, whoever they may be, not only a memorial of the honour in which we hold virtue, but an example of the progress of Art in England in the beginning of the nineteenth century. The neighbouring subterranean temples of Elephanta, Canari, and Carli, contain, perhaps, the most ancient sculptures in the world. Twenty or thirty centuries hence, some native, whose name is now unknown, may compare these works of barbaric toil with the finished productions of the genius and taste of an English artist. Without your help I do not think that the comparison would be fair or the contrast complete.”

After this delicate flattery, Macintosh proceeds to state that the statue is to be of the natural size, or larger than life, with such basso-relievos and subordinate figures as the artist might judge most characteristic and ornamental. "I need not tell you that the character of Marquis Cornwallis was more respectable than dazzling. I am persuaded that you will find pleasure in employing an art, too often the flatterer of tyranny, to give lustre to the virtues most useful to mankind. Prudence, moderation, integrity, pacific spirit, clemency, were very remarkable qualities in Marquis Cornwallis's character. Perhaps his establishment of a system of secure landed property in Bengal—and extended over India—might furnish some hints to your genius. It was a noble measure of paternal legislation, though I know not whether it could be represented in marble.”

The Permanent Settlement in Bengal is hardly a theme to fire an artist's

imagination, or a subject capable of being represented in marble except in the form of boundary pillars. Flaxman, however, refused to undertake the work, and the statue was executed by Bacon. In the garden there is another statue by the same sculptor, erected by the merchants of Bombay to the honour of the Pro-Consul whose intrepid intellect and lofty ambition consolidated the Empire which the daring genius of Hastings founded; of whom his illustrious brother said—"Had he been but a younger son he would have been the greatest man in Europe." The clean-cut and decisive features of the Marquis of Wellesley are rendered with considerable skill. His slight and wiry figure rests on a massive marble pedestal, with finely modelled male and female figures in front, and a life-sized lion and tiger behind. The merchants of the East India Company could not appreciate Wellesley's vigorous and far-seeing policy, and they recalled him. Thirty years after, when his despatches, which combine comprehensive and elevated views with so much circumspection and dignity, were published, the Court of Directors assured him, by a unanimous resolution, "that in their judgment he had been animated throughout his administration by an ardent zeal to promote the well-being of India, and to uphold the interest and honour of the British Empire; and that they looked back to the eventful and brilliant period of his administration with feelings common to their countrymen." They also voted him a grant of £20,000, and ordered his statue to be placed in the India Office. But this tardy recognition of his services did not satisfy the great Marquis, and his closing years were embittered because the Ministry would not create him Duke of Hindustan, the only title which would gratify his Imperial soul.

Leaving the garden, we come to a stately flight of steps leading to the Town Hall, which mainly owes its existence to the enthusiasm and exertion of James Macintosh. He was anxious that a building should be erected "for the reception of the statues of Marquis Cornwallis and Mr. Pitt, and of any future monuments of British Art which public gratitude may bring to Bombay," and "for the accommodation of the Literary Society, and the reception of their valuable and increasing library." Soon after his arrival James Macintosh held, under his own roof, the first meeting of the Literary Society of Bombay. Jonathan Duncan was present, not as a Governor of Bombay, but as a scholar who had made his mark by contributing some important papers to the Bengal Asiatic Society; General Nicolls, the Commander-in-chief, a man of science, who had devoted much time to the meteorology of the island; Boden, the Quartermaster General, and subsequent founder of the Boden Professorship at Oxford; and Edward Moore, the author of "The Hindu Pantheon," a work of considerable research. The President, in an eloquent address, stated the subjects which he trusted the members would pursue in India, because so much could be found in the land which could be got in no other country: metallurgy, mineralogy, botany and economics were the subjects which he specially brought forward to the notice of the members. The history of the Bombay "Asiatic Society" is a record of brilliant success. It has done the work for which it was founded—"the investigation and encouragement of Oriental Arts, Science, and Literature." In 1827 the Society adopted the proposal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland for a union between the two Institutions, and the Literary Society of Bombay became the Bombay branch of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland.

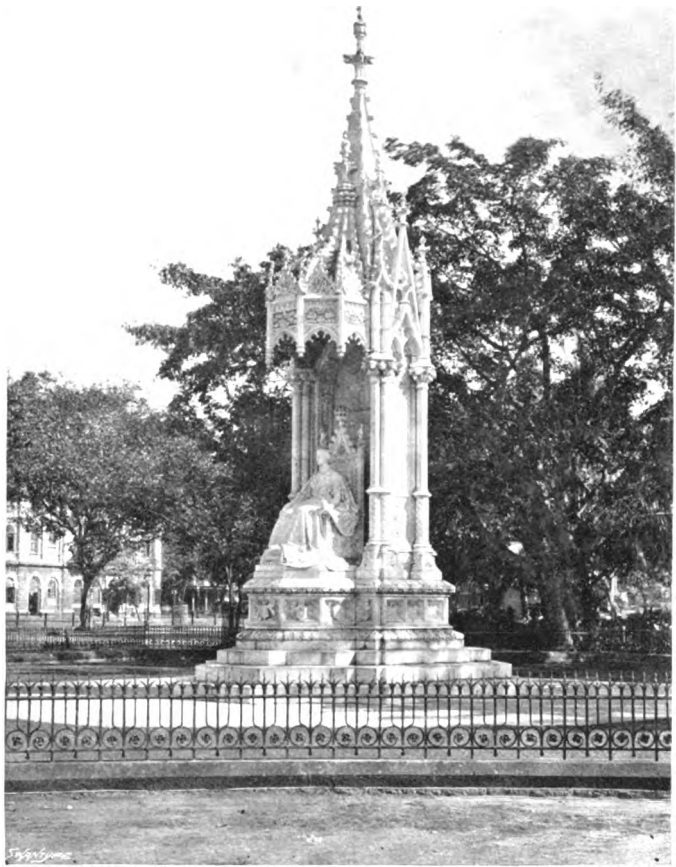
One of the first objects that engaged the attention of the Society was the foundation of a Public Library. Early in 1805, a bargain was concluded for the purchase of an extensive collection of books which had been gathered together by several medical gentlemen of Bombay. Under the wise administration of Sir

James Macintosh, the library grew, and when he returned to England he sent out, at the request of the Society, a collection of the standard books of the day, and the principal publications as they appeared. It is due to the wide reading and sound literary taste of the author of "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," that the library of the Bombay Asiatic Society is so rich in the literature of the eighteenth century. The Society has also had frequent gifts of rare and valuable Oriental publications from the Bombay Government and the Government of India, and the library has grown up to be a goodly collection of thirty thousand volumes. Savants

who visit India will receive at Bombay a warm and generous welcome from a learned Society, devoted to spreading through the land a spirit of philosophical inquiry and literary research, and owning a library rich in books of solid worth.

Retracing our steps from the Town Hall, we pass the Cathedral, and driving through Church Street we come to a spacious Platz, with a handsome fountain. The name commemorates the services of a great ruler, who, during his five years' tenure of office, changed an Indian city into one of the finest capitals of the Empire. Bartle Frere was appointed Governor of Bombay at the comparatively early age of forty-seven. "God grant you," wrote Lord Canning, "health and strength to do your work in your own noble spirit!" He did it, in spite of much opposition, in his own imperial spirit; and no Governor, except Mountstuart Elphinstone, did more to improve the condition of the people, or to increase the prosperity of the great Presidency entrusted to his charge. He won the respect of those he ruled by his courageous temperament, and their affection by his strong human sympathies. Man that is born of woman hath his faults; but with all his minor blemishes and infirmities, a high rank must be assigned to Bartle Frere, among the great statesmen who served the East India Company.

At the corner of the Platz, where two roads meet, is a fine statue of the



Statue of the Queen-Empress.

Queen-Empress, which stands as a monument of the loyal attachment and admiration of the great Feudatories for the first Sovereign who has, since the dawn of history, ruled over all India. The statue was given to Bombay by the munificent Khandi Rao Guicowar, the ruler of the Baroda state. Her Gracious and Imperial Majesty is represented seated on an elaborately carved state chair, which is placed on a lofty marble platform led up to by steps. In the centre of the canopy is the Star of India, and above it the Rose of England is united with the Lotus of India, and around them are England's old motto "God and my right," and India's watchword "Heaven's light our guide." Leaning against the handsome rails which encircle the statue are a group of rustics. There is the old father and his spouse, a matronly dame, two stalwart sons, black, wiry men from the coast, and their spouses—light-hearted, merry young women, whose crimson, blue, and orange robes fall in graceful folds over their supple figures. They are showing a little girl and a couple of half-naked boys, wearing gorgeous caps embroidered with tinsel, the beauties of the statue, and they are discussing with considerable volubility the Royal lady beyond the sea. The Queen is no longer in India a mythological personage, the wife of "John Company." Three of her sons have visited the land. The Prince of Wales, by his gracious tact, caused the great chiefs to feel that they are not merely important factors in a vast administrative system, but Royal Feudatories of a great sovereign. The Duke of Connaught has commanded a division in Bengal and the Bombay army; and in many a distant home, seated of an evening around the village fire, the sepoy on furlough has told his companions about the great Queen's son, who could address them in their own language. The private and personal virtues of the Queen have also become known, and enthroned Her Majesty in the hearts of many millions of her distant subjects. In a remote village in the north of India a peasant had a grievance, and he called the village school-master to his aid, and they wrote a letter stating the case, and they addressed it "To the Good Lady in England," and the letter reached Balmoral. To be known to distant subject races as "The Good Lady in England" is an achievement of which any monarch may well be proud.

From the Queen's statue to the statue of the Prince of Wales runs a broad road known as Rampart Row, lined by lofty offices and splendid shops, which would do credit to Paris or London. The equestrian statue of the Prince, a good example of Boehm's best work, was the gift of the late Sir A. Sassoon, and commemorates the Heir-apparent's visit to the city. On each side of the granite base are two well executed castings, one representing the historic scene of the landing of the Prince at the dockyard, and the other depicting the picturesque episode which lives in the memory of those who took part in it—the presentation of flowers to His Royal Highness by the Parsee children at the great children's *fête* held in his honour.

Not far from the Prince of Wales' statue is the Wellington fountain, a meretricious structure unworthy of the great name it bears. Colonel Wellesley came to Bombay in 1803, and during the hot months of March and April worked with his wonted ardour in getting ready the transports to convey the forces under General Baird to Egypt. It was intended that they should co-operate in the important object of expelling the French from that land, and Colonel Wellesley had been appointed second in command. A severe attack of fever, however, prevented him from accompanying the expedition. He was much disappointed at having lost what seemed a splendid opportunity for active service, but he remained behind to win the decisive battle of Assaye, while the vessel in which he was to sail was lost. On October 2nd, 1805, Jonathan Duncan, Governor of Bombay, received a letter from



A Street in Girgamu.

General Wellesley announcing in a few simple words the hard-won contest which made us masters of India.

After his great and decisive victory General Wellesley visited Poona, and descended the Ghauts to Bombay, and the capital received him with due honour. "I was feasted out of Bombay as I was feasted into it," he wrote to a friend. The victor of Assaye was glad to escape from steamy Bombay to the cooler Deccan, where he employed himself writing state papers, urging a policy of conciliation and moderation. "The Governor-general may write what he pleases at Calcutta, we must conciliate the natives, or we shall not be able to do his business; and all his treatment, without conciliation and an endeavour to convince the Native Powers that we have views besides our own interests, are so much waste paper."

A short distance from the Wellington fountain is a splendid testimony of the wisdom of the soldier statesman's policy in dealing with the native powers. The palatial Home for Sailors, whose foundation stone was laid by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, was the gift of the same great loyal Feudatory who caused to be erected the statue of the Queen. Near to the Sailors' Home is the Royal Bombay Yacht Club, to which ladies accompanied by members are freely admitted, and where the traveller who has the privilege of honorary membership will find every comfort, and from the deep verandah overlooking the harbour will enjoy one of the most beautiful views in the world.

Returning from the Yacht Club, and bearing to the left, we come to a shallow expanse of water, bounded by two tongues of land—Colaba and Malabar Hill. Facing the bay is a line of buildings, imposing as a whole, but too suggestive of

modern English taste and conventionalism. The Secretariat, where the offices of the Secretaries to Government are located, is a massive pile whose main features have been brought from Venice, but all the beauty has vanished in transshipment. It is as lacking in sentiment as the work conducted in it, and is the complete expression in stone of the spirit of an official architect. The University Hall, erected from designs by Sir Gilbert Scott, seems to have been meant for a Western College Chapel, and is as exotic as the system of education which we have introduced into the land. A few yards from the Senate Hall is the University Library, designed by the same architect, which seems a little too small for the lofty clock tower, built after the form of the campanile of Giotto at Florence, that adjoins it. The High Court is a large, imposing, ugly Gothic construction, out of character with the climate; but the building is probably not more out of character with the climate than the mode of administering justice within its walls is out of character with the habits of the people.

Not far from the University, the home of modern science and culture, there rises a long black wall, from above which dense volumes of noisome smoke drift over the road, and many bright sparks float in the air. This is the Hindu burning ground, and the smoke and sparks arise from the funeral fires.

“The Trojan king and Tuscan chief command,
To raise the piles along the winding strand;
Thence friends convey the dead to fun’ral fires,
Black smould’ring smoke from the green wood expires,
The light of Heaven is cloaked, and the new day retires.”

From a low and narrow door comes forth a procession of priests in saffron robes, carrying small bundles in their hands: behind them follow a crowd of men and women wailing and beating their breasts. They cross the railway which runs parallel to the beach, and repair to the sea, where, after various oblations and ceremonies are performed, the priests open the little bundles and cast their contents into the waters. They are the ashes of the dead. The mourners sit on the turf by the seashore, and refraining from vain tears they alleviate their grief by reciting after the priests verses culled from the *Paranas*. “Foolish ashes, who seeks permanence in the human state, unsolid like the stem of the plantain tree, transient like the foam of the sea. All that is low must finally perish; all that is elevated must ultimately fall; all compound bodies must end in dissolution; and life is concluded with death. Unwilling do the manes of the deceased taste the tears and rheum shed by their kinsmen: then do not wail, but diligently perform the obsequies of the dead.” Under the shadow of the University tower the Hindu diligently performs the obsequies of the dead as they were performed on the winding shore, when “the wood was heaped for funeral,” and “Apart Achilles stood.”

Bombay is the common meeting ground of many different creeds and nationalities. A short distance beyond the burning yard is a long upper-storied building, which a charitable Mahommedan gentleman has built to accommodate the pilgrims proceeding to Mecca; and facing a sweep of the bay rises Wilson College, which bears the name of its founder, the great Scotch missionary, who made Bombay his home, and devoted a life of strenuous labour to her advancement. A man of most varied acquirements and excellent judgment, Dr. Wilson became a considerable force in the land, and Viceroy and Governors sought his advice on delicate problems of state. Endowed with an unusually attractive and winning character, he won the hearts of all classes, English, Parsee, Mahommedan, and Hindu. The



View of the Back Bay from Malabar Hill.

land and its people interested him. He was versed in their ancient literature and philosophy; he spoke and wrote some of their living languages, and without a tinge of sentimentalism he appreciated their many fine qualities. He freely criticised Hinduism, Mahomedanism, and Zoroasticism; but his plain speaking did not impair the affection with which he was regarded, for no man has a keener appreciation of chivalrous honesty than the Oriental.

Beyond the Wilson College the road begins to rise to Malabar Hill, and at intervals along the base of the beetling rocks are patches of trees and groves of lofty palms. On the top of the hill two roads meet; one follows the crest, and the other leads to Malabar Point, "where the Governor," writes Lady Falkland, "has a residence consisting of several good-sized bungalows." Lady Falkland, who was one of the first to prove, by her bright book "*Chow Chow*," that India is not hopelessly dull, was fond of staying at Malabar Point during the time her husband ruled the island. Mountstuart Elphinstone, when Governor, built a bungalow at Malabar Point, on the site of an old temple; but a residence of some kind had existed before his day, for we read of Malabar Point being, in 1789, "the Governor's occasional retreat." Maria Graham, better known as Lady Caldecott, and the author of "*Little Arthur's History of England*," has the following in her "*Journal of a Residence in India*":—

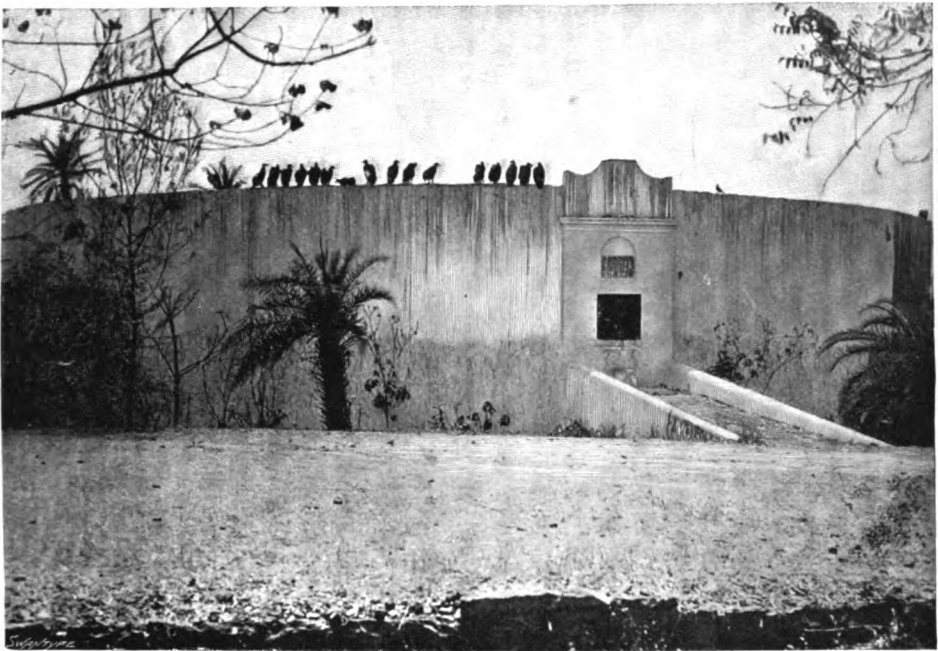
"*August 5th, 1809.*—After walking nearly two miles through gardens, or rather fields of vegetables, we came to a small *bungalo*, or garden-house, at the point of the hill, from which there is, I think, the finest view I ever saw. The whole island lay to the north and east, beautifully green with the young rice, varied with hills and woods, and only separated from Salsette and the Mahratta shore by narrow arms of the sea, while the bay and harbour to the south, scattered with beautiful woody islands, reflected the grand monsoon clouds, which, as they rolled along, now hid and now discovered the majestic forms of the ghauts on the mainland. Within a few yards of the bungalow is a ruined temple; from what remains, it must have been a fine specimen of Hindoo architecture; almost every stone is curiously carved with groupes of figures, animals,

and other ornaments. Tradition says that the Portuguese, in their zeal for conversion, pointed cannon against this temple, and destroyed it with its gods ; its widely scattered remains seem to countenance the report. Close to the ruin there is a cleft in a rock, so narrow, that one would wonder how a child could get through it ; nevertheless there are multitudes of pilgrims who annually come to force themselves through, as a certain method of getting rid of their sins."

Moore, in "The Hindoo Pantheon," writes: "At the very extremity of a promontory on the island of *Bombay*, called *Malabar Point*, is a cleft rock, a fancied resemblance of the *Yoni*, to which numerous pilgrims and persons resort for the purpose of regeneration, by the efficacy of a passage through this sacred type. This *Yoni*, or hole, is of considerable elevation, situated among the rocks, of no easy access, and in the stormy season incessantly buffeted by the surf of the ocean." Moore goes on to relate that the famous Brahmin Ragoba, the father of the last of the Peshwas, was, when he resided at Bombay, in the habit of passing through the cleft ; and that Sivagi, the daring founder of the Mahratta State, had been known to venture secretly on the island of Bombay, "at a time when discovery was ruin, to avail himself of the benefit of this efficacious transit."

About half a mile from Malabar Point is the village of Walkeshwar, one of the most sacred spots in Western India. The name implies Lord of Sand, for legend states that the great god Rama—whose history is familiar to every village child—came to Malabar Point in the course of his travels, tired and thirsty, and found no water, so he shot an arrow into the sand on the seashore, and water immediately appeared. Passing through narrow streets, lined with tall, quaint houses, painted all colours, the sacred pool is reached. It is situated in the centre of a vast square, entirely surrounded by temples of all sizes and forms—temples shaped like a sugar-loaf, temples with domes, temples with pinnacles and turrets, whose niches are filled with small images. Under the trees are small shrines with pointed roofs ; and what Jeremiah the prophet saw and denounced we see around us everywhere: "And they set them up images and groves on every high hill, and under every green tree." Around the tank are tall white obelisk-shaped pillars, painted in parts red and green, and numerous little altars containing the Tulsi plant. Before the temples are placed—carved in black stone—the Sacred Bull, or Nandi. All proclaim the foul worship against which the Old Testament is one long protest, and whose symbols were the grove, the golden calf, and the brazen serpent. Long flights of steps lead down to the water's edge, which is some yards below the level of the road. Men and women in clothes of various colours press round the brink of the silent pool: some plunge into, or besprinkle themselves with the sacred liquid ; others kneeling on the steps remain in a state of blessed contemplation ; all are praying with the utmost fervour. Around the tank on worn and ragged mattresses lie a multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered. A scene rises before us: "Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool ; but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me. Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed and walk ; and immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed and walked." Read in the light of the East, the sacred volume recovers its native colour, and glows with the vigour of new life.

A short walk brings us again to the broad road which runs along the crest of the hill. It is lined with handsome bungalows, with green lawns, and small gardens well kept, with oleander, hibiscus and palms of all varieties. About the end of the ridge, along the brow of a precipitous cliff, are the beautiful grounds of the Ladies' Gymkhana. Sir Henry Yule, in that most delightful work "*Hobson-*



The "Towers of Silence."

Johnson," writes as follows about the word Gymkhama, fast becoming naturalised in England :—

"This word is quite modern, and was unknown twenty-five years ago. It is a fictitious word, invented, we believe, in the Bombay Presidency, and probably based upon "Gend-khama"—ball-house ; the name usually given, in Hindu, to an English racket-court. It is applied to a place of public resort at a station, where the needful facilities for athletics and games of all sorts are provided, including—when that was in fashion—a skating-rink, a lawn-tennis ground, and so forth. The 'gymn' may be simply a corruption of 'geno' shaped by 'gymnastics.' The word is also applied to a meeting for such sports ; and in this sense it has already travelled to Malta."

A short distance beyond the Ladies' Gymkhama are the Tulsee Reservoirs and Waterworks, and their situation is exceedingly beautiful. Beneath is a forest of palms, with white houses gleaming among them ; and immediately beyond is an azure bay, with a narrow strip of land running into it covered with massive and lofty buildings. In the far distance rise the high peaks and ridges of the volcanic hills of Mahratta land, and rocks and islets of fantastic nature stud the great inlet of the sea known as Bombay Harbour. On one side lies this calm, fairy scene ; on the other stands out the dull, ugly wall which surrounds the Towers of Silence, where the Parsees deposit their dead, to be devoured by vultures. On the trees and on the walls scores of these hideous birds can be seen. Suddenly they rise in the air : a bier is being brought up the long flight of steps which leads to the hills on which the Towers are situated. Close by the bier are two bearded men, and behind them follow a train of Parsees, dressed in white robes with their clothes linked. At the door of the Towers the relatives leave the body, and it is taken within by the two priests. Inside the large roofless tower are stages, or stories of stone pavement, slanting down to a well, covered with a grating, and on the upper

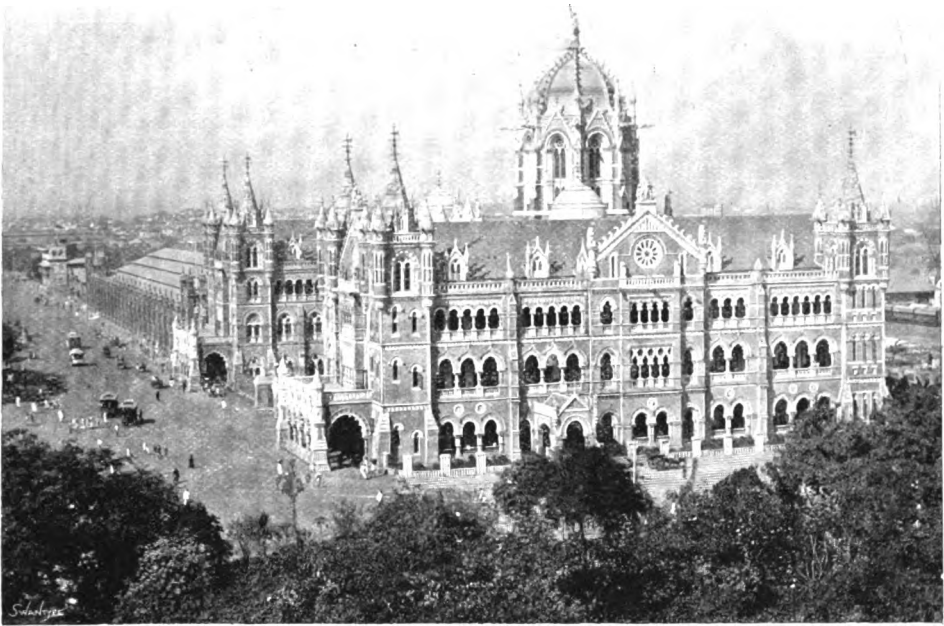
tier are placed, stark naked, the bodies of men; on the second those of women, and on the third those of children. The moment the priests leave the body the vultures swoop down and strip it of every particle of flesh. The skeleton is left for a few days to bleach in the sun and wind till it becomes perfectly dry; then the carriers of the dead, who are a separate class and not allowed to have any social intercourse with other Parsees—come gloved, and with tongs (for a dead body is regarded as an unclean thing) remove the bones and cast them into the well. This mode of disposing of the dead the Parsees have practised from time immemorial. In Grose's "Voyage to the East Indies," printed in 1772, we have a sensational picture of "The Parsee repository for the Dead," and the following description:—

"Eastward of the middle of Malabar Hill stands a stone building, used by the Parsees for depositing their dead, it being contrary to their religion to bury them. This building is circular, 25 feet in diameter and 12 high, open at the top; in its centre is a well in part grated over, round which is a stone platform, sloping from the sides to the centre. On this platform the dead bodies are exposed to the birds of prey, such as kites and vultures, which are here in great numbers. These immediately seize on the corpse, commonly beginning with the eyes; a man is kept on purpose to observe carefully which eye the bird picks out, and on this they form their conjecture of the state of the soul of the defunct, the right being that which denotes happiness.

"The Parsees believe that any one looking into this building, except the person whose immediate business it is, will in consequence thereof shortly die. I once went up to examine it: a Parsee, in a friendly manner, begged me to desist; assuring me that I should not long survive the gratification of this idle curiosity."

Leaving the Towers of Silence, we descend a steep hill, and a short drive brings us to Breach Candy. At the end of the Breach, or beach—"from the breach of the sea was our sister drowned"—are the temples of Mahaluxmee, almost as sacred as those of Walkeshwar; and beyond them is situated the Vallard, or rampart, built to protect the flat land between the ridges from being flooded at high tide. From Mahaluxmee a road runs along the dreary flats, now being covered with mills and lodging-houses, to the Governor's house at Parelle, which was originally a Portuguese monastery. Fryer mentions, "Parelle, where they, the Portuguese, have another Church and demesnes belonging to the Jesuits." Grose writes: "There are two very pleasant gardens belonging to the Company, cultivated after the European manner; the one a little way out of the gates open to any of the English gentlemen who like to walk there; the other much larger and finer, at about five miles distant from the town, at a place called Parelle, where the Governor has a very agreeable country house, which was originally a Roman Chapel belonging to the Jesuits, but confiscated about the year 1719, for some practices against the English interest. It is now converted into a pleasant mansion-house, and what with the additional buildings and improvements of the garden, affords a spacious and commodious habitation."

Jonathan Duncan, who was a bachelor, lent Parelle to James Macintosh. "We have," writes Macintosh to a friend in England, "about five miles of excellent road over a flat from our capital. We inhabit, by the Governor's kindness, his official country house—a noble building with some magnificent apartments, and with two delightful rooms for my library—overlooking a garden and park ground—in which I am now writing." Seven years Macintosh loitered away in the magnificent apartments at Parelle, reading for the composition of the great works which he never wrote. He read Tideman's "Spirit of Speculative Philosophy,"



Victoria Railway Station.

and Richardson's Correspondence, "which contains important materials for literary history." He was delighted with Cooper's third volume more than with either of the former. "His mixture of playfulness and tenderness is very bewitching; he is always smiling through his tears." Thus the weeks and years sped away. He was always sighing for the literary society he had left in London and the "King of Clubs," and for him, as for Macaulay, neither the land nor the people possessed any real interest. After Macintosh there came to Parelle a man just the reverse of him. Mountstuart Elphinstone was, like Macintosh, a man of great powers of reasoning, of accomplished learning, but he had what Macintosh lacked - sustained energies. When engrossed in the multifarious duties attendant on governing a vast province, Mountstuart Elphinstone found time to read Cicero "*De Claris Oratoribus*." "It is not the most brilliant of his works, but still I read it with great pleasure, and discover to myself evident signs of that proficiency which he has attained to *Cui Cicero valde placebit*. He greatly admires what he has read of Bentham, including half the whole *traites*; and he had "finished Clarendon's History, and am going to begin his Life." The study of "*Manfred*" led him to "*Prometheus*": "both have sublime passages. I am most struck with those in *Æschylus*, though, perhaps, the calm grandeur and majesty of Lord Byron's mountains may equal the storms and tempests, the thunders and earthquakes of his rival." Twenty years after Mountstuart Elphinstone left Bombay, Lady Falkland, who had all the brightness of her mother, Mrs. Jordan, the famous actress, came to reside at Parelle; and, being a close observer of nature, she enjoyed the beauty of its grounds. "Near me," she writes, "was the Asoka, which in spring bears

beautiful red blossoms ; many casuarinas, with their light and graceful foliage, being intermixed and contrasted with the broad leaves of various kinds of palms." A poetic Hindu legend states that the contact of the stem of the asoka with the foot of a beautiful woman makes it blossom.

About two miles from Parelle are the Victoria Gardens, which owe their existence to the genius and energy of Sir George Birdwood. He found a swamp, and he drained it, made broad paths and smooth lawns, laid out a garden, and with lavish hand filled it with botanical treasures. Palms of all variety and tropical plants of every kind are, of course, growing there in the greatest luxuriance, but also trees and shrubs gathered from every quarter of the globe seem at home and happy : there is a fine tree with long pinnate foliage covered with yellow and scarlet flowers that came from Africa, its seeds having been found in the Indian Ocean by a sailor who brought them to the Gardens ; a bush from Australia, whose leaves glow like gold ; and a plant from Brazil, a blaze of crimson blossoms. Around the stem of a stunted palm trails a creeper, a convolvulus, with long blue flowers, very similar to the English flower which was introduced into Bombay, from the Canarese country.

Brighter than the flowers are the Parsee women, with their brilliant-coloured silk robes, which suit their slim, lissom figures. They are talking, gesticulating, and laughing, with olive-complexioned mites with large black eyes and long eyelashes. Hindu women in white robes, and the marigold in their great coils of shiny black hair, are showing the animals to intelligent, bright-looking children, with little, soft, round faces. Men, women, and children all seem amused and happy. It is a pleasure to stroll about the grounds, all fragrance and flowers, and note the gentleness, the attention, and polished behaviour which marks a people whose manners are some thousand years old.

Life in India is a life of startling contrasts. A broad, dusty road leads us from the Victoria Gardens to the Byculla Club, one of the most famous and comfortable clubs in the East, and we are transplanted into London life. A group of men are sitting in the large and airy verandah, discussing the last news from England, the infinite sins of Mr. Gladstone, and then, naturally, modern democracy. There is not unanimity, however. An ex-cabinet Minister who, like Ulysses, "has been in many cities, and knows the thoughts of many men," warmly defends his old chief, and he vigorously tilts against the pet prejudices of the Anglo-Indian official. He has studied Indian problems in blue books, and the men around him have devoted their lives to solving them. They have the advantage of experience ; he has the advantage of regarding them from the wider and more intellectual atmosphere of European statesmanship.

But we must not loiter long at Byculla, for we have to dine in the Fort. We leave London club life, and plunge into the native city, a paradise of luxury and splendour, stench and squalor. The richness and variety of the outlines of the narrow and curving, but not crooked streets, take hold of the imagination. The many-tinted houses, the colours white, yellow and red, the luxurious or wild carving lavished on the pillars of wood, the balconies, rosettes of the windows, and the architraves of the roofs, give an air of refinement, of subtle grace which defies description or criticism. The Hindu temple with its gaudy-coloured mythological subjects, and the Mussulmans' simple white mosque, are vividly contrasted. It is a world of wonder. Here all races have met : Persians in huge shaggy hats, and British sailors in white ; the strong, lithe, coalblack Afreedee seaman, tall martial Rajputs, peaceful Parsees in cherry-coloured silk trousers, Chinamen with the traditional pigtail, swaggering Mussulmans in turbans of green,



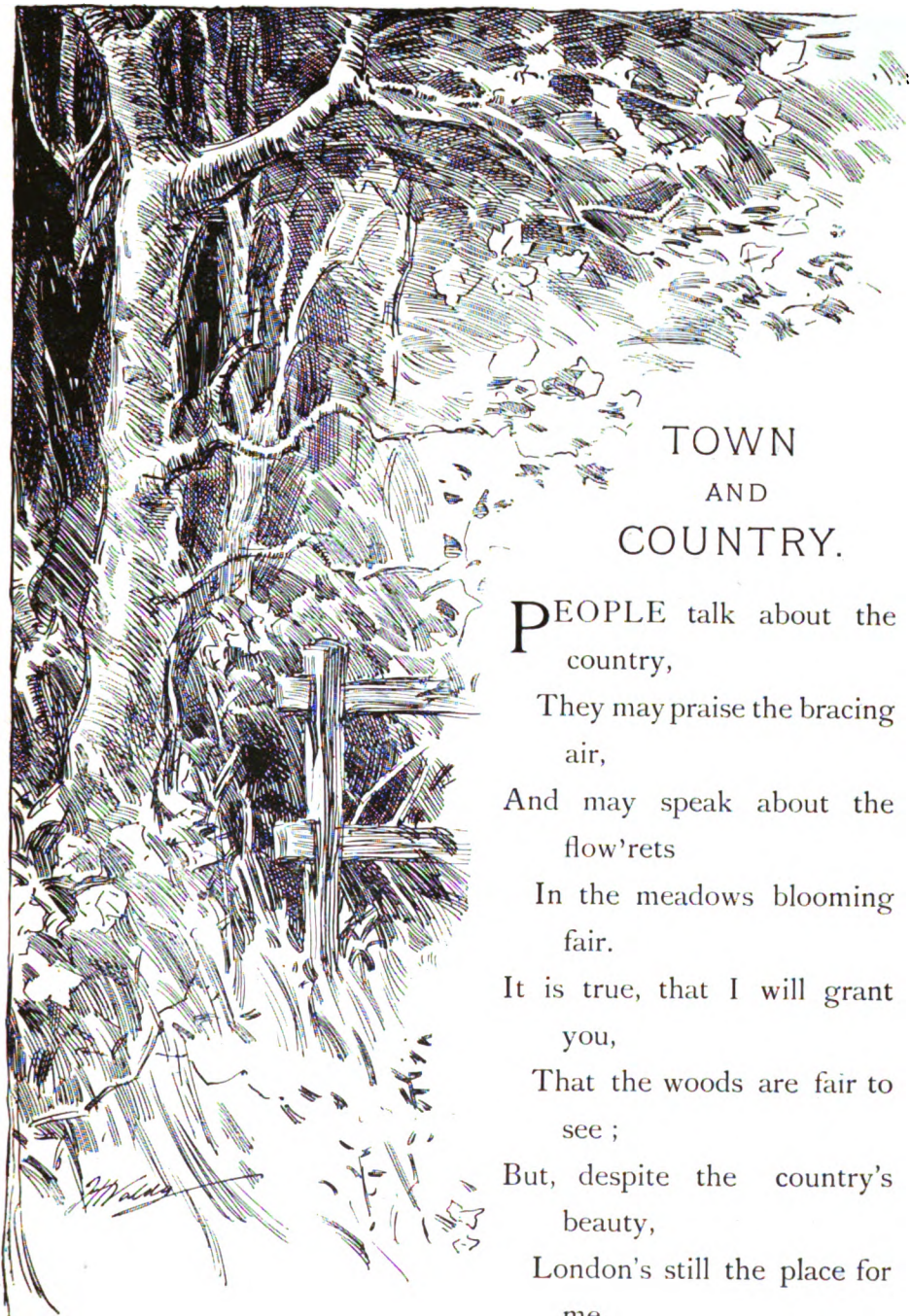
Street in the Native Bazaar.

sleek Marwarees with high-fitting parti-coloured turbans of red and yellow. This tide of human life rolls down the centre of the street, unruffled by the vehicles from all quarters of the earth ploughing their way through it. There is the tramway from New York drawn by walers from Australia, with pith helmets to protect them from the rays of the sun; the phaeton from Long Acre drawn by high-stepping Arabs; the rude vehicle of the land, innocent of springs, with a single square seat, drawn by handsome sleek bullocks. With much trouble and much shouting the driver works his way through the enchanted street, and we see the immortal eunuch, the porter, and the veiled lady standing near a shop filled with gold and silver stuff. Each trade has its own *locale*, as it was in the days when "Zedekiah the king commanded that they should commit Jeremiah into the court of the prison, and that *they should give him daily a piece of bread out of the bakers' street.*" There are rows of bakers' shops, with large ovens, and vast round loaves of unleavened bread. There are long lines of confectioners', in which the sweetmeats are piled up in all sorts of fantastic shapes, and behind his pile sits the fat, greasy, half-naked confectioner. Then come the shops of the *bunias*, which are crowded with baskets filled with pulse and grain; and the Oriental grocer kindly chatters to three or four women as he weighs their flour in a pair of primitive scales, and after much bargaining they purchase for a farthing a lump of salt and two green chillies, which are their sole luxuries in life. Long and sharp is the ting-ting that proceeds from the shops where Javan, Tubal, and Meshech trade "their vessels of brass in thy market." They are filled from floor to roof with large pots and small pots; for as the Hindu eats and drinks only from vessels

made of brass, the brazier's art is an important one in the land. There are the shops of the money changers, who are seated square-legged on their carpet, with heaps of rupees and shells before them. In a small hovel is a lean old man who, with a blowpipe and small hammer and a pair of pincers, is manufacturing "the chains and the bracelets, the ear-rings, the rings and the nose jewels." Sable eve spreads swiftly, and the great brass lamps hanging from the roof are lighted, and the earthenware cressets before the dark shrines are illuminated. As we lift up our faces to the richly carved balconies, one blaze of light, we see what Jehu saw as he entered in at the gate—"Jezebel, who painted her face and tired her hair, and looked out of a window."

The dawn had hardly broken in the East when we went on board a small yacht to sail to Elephanta. After a couple of hours' sail the landing-place at Elephanta is reached. Here, in the days of old, there used to be a colossal stone elephant, from which the Portuguese named the place. After ascending the steep path, and a steeper flight of stairs, we find ourselves on a small plateau, and before us opens a wide cavern. We enter, and when the eye becomes accustomed to the darkness we see before us a gigantic *trimurti*, or three-formed god. The expression of the first face is one of far-off, deep contemplation, and is grand and noble in its calm serenity. It represents Shiv in the character of Brahma, a creator; in his left hand he holds a citron, an emblem of the womb. The right hand is broken. The breast is adorned with a necklace of pearls, and below it is a deep, richly-wrought heart ornament. The head-dress consists of the hair raised and crowned by a royal tiara most beautifully carved. The face to the east, with its stern, commanding, Roman expression, is Shiv in the character of Budha, the destroyer, and the brow has an oval swelling above the nose, representing a third eye. He is smiling at a cobra, which is twisted round his arms, and with stretched hood looks him in the face. Among his ornaments are some of the peculiar symbols of Shiv—a human skull over the temple, a leaf of the *Gloriosa superba*, a branch of the milk bush, twisted snakes instead of hair, and high up a cobra erect with outstretched hood. To the west there is a gentle, placid face, which is Shiv in the character of Vishnu the preserver, and he holds a lotus flower in his hand. The Trimurti is the main object of interest in the cavern, but many hours can be profitably spent in examining the different compartments, with their sculptures full of power and life, representing the gods and goddesses of the Hindu Pantheon, and the stories of their lives. Shiv, with his consort Parvati, is a favourite subject. In one compartment we have Shiv and Parvati seated on the holy hill of Kailas; and Parvati being in a pet, or *mana*, has her head slightly turned away. Legend says that the demon Ravan chanced to pass by at the time, and being angry at the hill stopping his progress, took it in his arms and shook it. Parvati, feeling the hill to move, ran for protection to Shiv's arms. One story states that Shiv in his rage stamped Ravan under foot; another (probably more true) that he blessed him for stopping Parvati's fit of ill temper. Behind Parvati is the figure of a nurse executed with great spirit, and she carries a child astraddle on her left hip, as carried in India at the present hour. These sculptures illustrate how unbroken in the East are the links between the past and the present; they are an epitome of the religious and social life that makes the continent of India so deeply interesting. The gross and passionate effigies of Hindu Mythology completely express the Oriental mind—"humorous, amorous, obscene, subtle, and refined."

G. W. FORREST.



TOWN AND COUNTRY.

PEOPLE talk about the
country,
They may praise the bracing
air,
And may speak about the
flow'rets
In the meadows blooming
fair.
It is true, that I will grant
you,
That the woods are fair to
see ;
But, despite the country's
beauty,
London's still the place for
me.

London is alive and joyous,
Though it lacks the wealth of fields:
Though the country may be peaceful,
Town life more amusement yields.

To my mind, though country Chloes

You endow with graces sweet,

London's lasses are
superior,

And their ankles are
more neat.



'Tis pleasant in the summer
 On a mossy bank to lie;
 But I much prefer to rest me
 On a seat I know is dry.
 Of the peacefulness of country
 One soon begins to pall:
 Oh the dulness of the country
 When the evening shadows fall!



It may fill your soul with poetry,
 Rambling o'er the velvet down,—
 London too can claim her Muses,
 For I wrote these lines in Town.
 Praise the singing of your woodbirds,—
 Different songs on either hand
 Must be just a bit confusing—
 I prefer the Council's Band.

What about the dreary Winter,
When the trees are stark and bare?

Then the light-draped Muse forsakes you;

For the cold she does not care.

London still remains as pleasant,

Though the fogs are sometimes brown :

Light and life are still abounding,—

Keep your Country—give me Town!

LEONARD GREENWOOD.





THE STORY OF A SONNET.

THIS is not a critical disquisition on the Sonnet, but an episode in the life of a man whose sense of curiosity impelled him to forsake the living wage for a gamble in literature. Equally destitute of advisers and of mental equipment, and a total stranger to the busy world of letters, the poor fellow conceived an idea: it haunted and pursued him.

For weeks he battled with hesitancy: his poverty inclined him to the bird in the hand, whereas instinct beckoned him towards the bird of brighter plumage in the bush; and the bush being contiguous to his own threshold, he was constantly thereabouts, and nursing his fancy to the jeopardy of his daily bread. At last the pain of conjecture and doubt was overcome by enthusiasm, and he became a free man—a man with scant resources, but with an idea, which, as he thought, would buy gold and reputation. He was to write a book!

Now, by no means the least among the calamities of authors is the humiliating process of recovery after an acute attack of literary itch; a publisher's account is balm compared with baffled hopes and the crushing thud of conscious failure; but here was a case, as we shall see, that threatened to develop the most tragic symptoms out of the simple taint of laudable inquisitiveness.

About twenty-five years ago the English sonnet was the subject of considerable critical comment. The Anglo-American edition of Leigh Hunt and Adams Lee had been published; Archbishop Trench had delivered his famous lecture on the Sonnet, in the Theatre of the Dublin Museum, and reviewers contributed the usual meed of praise and blame. All this, however, had probably passed over the head of our enthusiast. His *point de repère* was a bookstall in the Strand; the tome that fretted his fancy was one containing the sonnets of Shakespeare, and the burden of his quest was the solution of the still debatable "W. H."

If this simple-minded suitor for literary fame could then have realised that the sum of definite information about Shakespeare is that he was born, was married, had children, wrote plays, and died at Stratford-on-Avon, he would have been spared what, to him, must have been toil, deprivation and anguish unspeakable.

But there was the man with his single whim, his single idea, flushed with ambition to do a notable piece of work, and to settle once for all the authenticity of the perplexing initials. How was he to foresee that even the successful establishment of the claim of the "begetter" or inspirer to the doubtful honour—William Hart the nephew, William Hughes the friend, Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, the patrons, or whoever it was, would be interesting only to a select circle of bibliophiles? However, a volume purporting to deal exclusively with the mystery was issued by a firm in Soho Square in the year 1870. It was published by subscription, and in due course my own copy was delivered. Although the list of subscribers contained scores of names whose owners were then celebrated in politics, art and literature, the publication was received in absolute silence by clubland and press alike. As the subject of this reminiscence was never known to the world, and has long since passed out of it, and as I happen to be the only subscriber with whom he had personal relations, the necessary suppression of his name should in no way prejudice the veracity of the details of this melancholy story. Let him then be called Mr. X.

A week or two elapsed before a convenient evening came round for tackling my new purchase; the subject was one having special interest for me, as bearing on my work-a-day life, and to it a perfectly open mind was given, for of press notices I had not seen *one*. But the evening was altogether disappointing: laboured matter curiously ill-executed; styleless, not to say ungrammatical, phraseology; and withal a verdict of "Not proven"—nothing more! It was the mountain and the mouse over again, and a sorry kind of mouse too. No wonder the work had been buried and forgotten before the pages of my copy were cut! Nevertheless it was a pretentious production, and meritorious enough from the point of view of diligence and the earnest pursuit of an idea; but it was weighted by two unpardonable mistakes: it was ill written, and it was not wanted.

Experiences of this nature are all too common, and at worst they are but disappointments; but in casting this particular volume aside I had by no means closed an experience, for destiny brought the author and myself together in the strangest way.

And now it is for the present writer to lament his inability to do good work—to depict faithfully and forcibly the dramatic incidents, the heart-burning, the poignant apprehension, in the course of a duologue of which every word, in its pathetic development, remains blistered in his memory.

It was on a Saturday in late November, about 5 p.m.—one of those grim, stupefying days that the law of compensation seems to allot to the dwellers in the most comfortable city in the universe. Drizzling rain had been falling since dawn,

or rather it had been filtering through a dense murky atmosphere just steadily enough to impart that greasy consistency to London mud which makes walking laborious ; a day, indeed, without even the redeeming features of those interludes of mere fog that actually enlivened the late Mr. Russell Lowell, for to his thinking a good yellow fog "had the knack of transfiguring things," and of "rimming with a halo the very cabs." It was indeed so pitiless a day that only people of sanguine temperament could combat its dispiriting influences, for the gloom was such that it peered through the drawn curtains, and seemed to invade the sanctuary of the blazing hearth as though to compel pity for the homeless and the wretched. Quite the last thing to be imagined was a visit, for no sane man would expect his dearest friend to leave his slippers and cross the road in the circumstances ; indeed, the streets were abandoned to waifs and strays and to those whose daily lot it is to ply the thoroughfares.

Presently was heard the faint tinkle of the door bell, as though some nervous hand hesitated to disturb the stillness ; this was followed by the sound of a prolonged parley in the hall ; at length the servant, whose countenance betokened hesitation and concern, inquired whether I would see "a strange-looking person who says he is Mr. X, author of a book on sonnets." A moment after the most weird and downcast of mortals had glided into the room, and the shock of amazement was such that for some seconds the ordinary courtesy of salutation and welcome was forgotten. A cold stare and flashes of suspicion of imposture were the only greeting my bewildered senses could command ; whereas my visitor, as though sensible of the apparent justice of it all, stood as one transfixed by the demon of ill-fortune, a living picture of dejection and despair.

Though a young man at the time, I was not an absolute stranger to cases of genuine misfortune, as well as of barefaced imposture, among the lower strata of the literary craft, and had learnt that there was a sunny as well as a shady side to Grub Street. But I was wholly unprepared for this pitiful apparition. Imagine a tall, dark, emaciated man, about forty years of age, with well-cut features, that were enhanced by a pleading, kindly eye, imparting to the countenance an expression of melancholy that harmonised with the frail voice coming from a frail frame. He was standing in shoes almost as tattered as the pair that inspired Coppée's tearful poem :

"C'était un vieux soulier, sale, ignoble, effrayant,
Eculé du talon, bâillant de la semelle,
Laid comme la misère et sinistre comme elle.

* * * * *

Un de ces vieux souliers qui font le tour d'Europe
Et qu'un jour, tout meurtri, sanglant, estropié,
Le pied ne quitte pas, mais qui quittent le pied."

Of linen there was never a trace ; but he was encased in one of those long black frock-coats that time has seared with shiny brown patches, and which, more than any other kind of garment, tells its own story. The trousers, too, had once been black, but had also done hard service: they were now shrunk, mud-stained and wet. Indeed, the wearer was so wet and cold that, pending the arrival of a cordial, he asked to be allowed to stand by the fire rather than be seated.

After a becoming apology for calling at so late an hour and without appointment, he proceeded to say that nothing but grave urgency—the absolute need of money—would have provoked him to the present intrusion. This was surely direct and plain enough for the introductory matter. The want of money was obvious, but

the personality of the visitor had to be established. All that came to my mind at the moment was the recollection of a decorous book, well printed and well bound, for the production of which a host of worthies had stood sponsors. The situation was therefore sufficiently incongruous to warrant a suspicion of imposture, and to kindle the resolve that evidence of identity must be as direct and palpable as was the declared object of the visit. Simultaneously with this there came the counter-acting and comforting one that nobody would readily assume the position of an author in distress unarmed with *some* credentials.

To my first question the man affirmed that he was Mr. X, the author of the book in question; that the sales had not realised the expense of publication, and that his labour had been in vain. Equally fruitless had been his attempts to gain audience of any one of his many busy subscribers,—so much so that for several weeks he had been employed as a packer at his own publishers', and had had the cold comfort of tying up in brown paper and despatching, amongst others, parcels of his own cherished volume. And now even this had come to an end.

"Have you brought any letter for me?" said I.

"Alas! no, sir; the idea never struck me."

"But have you no paper, no document of any kind to establish your identity?—nothing, however indirect, to help me towards helping you?"

"Absolutely nothing, sir."

"Then, pray, who sent you to me?"

"It was Mr——, of the Early English Text Society: he has been kind to me, and said that perhaps you might be useful and befriend me."

"Where is his card?"

"I haven't one: I thought at the time his name would be enough."

"And do you think it reasonable and fair to present yourself to a total stranger with a story pitiable enough, forsooth, for the truth of which you are unable to produce a tittle of evidence? Can you not see that the first passer by, in want of a meal, might with equal justice endeavour to attract sympathy and help by claiming to be a distressed author, artist, or what not?"

The man's countenance had changed: he was slowly realising the situation, for he had nothing upon him to justify his presence, and had nothing to appeal to but my credulity. Possibly, too, something in the tone of my last remark led him to fancy I intended to be firm; and it may have been this that gave to his face an expression of mingled indignation and remorse—indignation at my justifiable hesitation, and remorse at the *impasse* into which his want of forethought had led him. At last he remarked,—

"I see your point, sir, well enough, now; but this is Saturday, and already too late to get a letter from my publishers: but all I ask for is temporary relief and the opportunity of getting any sort of permanent work. I sacrificed my means of livelihood when I set about the book, but regret won't help me to-night."

A golden sovereign would have clenched the business at once, but happily the dread of imposture, and a keen desire to get to the heart of things, kept the balance wavering. Presently I lured him towards a trap I had mentally set on the pedigree of the Sonnet, on the strictness of the laws that govern the so-called "legitimate" poem, and on Shakespeare's departure from the forms of the early Italian models; but so commonplace and ungrammatical were his preliminary remarks that methought he had betrayed himself beyond recovery. Unwilling, however, to add to his distress by a brutally frank expression of opinion, I insinuated as softly as possible that certain lapses in his manner of speech were anything but

a passport to my acceptance of the story I dearly wanted to believe. It was then he exclaimed—"Ah! there's the difficulty, sir. You have put it very kindly to me, but I must tell you I am a self-educated man; indeed, I was a porter at Exeter Hall, and spent more time than I should have done at that bookstall next door. I did a good bit of reading there, and somehow these Sonnets fascinated me and I bought the book. Over and over again did I read them, and at last made up my mind to find out who 'W. H.' was. A gentleman procured me a reading order at the British Museum, and having saved a few pounds I resolved to eke them out till my book was printed, and then I hoped to be comfortably off."

It was now clearly a case of "*La parole est à monsieur*," though a rejoinder was all the less forthcoming that I now remembered the quality of the book bore out every word of this seemingly candid admission. Such a book could only have been the offspring of a conceited dabbler with plenty of money to flatter a passing fancy for research, or the laboured product of some unsophisticated enthusiast naively aiming at a mark he would never be able to hit. Still the fact remained that the volume was produced, at a cheap price, by public subscription, and my visitor had distinctly scored a point. But what was there to prove he was not, after all, a "packer" trading astutely on the gossip of the warehouse? One of two courses had to be taken: either to abandon the field forthwith, or to test tenacity of purpose to the bitter end. A mere tip would have been as silly an ending to an exciting encounter as the proverbial scratch is to the finale of an average French duel; so with some reluctance I approached my man afresh, feeling the while that if this was not a case of impersonation a further thrust would do him a grievous wrong. The issue at least demanded this risk; and, donning a very thin mantle of stoicism (for in my heart I believed the man), the crushing blow was delivered. He had been asked to substantiate his narrative, and had burst into tears. At all times the spectacle of a man succumbing to an intolerable burden of grief is very painful, but to have yourself charged his cup of bitterness till it overflows to his own undoing is harrowing to every sense of charity and humanity. There stood my visitor as one from whom the last words had snatched his small reserve of spirit and of hope. At last, in the abandonment of despair, and in a low but resolute tone of voice, he said:—

"There is nothing for it, then, but to put an end to all this misery. I must do, and this very night, what poor Chatterton did; and may God forgive me!"

But the moment had not yet arrived for my surrender, though this solemn reference to the tragic end of

"the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride,"

was the first remark this man had uttered to lessen the wave of suspicion with which he was already overwhelmed. There was no false ring about it, nor was it spoken in the manner of a threat. Had this *coup de théâtre* been prepared, he would have elaborated his information and have said more. The sincerity of the simple allusion was convincing. He had read of heart-wounds that lead to suicide, and was wearied with searching in vain for some avenue of escape: indeed, after many fruitless errands and as many rebuffs, he had nerved himself, and for the last time, to make a frank avowal of the collapse of his literary aspirations, to proclaim the wretchedness they had entailed on him, and to make the humiliating confession of starvation. Instead of finding a sheet-anchor of sympathy and help, he was met with cold suspicion and

demands for proofs then beyond his reach. No wonder the fate of Chatterton rushed in upon his mind.

So long as my hand was not in his, so long as I permitted myself to play the cruel, but to my mind necessary part of an imperturbable questioner, there was no justification for giving expression to the words that were on my lips in regard to the seriousness of his resolution. All I remarked was, "But what of your children?"

"They, sir," he replied, "will find better protection than I have found it possible to give them, and bread will be nearer their mouths when I am gone."

That the father was to go back that very night to these children I knew full well, but my yearning to get at the truth, the whole truth, had become an obsession; and then Mr. X stood, as I sat, for several seconds gazing vacantly at the lively blue flames coming from a log of ship's timber in the grate. Suddenly an idea, an absurdly obvious one, and one which would have come to me at the outset of the interview but for the painful current of the conversation, struck me. Shakespeare's Sonnets! Why not test him a little beyond the proposed object of the book—on the Sonnets themselves?

One's own little bit of knowledge might be more than sufficient for the purpose; and in any event it would assuredly provide Mr. X with indirect opportunities of substantiating his narrative.

Going straight to the point, I remarked: "Do you pretend to be familiar with all, or a portion of these poems?"

"Indeed I do," said he, turning quickly round, and smiling for the first time, exultantly, not to say defiantly.

"Then I will ask you to recite, or to give the substance of the sonnet on 'The Body and the Soul.'"

Hereupon he slipped his thin right hand into the breast of his coat, took two steps backward, and striking an attitude both of demeanour and gesture that was powerfully dramatic, he spoke these lines:

"Poor Soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, Soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And, Death once dead, there's no more dying then."

A finer tribute to the genius of Shakespeare it would be impossible to imagine. Never was any poem more touchingly, more sublimely, rendered. The sentiment of the first quatrain was carried with gently increasing fervour into the second, was accentuated more fully, as he raised his voice, in the third, and culminated in the stirring lines of the final couplet. All was perfectly developed: intonation, emphasis, and rhythmical effect. It was a masterpiece of delivery, and one that reached the high-water mark of poetic interpretation; for the speaker's soul was in every line, his mind seemed saturated, as it were, with the solemnity of the sentiment, and his careworn frame trembled with emotion as he poured forth a volume of words so

satirically appropriate to the occasion, but which had really been chosen at haphazard. He, indeed, had "pined within and suffered dearth"; and the walls of his mansion, never "costly gay," were fading and crumbling. Yet was he making one last bid for that corporeal life that the poem accounted of so little worth. His strikingly dramatic action was the natural outcome of hysterical sensibility; but the whole rendering was so abundantly heartfelt as to make any suspicion of theatrical insincerity impossible, and to arouse the conviction that this weary pleader was deeply imbued with the genius of these poems, and had not restricted himself to those portions of them which helped him along in his task.

The spontaneity as well as the pathetic impressiveness of the incident was startling beyond the reach of words, and has ever since been to me the most stirring episode in a life spent among all sorts and conditions of men. There were two pairs of moist eyes at the moment that, clasping the poor fellow's hand, a refusal was given to his offer to go on reciting. He had been humbled more than enough already, and had earned all the reparation it was in one's power to offer. Very soon he was trundling through the cold streets towards his gloomy garret at Clerkenwell, but carrying a lighter heart than he had worn for many a long week.

The curtain might fitly fall now on this obscure waif but for an interesting sequel that shall be briefly given.

Early the following Monday morning inquiries were made at Soho Square, where every detail of Mr. X's statement was corroborated; and the case had to be pursued. The difficulty was to find remunerative employment without subjecting a highly nervous and impoverished constitution to the strain of manual or other too fatiguing labour. Our friend had demonstrated an undoubted love for literature and for books, but had sufficiently explained his unfitness for literary craftsmanship pure and simple. And yet that half-hour's experience told one that what little happiness was in store for him would be better secured in the society of old tomes than in any other form of occupation. Interest in work means work well done, and therefore it was in bookland that search had to be made.

It chanced that a well-known firm of booksellers were in want of a buyer to attend the various auction marts, and to purchase under directions, as well as to note all the particulars of moment common at such sales; and on hearing Mr. X's story the post was offered to him at an initial salary of £85 a year.

A substantial prize in life's lottery had after all fallen to him; for, as he said, "This is an ideal billet for me: I shall love my work, and know that I shall do you justice, for I may still go on foraging among books, and better ones than I used to handle at that bookstall; the atmosphere of them will be as perpetual sunshine to me. Your mediation, sir, has been blessed with more than success for me, and I cannot properly express what I feel."

True enough, he led a very happy life; and often was he met carrying catalogues and a long blue bag to one or other of the West-end book marts, sometimes looking fagged, but always recognising one with a smile of contentment. To genius for his occupation he added keenness and diligence, and rapidly became an invaluable adjunct of the firm that maintained and appreciated him. But the strain of earlier days had left an indelible mark on his constitution, and some nine years of this pleasurable toil was all that was vouchsafed him.

W. BAPTISTE SCOONES.

A SUMMER IDYLL.



S

OMEBODY said that the Summer was coming,
Touched my strong arms with an infinite
grace,
Caught the refrain of the song I was humming—
“Love changeth not with the change of the
face !”
Hers was the hand which in life's high beginning
Lay like a lily in mine that was fire :
She saw the sin ; not the shame of my sinning—
Pour'd the sweet incense of love on desire.



TANGLE of grass and the perfume of clover ;
Scent of July in the gold of the wheat,
Poppy-splashed ! dimpled where warm winds swept
over—

Foam of the sea on the sweet meadow-sweet !
Dimples, and laughter, and tinkle of water,
Music of leaf where the trees interlace :
Summer ! and southern the winds which had brought
her—

Summer ! but Winter in heart and in face !



SOMEBODY said that the Summer was over,
Tore my weak hands from a frenzied em-
brace ;

Murmur'd a line o'er my love to her lover—

“ Love changeth not with the change of the
face ! ”

FRED. G. BOWLES.



IN THE LIBRARY

A Queen's Visit to St. Paul's Cathedral.

THE recent Jubilee festivities, culminating, as they have done, in the visit of Her Majesty to St. Paul's, in circumstances at once so splendid and unusual that they have attracted the attention of the whole civilised world, naturally recall the state visits of other queens to the great cathedral—visits which have, on the whole, been but “few and far between”: the first, to the present cathedral, being those of Queen Anne, who went seven times to St. Paul's to return thanks for great victories; but, beyond the fact that those processions were commemorative of British valour, they were in no sense remarkable.

The next visit of a queen was in 1789, when Queen Charlotte accompanied George III. on his thanksgiving for his recovery from serious illness. But, on that occasion, the Queen naturally did not occupy the foremost place.

The only other occasion on which a queen publicly returned thanks at St. Paul's before Her present Majesty—and it was one which, despite the fact that it was shorn of much of the pomp and pageantry usual at such times, has nevertheless, owing to the remarkable sympathy felt and expressed, left an indelible mark in history—was in 1820, when Queen Caroline, the wife of George IV., went to the cathedral on the abandonment of the well-known Bill of Pains and Penalties, which sought to strip the Queen of all her privileges, and to obtain her divorce from the King on the grounds of her alleged misconduct with her courier, Bergami.

Though it is but a comparatively few years since the whole country was stirred to its depths by the unusual spectacle of an English queen-consort being publicly accused by the King of the grossest misconduct, and though there are still among

us some few who can remember seeing the ill-fated Queen, and who bear in mind the wonderful enthusiasm with which she was invariably received whenever she appeared in public, even if it were only at the windows of her residence, events now march with so great and increasing a rapidity that the most important occurrences are soon forgotten. It may, therefore, be neither unnecessary nor uninteresting briefly to recall some of the most salient facts which led to the Queen's going publicly to St. Paul's Cathedral.

It may be remembered that from the very first moment that the Prince Regent, who had been most reluctantly compelled to marry in order to induce Parliament to pay his debts, had set eyes on his bride, the Princess Caroline of Brunswick, he had treated her with every kind of contumely and insult; and that immediately after the birth of their only child, the Princess Charlotte, this ill-assorted couple had separated.

For many years their constant quarrels were a source of discussion and scandal to the whole country, though the Princess lived, for the most part, in retirement. The Prince Regent, who appears to have entertained the greatest hatred and aversion towards his unfortunate wife, twice caused accusations of infidelity to be brought against her. On both occasions, however, these charges were completely refuted, with the result that the whole independent part of the country, who were not dominated by Carlton House, sympathised deeply with the Princess of Wales, and she became a kind of popular heroine.

Nevertheless, the Prince Regent, whose power, after George III.'s illness had been declared incurable, had greatly increased, was able to prevent nearly all intercourse between the Princess of Wales and the Princess Charlotte. This the latter, who was devoted to her unfortunate mother, greatly resented; and, finally, she was kept almost in confinement in order to stop her seeing the Princess of Wales, who, finding that she could not be of the least assistance or comfort to her daughter, and being likewise weary of the annoyances and insults which were being continually heaped upon her, determined to go abroad for a time in search of that peace and happiness which were denied to her in England.

She left the country in August 1814, and was attended by Lady Charlotte Lindsey, Lady Elizabeth Forbes, and several gentlemen of her household; it being her original intention to be absent only a few months. After visiting Brunswick, she turned her steps towards Italy, and finally went to Naples for the winter, where she was received by the King and Queen with every mark of sympathy and respect; and it was probably this treatment, so different from that to which she had been accustomed in England, which determined her to prolong her stay abroad. Her suite, however, had accompanied her on the understanding that they would be asked to stay away from England for only a short time; and as many of them had ties at home, they most of them gradually left her, their places being filled by Italians.

Soon after the Princess had arrived in Italy, it became necessary for her to have a courier; and choice was made of one Bartolomeo Bergami, a handsome and distinguished-looking man of an old family, who, however, had been almost completely ruined by the Revolution. He had served in the army with some renown under Count Pino, and was strongly recommended to the Princess by the Marquis Ghislieri, the Austrian chamberlain, who told her that Bergami, on account of both his birth and his character, was deserving of a far higher post than that of courier, and that he trusted that if he should prove worthy, Her Royal Highness would promote him to an office more befitting his family and merits. Bergami turned out to be all that the Marquis Ghislieri had said; and the Princess gradually raised his position until finally she appointed him her chamberlain. She likewise gave posts

in her household to two of his brothers ; and, when her English ladies had all left her, made his sister, the Comtesse Oldi, her lady-in-waiting.

In the meantime, all these occurrences were duly reported to the Prince Regent, who had had the Princess of Wales so closely watched by spies that all her movements were known to him. After hearing of the favour which she showed to Bergami, he seems to have conceived the idea of charging her with misconduct with him ; and in order to collect, or rather to concoct, evidence of this, he sent out a secret commission to Milan under the supervision of a Colonel Browne, the real object of which was to try to rake up, no matter by what means, proof of the Princess's misconduct.

Nothing, however, was done until the death of George III., when, of course, the Princess of Wales, who had now become Queen Consort of England, found her position totally changed. Still, it is probable that if she had been treated with only the most ordinary consideration she would have remained quietly abroad ; for, by the death of the Princess Charlotte, which had occurred in 1817, she had lost her chief tie in England, and there was now no reason why she should wish to return to that country where she had experienced scarcely a single hour's happiness. To a friend who had written to condole with her on her daughter's death, she wrote, saying : "I have not only to lament an ever-beloved child, but one most warmly attached friend, and the only one I have had in England."

But George IV., whose hatred of his wife seems to have blinded him to all considerations of justice and prudence, had the Queen's name expunged from the Liturgy ; and refused to grant her any allowance unless she agreed not merely to remain on the Continent, but likewise to surrender her title of Queen, and also any other title belonging to the Royal Family.

The Queen, however, who rightly considered these conditions derogatory to her honour, promptly refused them ; and, to the dismay of the King and his ministers, determined to come to England to assert her rights.

She arrived at Dover on the afternoon of June 5th, 1820, being accompanied by Lady Anne Hamilton, one of her former ladies-in-waiting, and by Alderman Wood, who had twice been Lord Mayor ; and was received with a loyalty and an enthusiasm which surpass all description. An address was presented to her by the chief inhabitants, saying that they entertained for Her Majesty "the highest and most profound veneration and respect."

The same evening the Queen proceeded as far as Canterbury. It was nearly dark before she reached her destination ; but the inhabitants, who were determined that their Queen should not enter the old archiepiscopal city in silence and obscurity, sent out a hundred men carrying torches to meet her ; and by their light the Queen discovered the chief part of the population, who had remained waiting patiently for hours, and who now poured forth countless benedictions on her head, as her carriage, out of which the horses had been taken, was drawn to the Fountain Hotel, where the Mayor and Corporation were ready to present her with a loyal address. The next morning the Queen continued her journey, being received, all along her route, with the utmost enthusiasm ; and when she reached London, late in the afternoon, she met with a perfect ovation.

Though the Queen had, before leaving France, written to Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister, ordering a royal residence to be got ready for her, her commands had been treated with contemptuous neglect. No accommodation whatever had been provided, and she was therefore compelled to take up her abode at Alderman Wood's, whose house in South Audley Street stood on the site now occupied by Purdey's shop. After a few days, however, she removed to Lady Anne Hamilton's house in Portman Square, and remained there nearly two months, until she went

to take up her permanent residence at Brandenburg House, Hammersmith, the old home of the Margravine of Anspach.

On the very evening of the Queen's arrival, the King began to take steps against her. A bill, called the Bill of Pains and Penalties, was introduced into Parliament, and finally, on August 17th, commenced that parody of justice commonly known as the Queen's trial.

It would clearly be impossible, in an article like the present one, to give any detailed description of this trial: suffice it to say that a host of Italians, most of them of the lowest character, were called as witnesses against the Queen; but their evidence was, for the most part, of so tainted and unsatisfactory a nature that their testimony was altogether unworthy of credence. Strong evidence was, however, brought forward in favour of the Queen, and it soon became apparent that the Bill of Pains and Penalties, even if it should pass the House of Lords, where the influence of the King was very powerful, would be certain to be thrown out in the Lower Chamber. But a more ignominious fate awaited it; for, on November 8th, the Bill, which was read for the third time, passed by only a majority of nine; and as this was the exact number of peers in the cabinet, it was practically a defeat; and Lord Liverpool now abandoned the Bill.

This result was generally regarded as a triumphant acquittal of the Queen; and as such was immensely popular. London was brilliantly illuminated for three nights, and rejoicings took place all over the country. The Queen herself went, on the following Sunday, to the parish church at Hammersmith, where she publicly partook of the sacrament; and then, had she been free to follow her own inclinations, she would undoubtedly have lived, for a time at least, in retirement.

But her chief advisers and supporters thought it right that, in the circumstances, she should go in state to St. Paul's to return thanks for her escape from the great dangers to which she had so lately been exposed. Therefore, after some hesitation, she announced her intention of going to the Cathedral on November 29th, and due notice was accordingly given to the authorities.

The Queen's opponents were struck with dismay on hearing this, and every effort was made to prevent her putting this project into execution. Even the Cathedral Chapter, headed by Dean Van Mildert, probably owing to pressure that had been secretly put on him by the ministry, if not indeed by the King himself, tried to put obstacles in the way; declaring that riots would inevitably take place, and refusing to do the least thing to facilitate the Queen in carrying out her purpose; actually going so far as to say that they would in no way recognise Her Majesty's presence, and that nothing should be altered in the ordinary service.

The Lord Mayor and Corporation, however, who were staunch supporters of the Queen, determined to uphold Her Majesty; and at last, after much discussion between them and the Chapter, the latter agreed to make certain arrangements for the maintenance of order and decorum; at the same time distinctly stating that they threw all the responsibility of so doing on the City Corporation. They, for their part, felt no apprehension that everything would not go off quietly and without disturbance; for the Queen was so popular that they were convinced that the people would not merely use the occasion for demonstrating their sympathy and loyalty, but that they would likewise combine to prevent the absence of a military escort being felt.

At last the great day arrived. "The Metropolis and its vicinity in every direction," Huish tells us in his "Life of Queen Caroline," "presented such scenes of active bustle and splendour as, we believe, its oldest inhabitants never before witnessed, and such as will not be forgotten by the youngest who did witness them."

Soon after nine in the morning, one hundred and fifty horsemen, who were to escort Her Majesty, arrived at Brandenburg House; and shortly before ten the Queen stepped into her state coach, which was drawn by six beautiful chestnut horses, being attended by Lady Anne Hamilton, that faithful courtier of misfortune who, ever since she had gone to meet the Queen in France, had been her constant and devoted companion, invariably accompanying her unfortunate mistress to the House of Lords during her trial. Behind the state coach came the Queen's private carriage; its sole occupant being her chamberlain, Mr. Keppel Craven,—most of the other members of the Queen's household, as well as many private friends, having already gone on to St. Paul's.

At Hammersmith, where the Queen had, during her stay, greatly endeared herself to all the inhabitants, she was loudly applauded; and, indeed, all along her route she was received with the utmost demonstrations of loyalty and goodwill—not only the streets, but every balcony and window being crowded with sympathising spectators.

On reaching Hyde Park, the Queen was met by Sir Robert Wilson, who marshalled a large division of horsemen, each of them wearing a white favour. And here the public enthusiasm became still greater. "Her Majesty," says Huish, "reached Hyde Park Corner exactly at a quarter before eleven. The immense multitude of persons there, waiting to receive her, exceeded all expectation, for it far surpassed any of the great assemblages which, on former occasions, had covered the same ground when celebrating the triumphs of eminent popular characters." The procession now proceeded along Piccadilly, and then turned down St. James's Street, which was lined with deputations from the trades of the Metropolis, having bands of music and banners bearing loyal inscriptions, one of them being as follows: "The Queen needs no guards save the love of her people." As the Queen's coach passed Carlton House, the sentinels on duty presented arms, and were loudly applauded for so doing.

The crowd now became so great that the *cortège* was able to advance only very slowly, and it was nearly twelve before the Queen reached Temple Bar. Here Her Majesty was received by the Lord Mayor and Corporation with the usual ceremonial; and, as she entered the City, she was, if possible, more loudly cheered than ever. The procession, which was then re-formed in the following manner, reached St. Paul's at half-past twelve.

THREE TRUMPETERS ON HORSEBACK,
 STEWARDS, WITH WHITE WANDS, FOUR ABREAST,
 THREE TRUMPETERS,
 COLUMN OF MEN ON HORSEBACK, FOUR ABREAST,
 THREE TRUMPETERS,
 STEWARDS, WITH WHITE WANDS, FOUR ABREAST,
 THE LORD MAYOR'S CARRIAGE,
 MR. ALDERMAN WOOD'S CARRIAGE,
 MR. SHERIFF WAITHMAN'S CARRIAGE,
 MR. SHERIFF WILLIAMS' CARRIAGE,
 CARRIAGE WITH DEPUTATION OF THE COMMON COUNCIL,
 THE LORD MAYOR'S SERVANTS ON FOOT,
 HER MAJESTY'S CARRIAGE,
 (SURROUNDED BY GENTLEMEN ON HORSEBACK, WITH WHITE WANDS)
 CONTAINING HER MAJESTY, ACCOMPANIED BY
 LADY ANNE HAMILTON,
 STEWARDS, WITH WHITE WANDS, FOUR ABREAST,
 THREE TRUMPETERS,
 MEN ON HORSEBACK, FOUR ABREAST,
 PRIVATE CARRIAGES,
 THE VARIOUS TRADES, WITH FLAGS AND BANNERS.

The Queen entered the Cathedral by the western doors, where she was received by sixty ladies dressed all in white. Her Majesty was led to her place by the Lord Mayor, Lady Anne Hamilton sitting on her left and Sir Robert Wilson on her right, while Mr. Keppel Craven sat at the desk below.

The usual service was then proceeded with ; but, incredible as it may appear, the particular thanksgiving, which any private individual may have read for him, was omitted ! on the ground that, as the Queen's name had been expunged from the Litany, she had not been prayed for.

After the conclusion of the service, the Queen returned to her coach, which, to the great delight of all present, was now open, so that a much better view of Her Majesty was obtained.

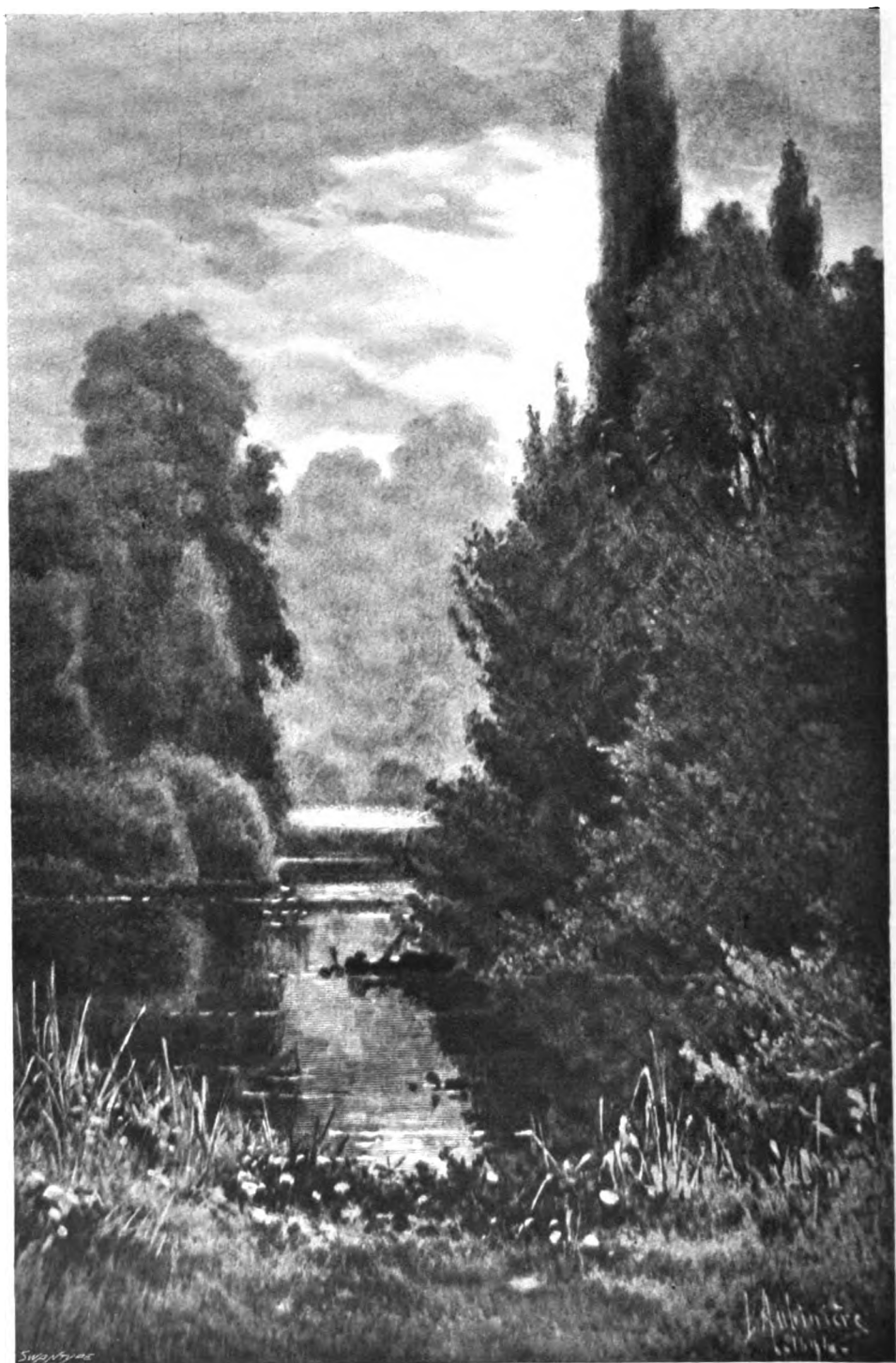
The Queen, who wore a white velvet dress, lined and trimmed with ermine, and a turban headdress over which hung a veil of English lace, returned to Brandenburgh House by the route which she had traversed in the morning, and was everywhere received with the same demonstrations of loyalty and goodwill, the sincerity of which it was happily impossible for her to doubt ; for, while all-powerful sovereigns are often tormented by the thoughts that the applause which is so freely given to them may be inspired by self-interest, and a desire to obtain some benefits, this unfortunate Princess had not merely lost any prestige which she might once have had as the future Queen's mother, but was likewise, owing to her peculiar position, unable to reward even her most devoted adherents. The ovation given her this day was only the honest expression of that strong feeling which her crying wrongs, and the noble manner in which she had so long borne them, had aroused in her favour.

But while the whole country was rejoicing, the unhappy victim of nearly a quarter of a century's ill-treatment and injustice sat weeping. Her triumph had come too late ; for her daughter, who better than all others could have sympathised with her, was no more ; and the Queen, terrified at the loneliness of her own fate, seemed to feel her death more than at any previous time.

"I assure you, my dear —," she wrote to a friend, "no one's congratulations have been more welcome to me than yours. I do indeed feel thankful at having put my enemies to confusion, and received the justice my conduct and character deserved. *Mais, hélas !* it comes too late, dear —. She who would have rejoiced with me at her mother's triumph is lost to me ; but she is in a much better world than the present one, and we shall meet soon, I trust, for to tell you the truth I cannot expect much comfort anywhere as long as I shall live."

FRANCIS MONTEFIORE.





IN KEW GARDENS.

VISITORS to Kew who admire its stately trees, its sylvan glades, and its spacious lawns, probably in most cases suppose that Nature endowed it with its charms. But this is far from being the case. Kew throughout is the creation of the art of the gardener applied continuously for a century and a half, and never even at the present day ceasing to modify, develope, and refine.

Landscape gardening, as exemplified in such a domain as Kew, is peculiarly English. It originated, no doubt, partly in an intelligent appreciation of the possibilities afforded by the climate, which allows smooth turf to grow in a manner unknown in other countries, partly in the demand for giving to country mansions harmonious and sympathetic surroundings. Its evolution has been gradual, and it is not without interest to notice that Kew has been the scene of the earliest attempts of its successive masters.

English gardens down to the end of the sixteenth century were ordinarily walled enclosures laid out with extreme formality. They were adjuncts to the dwelling-house, and shared its defensive protection against disorder. The gardener stayed his hand at the limits of his boundary.

Though in the next century walls gave way to hedges, the treatment of the garden still remained formal. The stately methods of the great French landscape gardeners were bodily transported to England at the Restoration. They were, it may be admitted, well suited to splendid pageantry and a grandiose mode of life. But they were only adapted to large domains, as they sought to bring the surrounding park into connection with the garden by the plantation of extended avenues. This extension was the germ of landscape gardening proper. But the defect of the system was that its interest was almost exhausted at a first impression and its monotony soon became wearisome.

The beginning of the eighteenth century saw a violent reaction against the formal style. This was largely due to the influence of Pope and Addison. Switzer was the first to introduce "rural gardening." The object was to connect the garden with its natural surroundings without the stiff and costly methods of Le Nôtre.

Bridgeman at about the same time went even further. In the Royal Garden at Richmond (now incorporated with Kew) he "dared to introduce cultivated fields, and even morsels of a forest appearance."

Kew, as it exists to-day, was formed by the fusion of two distinct properties or domains, both royal, but with entirely different histories. They corresponded roughly to the west and east halves of the present gardens. The western half was known as Richmond Gardens (or the Royal Garden at Richmond). The eastern half corresponds in great part to the grounds of Kew House, and to this the name of Kew Gardens was originally confined. The two properties were separated by Love Lane, the ancient bridle-road between Richmond and Brentford ferry. This was shut up and the two properties thrown together in 1802.

The lake at the southern end of the Royal Gardens, like every other picturesque feature which they contain, is of entirely artificial origin. It is difficult perhaps now to realise that the ground it occupies was once as flat as the rest. The lake was commenced about forty years ago by Sir William Hooker, who had nothing more than an old gravel pit to work upon. It was subsequently further developed by Sir Joseph Hooker, and no pains have since been spared to improve its scenic beauty.

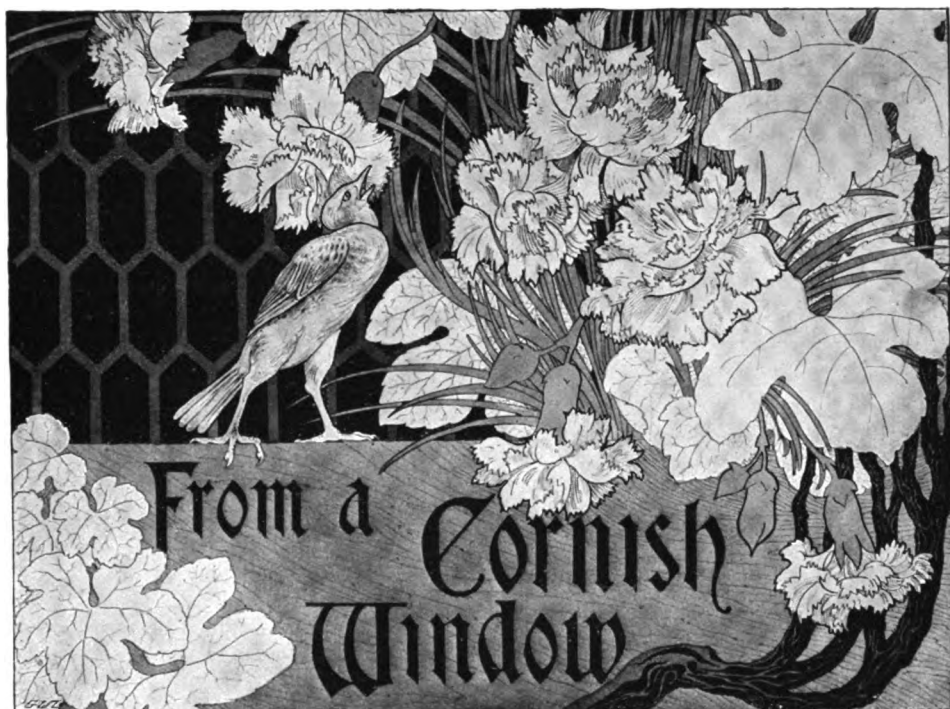
W. T. THISELTON-DYER.

ROYAL GARDENS, KEW.

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IN KEW GARDENS.



A SCHOOL OF FICTION, AND THE REASONS FOR FOUNDING IT—WHY SHOULD IT NOT PUBLISH ITS OWN NOVELS?—MR. SEAMAN'S "BATTLE OF THE BAYS"—THE HUMOUR OF NAUTICAL TERMS—*AMARI ALIQUID*—PARODY, THE COMIC SPIRIT, AND COMMON SENSE—THE SERVICE OF PARODY—THAT PERFECTION OF STYLE CANNOT BE PARODIED—A HANDMAID OF THE GOLDEN MEAN.

SOME little while ago Mrs. L. T. Meade expounded in the pages of *The New Century Review* an idea which, she tells us, has engrossed her thoughts for several years. Before expounding it she secured the advice and hearty co-operation of Sir Walter Besant: and it seems that he too has entertained the idea for years. Further, if one may put trust in newspaper paragraphs, it has for some time been a pet notion of a third novelist, Miss Florence Marryat, who has even taken steps to reduce it to practice. Simultaneously yet independently Darwin and Wallace hit on the great hypothesis of evolution by Natural Selection. Simultaneously yet independently Adams and Leverrier traced and found the planet Neptune. There are times when great dis-

coveries would seem to be in the air: and in this instance History not only repeats herself, but "goes one better." Like Sophocles, she has raised the number of persons on the stage to three.

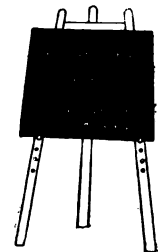
Mrs. Meade (as it becomes her) speaks more modestly of the genesis of her idea. "This," she announces, "is the day of many schools: there are Schools of Cookery, Schools of Music, Schools of Acting, Schools of Art. Even that conventionally elastic phrase, the Technical School, has its admirers and adherents,"—though whether they admire and adhere to the phrase or the school Mrs. Meade leaves us to guess.

"It now remains to start a School of Fiction," she adds.

This is modest, but scarcely (I think) as logical as it might be. Observe the reasoning: "We have a great many schools; therefore it remains to start another." I

should have thought it more reasonable to begin with some vindication of the multitude of schools already established. To assume that because some one has started a School of Cookery, some one else must start a School of Fiction, strikes me as fatalism of an extremely rough-and-ready kind. Let us suppose that the School of Cookery has justified the warmest hopes of its founders (and I can well believe that it has). Would it not be prudent to inquire what are the points of similarity and difference between Cookery and Fiction as subjects of instruction?

MRS. MEADE, however, gave her reasons for believing that a School of Fiction would confer benefits on a large number of persons. She then entered very capably into the working of the scheme, and made many practical suggestions. For these all her critics must be obliged to her. It is always refreshing when a writer speaks definitely of such a proposal as this; for thus he makes any mistakes it may contain the easier to point out, and in this way the true business of criticism is advanced. Mrs. Meade's School of Fiction is certainly not designed for Cloud-cuckoo-town, but for the banks of Thames. She has something to say about the class-rooms, the curriculum, the professors, even the details of study and the kind of Fiction in which instruction should be given; for you are much mistaken if you believe that "the so-called psychological novel" will find any encouragement in her College. The last pages of her article, indeed, leave the impression that the teaching given will include something less than the whole range of Fiction, and something more:—



"Sir Walter Besant purposes that the school should be called 'A College for English Composition and Literature,' and that fiction should be only one of the many branches, for side by side with fiction comes the great, the enormous profession of journalism.

"Sir Walter thinks that the school might be at first started in a small way, believing fully that, as its advantages are felt, it would grow in size and importance. The teachers should all be novelists or journalists themselves, and the leading writers

of the day, in its many branches" [many branches of what?] "should arrange to give lectures from time to time on subjects within their special domain.

"Scholarships would be offered for competition, and diplomas would be conferred on the scholars, which would enable them, when they had completed their course of training, to offer manuscripts to the different publishing houses with a certain degree of confidence. The publishers having this guarantee, that work so produced would be devoid of those crudities which now disgrace the productions of the amateur."

But here let me not be behind in practical suggestions. Given the College, and its Novelists (by Diploma), why should we not back our fancy (so to speak)? Why should we not back our opinion of a scholar (as certified in his diploma) by opening a publishing house of our own in connection with the College? Assuming that we attain our main object, and turn out novelists whose work will at least pay for production, I shall not be accused of uncharitableness in deploring that the profits should be allowed to run into the purses of private firms. As things are, I gather from Sir Walter Besant, and fully believe, that the publisher's share in the profits of a book is too often an iniquitous one. Well, by my scheme the balance would be redressed. The author (whom *ex hypothesi* we thoroughly believe in, having certified so much) will be better paid than he is under present arrangements; while the publisher's percentage will go into the funds of our College. Above all, we shall gain an honest advertisement, and be justifying ourselves in the face of the world. I know that Sir Walter has a deep respect for practical men, and feel sure that I shall have at least his sympathetic consideration for this proposal.

INDEED, for aught I know, some such plan may have occurred to him already. I ventured to offer some criticisms upon Mrs. Meade's School of Fiction, and Sir Walter's expansion of it, when the article appeared in *The New Century Review*. I ventured to point to Sir Walter's share in the scheme as further evidence of his inveterate readiness to do all in



AUTHOR OLD STYLE

his power to systematise the pursuit of letters in this country, to socialise the literary calling, to win for it a 'standing' or its own, and official recognition—to reduce it, in short, to one of the professions. Now, by the dictionary no doubt the term "profession" is applicable to any calling, vocation or known employment. But the term has also a special meaning. Even in Dr. Johnson's time it was "particularly used of divinity, physick, and law"; and this speciality of meaning has certainly not been effaced or diminished by time. When we talk of "professional men," "the professional classes," and so forth, we do not include men of all "callings, vocations, or known employments"; we do not, for instance, include landowners or artists or chimney-sweeps. Why? Because the term "profession" is taken to denote a learned calling which is also systematised; which has its own imposed tests, examinations, diplomas; which has its own governing body or bodies; which has by virtue and reason of all these a number of certified ranks and degrees of its own, so that we may talk of a man as "the head of his profession," and support the phrase by appeal to a slip of paper or parchment. All this I should have thought fairly obvious: and when I find Mrs. Meade and Sir Walter Besant so constantly and confidently using the term "profession of letters," I have an undoubted right to point out—

- (1) That the calling of letters is not yet a profession in this country, and at least cannot be called so without risk of misleading.
- (2) That although Mrs. Meade and Sir Walter from purely benevolent motives would gladly make a profession of it in the usual sense, and indeed aim to do so, I honestly believe that their success would damage literature itself, and not on the whole benefit the calling of letters.

TO alter slightly a saying of Sainte Beuve's, talk about Parodists is a little business, especially for one who has done a little, albeit a very little, in that way. I wonder if Mr. Owen Seaman remembers a letter, addressed to him in Oxford, many years ago, with a request that—"merely as a guarantee of good faith," as editors say—

he would come forth from behind that presumed pseudonym? "It really is my very own name," he answered, hitting a nice mean between plaintiveness and indignation. The editor of a University Magazine, with 'John Ploughman' in his mind, had (we may suppose) fallen a victim to false analogy—

"For all we knew, he came from Dertemouth."

He has triumphantly cleared himself of those suspicions of long-ago by his nice derangement of nautical terms in "The Rhyme of the Kipperling" (included in his latest volume of parodies, "The Battle of the Bays," published by Mr. John Lane, and already, I rejoice to see, proceeding through editions)—

"And Neddy he swore by butt and bend, and
Billy by bend and bitt,
And nautical names that no man frames but
your amateur nautical witt. . . ."

The lamented Mr. Corney Grain used to make fun of sorts by running amuck in nautical terms before drawing-room audiences; and an ignorance of the precise meaning of a bobstay has furnished more than one aspirant with an easy reputation for wit.

I don't quite see, for my part, why a confusion of nautical terms should be any funnier than a confusion of the technicalities of any other calling—electrical engineering, for instance. But it is, undoubtedly; and I suppose the reason of it resides obscurely somewhere in the Briton's oddly combined consciousness (1) that he owes his pomp and state to Sea Power, and (2) that he

scarcely knows one end of a ship from the other until she begins to move. This has its tragic side, of course. We derive the dignities and comforts of life from the sea; but we neglect, for a trifling cost, to take the simplest precautions to save

the lives of our seamen. We provide no Harbours of Refuge on our worst coasts.



We sweat and fret about a penny on the Income Tax, or over Denominational and Undenominational Education ; but we think it decent to leave the saving of sailors' lives to rockets and lifeboats and "voluntary effort" (blessed term !) And in fact we let a thousand seamen drown without an effort to save them, while, if twenty people are burnt in a playhouse, we tear our hair, and legislate, and open subscription lists and fill them. Those who have studied the subject know that the merchant seaman, in this nation which depends for existence upon him, is the most utterly neglected of God's creatures ; that Mr. Plimsoll touched only the fringe of his wrongs, and was the scorn of Parliaments even for touching that ; and that nine men will make a fuss about muzzling their pet dogs, for every one who lifts his voice against the wanton waste of life on our very own coasts. That is the tragic side. But of course there is comedy also in this public indifference to all things connected with the sea ; and when the parodist gets hold of a poet who revels in technicalities as Mr. Kipling does, he has a double chance. He can satirise the singer and the singer's audience in the same breath.

I don't think we are likely to find in this generation a parodist with a neater knack of catching his victims' styles. My only complaint of Mr. Seaman is that his matter, now and then, seems rather unnecessarily malicious, his wit a trifle too cruel for quite good-humoured laughter. This fault, if fault it be, by no means pervades the book. Mr. Kipling has as much reason as any man alive to shake his sides over "The Rhyme of the Kipperling" :—

"It was the woman Sal o' the Dune, and the men were three to one,
Bill the Skipper, and Ned the Nipper, and Sam that was Son of a Gun ;
Bill was a Skipper, and Ned was a Nipper, and Sam was the Son of a Gun,
And the woman was Sal o' the Dune, as I said, and the men were three to one.

"There was never a light in the sky that night of the soft midsummer gales,
But the great man-bloaters snorted low, and the young 'uns sang like whales ;
And out laughed Sal (like a dog-toothed wheel was the laugh that Sal laughed she) :
'Now who's for a bride on the shady side of up-'ards of forty-three ?' "

Nor has Sir Edwin Arnold more reason to feel aggrieved by the distichs "*From the third Sa'dine Box of the eighth Gazelle of Ghazal*" :—

"Yá, yá ! Best-Belovéd ! I look to thy dimples and drink ;
Tiddlihi ! to thy cheek-pits and chin-pit, my Tulip, my Pink !

Thrice three are the Muses, and I that begat her should guess
That the tenth is the Tële-Ephéméra. Pride of the Press !

'Am I drunk ?' Heart-Entangler ! By Hafiz, the Blender of Squish !
'Tis the camel that sits on the prayer-mat is drunk as a fish.

As I hope for the future uprising, deny it who can,
Two years have I worn the Blue Ribbon, come next Ramadan.

Chest-Preserver ! Thou knowest thine eyes, they alone, are my drink,
Blue-black as the sloes of the garden, or Stephens his ink."

Again, the vivacity of his address to the German Emperor may be excused, because, in the first place, it represents the genuine national feeling with which we heard of that monarch's telegram to President Kruger ; and, secondly, it is criticism of the public policy of a public personage :—

"Nor were you meant to solve the nation's knots,
Or be the Earth's Protector, willy-nilly ;
You only make yourself and royal Pots—
—dam silly."

But I own that Mr. Seaman's handling of the Bodley Poets, and his scarcely veiled hints that self-advertisement is often their motive, and *claque* the secret of their fame, strike me as decidedly less urbane and perhaps less legitimate. To my taste the parody of Mr. Richard le Gallienne—one of the best in the volume—is spoilt by the bitter flavour of the last stanza. And it would



not be difficult to pick holes in the logic of the rebuke addressed to Mr. William Watson for having written *The Purple East* in denunciation of the Armenian massacres :

“ But just in time the thought occurred to me
That England commonly commits her course
To men as good at heart as even we,
And possibly much richer in resource ;
That we had better mind our own affairs
And leave these gentlemen to manage theirs.”

The essence of the Comic Spirit (as the republication of Mr. George Meredith's *Essay on Comedy* has just reminded us) is Common Sense. Now, the above stanza sins against Common Sense. To begin with, it can hardly be contended that England's amount of responsibility for the Armenian massacres is not Mr. Watson's concern. Here is the syllogism,—

England's amount of responsibility for the
Armenian massacres is a matter of concern to
all Englishmen.

Mr. Watson is an Englishman.

Therefore England's amount of responsibility
for the Armenian massacres is a matter of
concern to Mr. Watson.

We have not, I hope, yet arrived at the doctrine that ordinary citizens, having committed the government of the country to a number of gentlemen, must henceforth, or until another General Election, forbear to criticise these gentlemen or to express any opinion on the management of the country's business. I fancy the Comic Spirit, were it to gird up its loins, would find no great trouble in reducing to absurdity such a doctrine as that.

That we had better mind our own affairs
And leave those gentlemen to manage *ours*

—is not rhyme indeed ; but is certainly a more accurate way of expressing Mr. Seaman's contention. If the Government is not in office to manage *our* affairs, why did we elect them, and why do we pay taxes ? Until we disfranchise poets and grant them exemption from the Income Tax, I fancy that question will not be an easy one to answer.

FEW recognise, in this generation, the extent of the service which may be rendered to literature by the Art of Parody. In truth, it is not only a gay art but a

salutary one. We have fallen into an unsound habit of estimating literature first and chiefly by its “ originality ” ; and—what is worse—we take “ originality ” in prose and verse to mean lawlessness : or, if this be thought too strong an expression, let me say that we are to apt to find “ originality ” in mere idiosyncrasy or eccentricity of style. The popular notion that eccentricity and violence of expression are the true *stigmata* of genius in a writer seems to be a hasty generalisation from Carlyle. Carlyle deliberately maintained that no great writer was ever understood without difficulty. If this be true, Homer, Racine, Pope, Wordsworth, Plato, Pascal, Gibbon, and a hundred other great reputations must be flung overboard. If this be true, we must condemn practically the whole of the great literatures of Rome and France, and a very large portion of the literature of Greece. If it came to this we should probably prefer the alternative of casting overboard Thomas Carlyle—upon whom Mr. Henry Craik uttered some very sensible words the other day, in the introduction to his last volume of *English Prose Selections* :—

“ How far exaggeration could go, and how far unquestionable genius could find contorted diction, and every conceivable antic of phraseology, a worthy and convenient means of picturesque description or impressive moralising, can never be seen in more striking manifestation than in the style which Carlyle deliberately adopted and as tenaciously maintained. Genius must make its own laws ; and, however severe the strain upon our faith or upon our sense of proportion and harmony, we must hesitate to question the validity of these laws in *their personal application*. We may, however, be permitted to regret that the resources of such genius were not sufficient to find expression at less expense of uncouth phrase and ejaculatory emphasis. . . . But if with all humility we ascribe to genius the right to frame its own laws, we need not surrender our independence in *questioning whether these laws are of permanent or universal application*.”

Genius, in other words, may make laws *for itself* : but there its licence stops. And even in making laws for itself, it may be none the worse for respecting the traditions of good writing. For even genius may gain by decent restraint. In any country where literature is of more than mushroom growth it has acquired certain traditions of “ good form ” in writing, which are themselves, in a

sense, the products of genius ; for they represent the common ground on which the inventive taste and the judgment of past writers of genius have met and coincided. Released from their fine restraint, even genius is likely to run riot in affectation and bombast : of anything less than absolute genius you may predict it with certainty. And this is where the corrective work of the Parodist—servant of the Comic Spirit which is the child of Common Sense—will prove so salutary.

“ Whenever men wax out of proportion, overblown, affected, pretentious, bombastical, hypocritical, pedantic, fantastically delicate, whenever it sees them self-deceived or hoodwinked, given to run riot in idolatries, drifting into vanities, congregating in absurdities, planning short-sightedly, plotting dementedly ; whenever they are at variance with their professions, and violate the unwritten but perceptible laws binding them in consideration one to another ; whenever they offend sound reason, fair justice, are false in humility or mixed with conceit, individually or in the bulk—the Spirit overhead will look humanely malign, and cast an oblique light on them, followed by volleys of silvery laughter. That is the Comic Spirit.”*

Parody is, of course, but one of the weapons of the Comic Spirit, and a part of its work

* *An Essay on Comedy*, by Mr. George Meredith.

is to chastise with laughter all writing that waxes out of proportion, overblown, affected, pretentious, bombastical, pedantic, fantastically delicate. Sound truth lies at the base of the remark that the best of styles cannot be parodied. You cannot parody Virgil, for instance, or Horace. You can parody the Wordsworth of “ Peter Bell,” or the Browning of “ The Inn Album ” ; but you cannot parody the Wordsworth of the Sonnet “ On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic,” or the Browning of “ Over the sea our galleys went.” You can parody Carlyle’s prose ; you cannot parody Newman’s. In short, you can parody violence and affectation, but you cannot parody order, lucidity, sobriety, shapeliness, proportion. You can parody excess or defect, but not the golden mean. And the discovery which criticism really needs to make in these days is that sobriety and proportion may be signs of the very highest originality, and, indeed, are far more likely to be signs of originality than wild and immoderate speech. The world is so wide that there will always be a few thousand quite novel and surprising ways of not hitting a target ; but when these have been discussed and applauded, the man who has shot straight gets the prize. And the main use of language, after all, is that it enables a man to be clearly understood by his fellows.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.



Anger.

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JUN 29 1938

